

THE HIGHGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

CONTENTS.

JULY.

TALES of the SERVICE.

PENS & PENCILS of the
PRESS. By Joseph Hatton.

CHAMPION DOGS.

A BUNDLE OF PROPOSALS

A FATAL AFFINITY.

HIGHGATE SCHOOL.

HIDDEN SKETCHES.

MEMOIRS of DR. WISEMAN.

RAMBLES THRO' ENGLAND,
TORQUAY.

THE VAQUERO'S DUELLO.

WHISPERS FROM
THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

INCIDENTS of the MONTH.

Editorial and Publishing Offices:
53 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

CADBURY'S COCOA.

ABSOLUTELY PURE—
THEREFORE BEST

NATIONAL For Mutual Life Assurance. PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

Invested Funds ... £4,700,000
Paid in Claims ... £9,000,000

Estd. 1835.

PROFITS.—The whole are Divided amongst the Assured. Already Divided, £4,600,000.

At the division in 1892 there were nearly Eight Hundred Policies in respect of which not only were the Premiums entirely extinguished, but also Annuities were granted or Cash Bonuses paid, whilst in the case of many Policies the original sums assured are now more than doubled by the Bonus Additions.

Applications for Agencies invited.

48, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

26, POULTRY,
E.C.

ALLEN & WRIGHT

217, PICCADILLY,
W.

MAKERS OF

High-Class Briar and Meerschaum Pipes, Gold and Silver Mounts.

EVERY PIPE GUARANTEED.



No. 154, 3/6.



No. 170, 5/-.



No. 173, 3/6.



No. 116, 5/6.



No. 117, 3/6.



No. 118, 3/6.



No. 119, 3/6.



No. 158, 4/-.



No. 153, 3/6.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST-FREE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD.

THURSTON & CO.

THE PARENT HOUSE OF THE TRADE.

(ESTABLISHED 1814.)

BILLIARD TABLES.

Sole Appointment to Her Majesty, by Appointment to H.R.H. Prince of Wales.

Contractors to H.M. Government and Makers of the Table selected by the Billiard Association of Great Britain, and adopted by them as the "Standard."

Sole Makers of the Patent "Adamant" Block and "Perfeet" Low Cushions, Bottom-less Pockets, &c. All these latest improvements can be fitted to any table.

Messrs. THURSTON & CO. use the very best and most thoroughly seasoned materials only, and in consequence, all goods supplied by them can be relied upon, even in most extreme climates.

Show Rooms:—16, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND, W.C.

THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

TRAIN YOUR MOUSTACHE IN THE WAY
IT SHOULD GO.



CARTER'S THRIXALINE

is a unique transparent fluid for training and fixing the moustaches of "all sorts and conditions of men" into any position. For this purpose it surpasses every preparation that has ever been introduced.

Prepared only by
JOHN CARTER,
Hairdresser, &c.,
AT THE

Old Palace of Henry the Eighth, 17, Fleet Street, E.C.
Post Free, 2s. 9d., 5s. 9d., and 10s. 9d.

INCOME TAX.—RATES.

The Rate and Taxpayers' Assessment Protection Association, 10, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street, E.C. Managing Director, Mr. J. J. HITCHINGS, Ex-Crown Surveyor of the Income Tax Enquiry Office, Established in 1888. Consult Mr. HITCHINGS in all cases of overcharge, either in Income Tax or Rates. Very large Reductions and Repayments have been made through his Agency.

Read "Income Tax—To Pay or Not?" price 6d., obtainable at the above address, and through all Booksellers.

**COOK'S
"RIVIERA"
SOAP**
(SUPER-FATTED)
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

DR. SOULE'S ELIXIR.

DIABETES, GOUT, all KIDNEY DISORDERS and RHEUMATISM positively Cured. Lost Vitality restored, Blood purified and regenerated by Dr. SOULE'S ELIXIR. Best Blood Purifier known. Highest Testimonials. Endorsed by Eminent Medical Authorities. No change of diet required. Price 5s. per Bottle, post free.

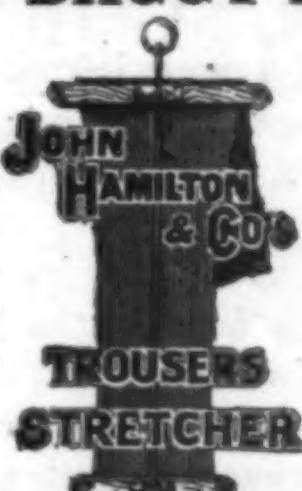
An Infallible Remedy for
TIC DOLOREUX and NEURALGIA is
Mme. NOLOT'S ANTI-NEURALGINE.
Gold Medals obtained wherever it has been exhibited.
Sample bottle free on Application.

DEPOT:

DE SOULE'S ELIXIR SYNDICATE, LTD.,
23, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.
No Agencies.

AVOID BAGGY KNEES

The ONLY
STRETCHER
whereby the
tension is ob-
tained by means
of a screwed
rod.



Separate
Stretchers are
recommended
for each pair of
trousers in use.

OF ALL HOSIERS, TAILORS AND OUTFITTERS, EVERYWHERE,
or sent on receipt of P.O. (Bronze polished, 5/-; Army quality
nickel, 9/6) to L. Dept. 6, Philip Lane, London, E.C.

TO STAMP COLLECTORS



Before you buy any advertised
packets, write to us for our New
Price List of Postage Stamps, Post
Cards, &c., which we will send you
gratis on application.

STAMP ALBUMS UP TO DATE!

The Fifth Edition of SENF'S
Albums for 1894 is now ready, and
is without doubt the best and most
complete Album ever published.

Full particulars, prices and
testimonials from delighted pur-
chasers sent on application.

SELECTIONS OF STAMPS SENT ON APPROVAL.

WHITFIELD KING & CO.
STAMP IMPORTERS, IPSWICH.
(Established 1869.)

THE
LONDON SHOE COMPANY
Wholesale Boot Factor
SINGLE PAIRS SOLD.

Write for Price List containing over 200 illustrations post free.

Pointed,
medium
or
square
toes.



Sizes
and
half
sizes.

Glace kid to button or lace, 8/11, 10/9, 16/9.

GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS & SHOES—The largest stocks
in the world.

Terms Cash with order. Carriage paid on British letter orders.

City Warehouse:—45a, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

Branch Warehouse:—116 and 117, NEW BOND STREET, W.

All Letter Orders to CHEAPSIDE.

**CRAWFORD'S PURE OLD
IRISH WHISKEY.**



NOT BLENDED.

Guaranteed Twelve Years in Bond
21s. a Gallon.

Carriage Paid to any Railway
Station in the United Kingdom.
On receipt of a Postal Order for
6s. One Quart of above Whiskey
will be forwarded as Sample per
Parcels Post.

Awarded Gold Medal, Dublin, 1892.

JOHN CRAWFORD, Wholesale Spirit Merchant,
LARNE, IRELAND. ESTABLISHED 1839.

DEFENDING CASTLE BODY.

If you and I were defending a castle, we should, of course, look especially to those places where the walls were lowest and weakest.

Now, the human body is a castle. Sooner or later it is bound to be taken, but with any kind of a chance, most of us can stand a pretty long siege. The better we understand where our weak spots are, and how to cover them from attack, the longer we shall keep possession. And we had best look sharp, for Castle Body is assailed by more enemies than ever made things unpleasant for the feudal barons in their grimy stone strongholds.

Here, for example, is Mr. Thomas Overton, of Worthen, near Shrewsbury, who says that in the spring of 1891 he took a severe cold, which "settled" in his back and around his waist, giving him terrible pain. What we want to call attention to is the expression, "settled in my back." It is old as the hills, is used constantly by everybody, and, therefore, must mean something. It does. It means the same as if you should say that, when you pour water into a tin can, and there is a hole in the can, the leak will at once show you where the hole is. In some such fashion a cold finds out our weak spots and "settles" there.

But suppose I should assert that if Mr. Overton had not had a weak spot he would never have caught the cold; what would you say to that idea? Let's examine it for half a minute.

In his letter, dated February 22nd, 1893, Mr. Overton says, referring to the time when he got the cold: "I had also a bad taste in the mouth, and belched up a sour, disagreeable fluid. After eating, I had great pain in the chest and sides. I was so much troubled with wind that the spasms of it doubled me up with pain."

One word right on this point. There is only one place in the human body where nature wants any wind or air—that is, the lungs. In them it is necessary to life; anywhere else it is a nuisance, and may be fatal. But what our friend Mr. Overton speaks of as wind is really a gas generated in the stomach and bowels under certain conditions. It hurts, of course, as all in-

truders into Castle Body hurt. So much for that. Now we will go on; or, rather, let Mr. Overton go on.

"I had," he says, "a pain in the stomach that felt as if an animal were gnawing at it, and nothing I could take relieved it. In this state I continued for over six months, during which time I saw a doctor and took various kinds of medicines, but got no better. Then my neighbour, Mrs. Bunce, told me how much good Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup had done her when she was ill once, and she advised me to give up taking other things and take nothing but the Syrup.

"And so I did; I got a bottle, and before I had taken the whole of it all pain left me, and I have been in good health since then. (Signed) Thomas Overton."

For the subject of this article I select this case, rather than a more startling one, for the reason that there are millions of people who are to-day in the same condition he was in. As I have said lots of times before, the best medicine on this earth is not the one that now and then snatches somebody from the jaws of death, but the one that keeps people away from those jaws as long as possible. And to do this we must defend Castle Body *when it is first threatened*, and not wait till the enemy has made a lodgment inside the walls. Be good enough now to put your mind to what there is left of this story.

What is a "cold"? Is it something that jumps at you like a mad dog in the highway? No. Now, attention! The bad things, the wastes, the worn-out stuff, the impurities, the poisons (they are all the same) are, when all is right, thrown out of Castle Body by means of the Lungs, the Bowels, the Kidneys, the Skin—those four scavengers. But when the *first three* are bothered and retarded by indigestion and dyspepsia, the skin has more work than it can well do. You understand? Well, then. Now the man exposes his skin, or some part of it, to the cold. The skin is clogged at once. Inflammation follows, the poison goes to the weak spots, and he is ill.

There you are. Indigestion, impurities in the blood, overloaded skin, a "cold." Moral: Keep your system clean with Seigel's Syrup and you won't catch cold, or the influenza either. So shall Castle Body stand strong and secure.

THE JOHN NOBLE HALF-GUINEA COSTUMES.

DIRECT FROM THE LARGEST COSTUME MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD AT LESS THAN HALF ORDINARY PRICES.

OVER EIGHT HUNDRED WORKERS EMPLOYED.



NEW FASHIONABLE SHAPE FOR SUMMER, 1894.

A complete revolution in the cost of Garments for Ladies' Wear, being supplied Direct from the Actual Manufacturer to the Wearer, by means of the Parcels Post, at less than half ordinary price. Almost every paper in the United Kingdom has bestowed unlimited praise on these remarkable Costumes, which are

MADE FROM THE JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE.

A fabric of great durability and world-wide fame and supplied complete (as illustration) for the ridiculously low price of 10s. 6d. each. Packed in Box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

COLOURS:—Navy, Brown, Grenat, Reseda or Black.

This Sketch illustrates the latest improvements that have been made in the Lady's Half-Guinea Costume, which now consists of the new wide Bell Skirt and improved Blouse Bodice. It is well made throughout, no slop work whatever being allowed. The Bodice is pleated back and front, has full, fashionable sleeves, bound seams and belt; the saddle and sleeves are well lined and it can be worn inside or outside the skirt, which measures 40 inches long and has a deep inside facing of the same material at the bottom, thus ensuring extra advantage in wear. The lower part of the skirt, and the cuffs, collar and saddle of bodice are trimmed with rows of narrow Black Russia Braid, the whole thus forming one of the neatest and most serviceable Costumes ever introduced for Ladies' wear. The sizes kept in stock will fit any figure up to 38 inches round the bust under arms. Larger or special sizes made to order at a cost of 1s. 6d. extra.

Don't make any mistake, John Noble's price (10s. 6d.) is not for the mere Dress Length, but for the Complete Costume made up and ready for immediate wear.

10/6

KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS are also supplied in the John Noble Cheviot Serge, and are indisputably the most marvellous value ever offered for public sale, every Frock being well made and carefully finished, with saddle top, long full sleeves, belt and pocket (as illustration). Being loose fitting they thus allow ample room for development of the limbs, and are offered at such low prices that most ladies would refuse to make the frocks for the money even if the materials were supplied free. Please consider these prices:—

1/6
FROM
EACH.

Lengths 21 24 27 30 33 36 39 42 45 inches.
Price 1/6 2/- 2/6 3/- 3/6 4/- 4/6 5/- 5/6 each.

Postage 4d. extra. Every Purchaser delighted.

The lengths stated are from top of neckband to bottom of skirt in front.

If you have a young girl just try a Knockabout Frock nothing could be better for school or regular wear, and if the frock fails to please cash will be promptly refunded.

The John Noble Cheviot Serge (REGIS- TERED)

is undoubtedly the most successful Serge yet introduced at a low price for Ladies and Children's wear. Many Serges are sold

Thousands of delighted purchasers have been supplied with these Wonderful Costumes by means of the Parcels Post, and a new Showroom has now been opened at 11, Piccadilly, Manchester, for their sale direct to all Ladies who can make it convenient to call at The Warehouse. When visiting Manchester do not fail to call and inspect these marvellous productions.

The colours are perfectly fast, and do not spot with rain; every yard is beautifully finished, being carefully examined before it is allowed to leave the works; and last but not least, this Serge may be washed whenever necessary. Being extra double, width (52 inches) it cuts to the best advantage in making garments, and every reader of "THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE" can secure A FULL DRESS LENGTH of

Six Yards for 7s. 6d.,

Carriage paid, for 9d. extra. Colours:—Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Grenat, Reseda or Black.

The Gentlewoman says:—"How he can afford to do it I really cannot imagine, for the Serge is of such capital quality."

THE OPENING SALE

House Linens and other goods for which the firm is so well known. Box of Opening Sale Patterns and Catalogue containing particulars of over 1,000 magnificent Bargains and Free Gifts, which are specially offered to commemorate the opening of the New Premises, sent post free on application.

Patterns, also Illustrated "Book of the Serge" and Fashion Sheet of other Costumes for Ladies and Children's wear, sent Post Free to any reader of "THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE."

JOHN NOBLE,

The Warehouse,
11, PICCADILLY,

MANCHESTER.



SCOTT'S SPLENDID SAUCE.

APPETISING,
PIQUANT
and DELICATE.

*Ingredients
of Best Quality, and
WARRANTED PURE*

The Favourite in
First-class Restaurants
for

FISH, FLESH,
FOWL
and SALADS.

ANDREW SCOTT & CO.,
WORKS:—
LANSDOWNE HILL,
WEST NORWOOD, LOND.



BOURNE HALL, BOURNEMOUTH. HEALTH RESORT.

Inclusive Terms, *en pension*, from Two Guineas. Every modern luxury. Lawn Tennis. Confirmed Invalids not received. Corridor 300 feet long. Ballroom; Electric Light. Near West Station and few minutes from Sea.

Tariff from Manager.

SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT FOR BALDNESS,

Bald Patches, Greyness, Superfluous Hairs, &c. The great success which has attended my treatment is due to the fact that it has for a foundation a true scientific knowledge resting upon modern investigations and microscopical researches, disproving the old-fashioned notions regarding Hair treatment. Sufferers may, with confidence, reckon upon a successful Cure. Advice, with Prescription, on receipt of Fee, 5s., and Stamped Addressed Envelope. Address:

DR. HORN,

Hair Specialist, NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.

BEAU IDEAL CYCLES.

1894 ROAD RACER.

Made of the very best materials, weighing only 25 lbs. and fitted with Pneumatic Tyres. Price, complete, only £24; liberal discount off for Cash. Over a dozen latest pattern Machines to select from. For Price Lists apply T. B. COX, 3 and 5, Newington, Bold St., LIVERPOOL.



HER REASON!

FRANK (her cousin): What on earth made you marry a Frenchman?

ETHEL: Oh, well! I wanted to see Paris, you know.

RE-VULCANISED GOLD MEDAL RUBBER STAMPS.



Your
Name,
your Mo-
nogram,
bottle of
Endorse-

ing Ink, two Pads, Box and Brush for 9d., post free; with Marking Ink, 1s. 3d.; Nickel Silver Pen and Pencil Case, with Name Stamp, 9d. Nickel Silver Name and Address Stamp, 9d. Watch Case, beautifully chased with Name and Address Stamp, 1s.; and every other description of Rubber Stamp half price. Send for List. Agents wanted. Address to Crystal Palace (John Bond's Daughter's) Gold Medal Marking Ink Works, 75, Southgate Road, London, N. CAUTION.—The Original and Genuine Ink Label has the Trade Mark, "Crystal Palace."

WRINKLES! WRINKLES! PREVENTED AND REMOVED.

TABALA RASA both prevents and removes wrinkles and all other skin troubles, brings back the bloom of youth to the cheeks, stimulates the facial glands, and retards and repairs the ravages of TIME, ANXIETY AND GRIEF. **TABALA RASA**, post free, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d., only of the Proprietor—

M.D., 57, New Kent Road, S.E. (Postal Orders or Stamps.)



By Using Wales' Patent SOUND DISCS

Which are the same to the ears as glasses are to the eyes. Positively Invisible. Worn months without removal. Book of particulars Free.

THE A. L. WALES CO.

62 & 63, New Bond St., London, W.

£20

To TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING. Illustrated Guide, 8 stamps. "How to open respectably, £20 to £1,000." — Tobacconists Outfitting Co., Reg., 186, Euston Rd., London. Manager, HENRY MYERS. Established 1866. "Pick-Me-Up" Cigarettes, retail everywhere.

"THE CHOICEST PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND."

Robertson's

J. R. D.
**EXTRA
QUALITY**

Dundee

J. R. D.
THREE STARS

Whisky.

"*The purest, and oldest,
and best.*"

SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD.

JOHN ROBERTSON & SON, Dundee;

AND

4, Great Tower Street, London, E.C.

FRETWORK and CARVING.



No. 851. Five Photo
Frames, 2/-d.

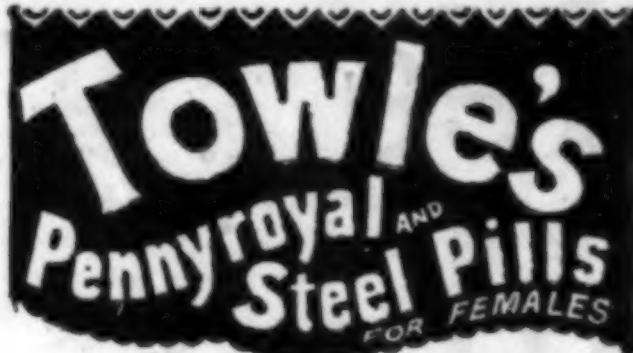
Lists 45 to 48 of Designs,
Fretwood, Mouldings,
Cabinet Fittings and Tools,
free. More than 1,000 dif-
ferent Pattern Sheets kept
in stock.

Henry Ellies & Co.,
24 & 26, Wilson St.
Finsbury, London, E.C.
Please mention Paper
No. 53 when ordering.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

can safely Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency per-
manently by taking **TRILENE TABLETS** (Regd.) for a
few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and
never fail to Improve both Health and Figure, without
Change of Diet. An English Countess writes:—"Your
Trilene Tablets act admirably." Send 2s. 6d. to

THE TRILINE CO., Sole Proprietors,
70, FINSBURY PAVEMENT. LONDON.



Quickly correct all Irregularities.

Boxes 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. (containing three
times the quantity), of all Chemists, sent any-
where on receipt of 15 or 34 Stamps by the
Maker, E. T. TOWLE, Chemist, Nottingham.

Beware of Imitations,
Injurious and worthless.



SOFT SOAP AD LIB.

THE LADY : But are you sure this is a fashion-
able 'at'?

THE MILLINER : Well, madam, it is sure to
become the rage if you wear it!

SATIN POLISH

FOR LADIES' & CHILDREN'S BOOTS &
SHOES, TRAVELLING BAGS, &c.

Highest Award Wherever Exhibited.
Latest, Paris Exhibition, 1889.



MAGIC BRONZE

Gives to old Boots and Shoes,
Ornaments, &c., the appearance
of new.

SATIN BROWN CREAM

For Brown and Russia Leather
Boots and Shoes.

For Gentlemen's Boots use
ARMY & NAVY

LIQUID BLACKING.

Gives a Brilliant Jet Black Polish quickly.

Sold Everywhere.



HINDE'S PATENT HAIR CURLERS

In 6d. and 1/- Boxes, of all Hair-dressers and Fancy Houses in the three Querendoms.

Sample Box on receipt of 7 stamps from the Patentees,
HINDES LTD., BIRMINGHAM.



No longer waste time finding them invaluable.

Comfort

THOMPSON'S THIN FRENCH CORN PLASTER

Quickly cures Corns, Bunions or enlarged Toe-joints.

It is thin as silk, and comfortable with the tightest boot. Thousands of Testimonials. Packets, 1/1 $\frac{1}{2}$ each, post free 14 stamps, from

M. F. THOMPSON, Homeopathic Chemist,
17, GORDON ST., | 97, PRINCES ST.,
GLASGOW. EDINBURGH.

Ask for M. F. T.'s Plaster, and take no imitations.

MONEY ON WILLS

Persons entitled to Cash or Property at death of relatives can borrow at 5 per cent. per annum, or sell. No fees, commission, or charges whatever. Messrs. FELDMAN, 84, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, London.



MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

GEORGY: How fortunate, Maudie darling! I find our income's under £160, and it is exempt from income-tax—in fact, we just miss it by five pounds!

(It is needless to publish Maudie's comment.)

FRAISINE

A DELICIOUS DENTIFRICE.

Prepared from Fresh Strawberries.

"The only Tooth Powder I care for."—Editress of *Forget-Me-Not*.

In dull Gold Enamel Boxes, post free, 1s. 2d.

FRANKS & CO., 59, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.

Madame FRAIN'S M.B.

FAIRMA'S FEMALE MIXTURE.

The most powerful and effective on earth. For the most obstinate cases. Will not injure the most delicate. Price 7s. 6d. (Strongest 11s. bottle.) Post free 6d. extra. HERBAL INSTITUTE, 1, Hackney Road (opposite Shoreditch Church), London, N. E. Send at Once Stamped Directed Envelope for *Particulars* and *Proofs*. I will forfeit £100 for every testimonial that is not genuine, and they can be seen at any time.

TOO STOUT.

Dr Grey's FAT REDUCING Pills.

An absolutely safe, permanent and rapid cure for obesity. Reduction in size, weight, and improvement in health guaranteed. A preparation kept for Army, Hunting Men, and stubborn cases which have resisted other treatment. A Lady writes:—"Cannot speak too highly of your wonderful Pills, which have given me a new lease of life and happiness."

ABDOMINAL OBESITY A SPECIALITY.

2/9 and 4/6 per box, plain wrapper, post free to any part of the World.

Dr. W. GREY, 57, Weymouth St., Portland Pl., London

KEATING'S POWDER.

The PUBLIC are CAUTIONED that packages of the genuine powder bear the autograph of **THOMAS KEATING**. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s. each, everywhere.

It is Unrivalled in Destroying

BUGS.

FLEAS.

MOTHS.

BEETLES.

THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

- "Deservedly popular."—*Graphic*.
 "A decidedly welcome addition to our magazines for family reading."—*The Queen*.
 "One of the best."—*Black and White*.
 "Embellished with numerous woodcuts, and the stories are interesting and well told."—*Standard*.
 "THE LUDGATE MAGAZINE is brisk, well varied and profusely illustrated."—*Daily Chronicle*.
 "An excellent publication."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.
 "Well-known contributors, copious, good illustrations."—*Literary World*.
 "A marvel, considering its price."—*Vanity Fair*.
 "For its price it may, without a moment's doubt, be given the post of honour."—*Sportsman*.
 "Literary contents decidedly good, and the illustrations well executed."—*Reynolds*.
 "THE LUDGATE MAGAZINE is the best of its kind."—*Weekly Times and Echo*.
 "For beauty and variety in the way of illustrations, the work will now compare favourably with the leading American magazines."—*Liverpool Mercury*.
 "Chock full of illustrations, entertaining papers and amusing stories."—*Liverpool Post*.
 "Most attractive; the marvel being that so much can be offered for sixpence."—*Dundee Courier*.
 "Capital articles and stories, well illustrated."—*Birmingham Mercury*.
 "Profusely illustrated, contains an abundance of interesting stories, and the advertisement pages are made attractive by funny sketches."—*Western Mercury*.
 "Interesting and amusing reading, accompanied by capital illustrations."—*Canterbury Journal*.
 "Well printed and profusely illustrated."—*Halifax Guardian*.
 "Full of exquisite illustrations."—*Essex Standard*.
 "For variety of contents, number and excellence of illustrations, it would be difficult to beat."—*Lincolnshire Chronicle*.
 "Replete with splendid reading, while the illustrations are both numerous and of the best."—*Barrow News*.
 "A sprightly and well-conducted magazine, packed with tales, sketches and pictures, of the highest class."—*Scottish Leader*.
 "Far above the average in magazine literature, the illustrations are exceptionally deserving of praise."—*Belfast News Letter*.
 "The tales, beautifully illustrated, are all by well-known authors. It is certainly excellent value for the money."—*Irish Times*.
 "In variety of letterpress and abundance of charming and well-executed illustrations, it is not to be beaten by any of its competitors."—*West London Observer*.
 "This popular Magazine has secured a very wide and highly-appreciative constituency."—*Northern Daily Telegraph*.
 "THE LUDGATE is a wonderful sixpennyworth."—*Bristol Times*.
 "Very attractive, the illustrations are very numerous, and the stories all good."—*Glasgow Herald*.
 "The superior attractions of THE LUDGATE, Illustrated, are maintained."—*Glasgow Evening News*.
 "Most attractive number."—*Devon Gazette*.
 "Full of exquisite illustrations."—*Walton Gazette*.
 "Has taken rank as one of the daintiest and most sumptuously illustrated of all our magazines."—*Staffordshire Sentinel*.
 "An excellent sixpennyworth, printed on good paper, and the illustrations are of a very high class character."—*Bacup Times*.
 "Deserves most favourable notice; the illustrations are above criticism."—*Bucks Herald*.

By Authority of Her Majesty the Queen, Empress of India.
UNDER SIX ROYAL BRITISH PATENTS AND FIFTEEN FOREIGN PATENTS.

"CALIFORNIAN"

THE "HOUSEHOLD TREASURE" BORAX,
"QUEEN OF ANTISEPTICS."

Specially Prepared, absolutely Pure and absolutely Safe, for Personal and Domestic Uses.

"Californian" possesses qualities that are exceptional and unknown to any other substance. It stands alone in its Antiseptic, Decay-Arresting, Purifying attributes, its safety, readiness for use and its cheapness. It Purifies Water, destroys Fever and all unhealthy germs instantly. It renders Water beautifully clear, sweet and pure—soft for Washing, Cleaning, Purifying and Scouring purposes; especially valuable for Toilet, Bath and Laundry. Removes all taint, all mustiness, dry rot and other unhealthy changes; makes domestic wares bright and absolutely clean. Keeps Milk sweet, also Fresh Meat, Poultry, Game and Fish; destroys all sourness, removes all taint, prevents waste at once, preserving and improving at the same time the untainted parts. Unrivalled for washing Vegetables and for Cooking purposes. Wherever "Californian" is used it sweetens, purifies and improves. By dusting the skin and rinsing the clothing in Borax Water all infectious germs are destroyed. In packets 6d., 3d. and 1d. each. Household Directions and valuable Toilet Recipes on each Packet.

BORAX "NEW" PATENT.

IN FINELY PREPARED POWDER, READY FOR INSTANT USE.

Is sold in Borax Glazed Jars, with Glazed Covers, large size, 1s. each.

The bright style and handiness of these Borax Glazed Jars emphasize the value of this New Borax for Personal Uses, Domestic Purposes, for the Toilet Table, for Travelling and for Sanitation on land or water—everywhere.

"Californian," in addition to its registered title and label, is also further known by this special Borax Mark, registered and recognised as the standard brand of Borax purity throughout the civilised world.

"Californian" and Patent Borax preparations are sold in Packets, convenient and ready for instant use in all climates, and in hard, soft or one water—lens of special value on ship board.

The greatest boon conferred by our Queen has been the recognition of these preparations—exted as well for the home of the cottage housewife as for the mansion of Her Majesty, and the comfort of civilised persons everywhere.



Patent Borax destroys all unhealthy and infectious germs wherever located; whether on Meat, Vegetables, Domestic Wares, Home Surroundings, Bed Linen, Personal Clothing, or upon the Skin.

Dirt, Stains, Spots, Specks, Dust, Mould, Sourness and Decay are instantly removed from Household Requirements by use of Patent Borax.

Breakfast, Dinner, Tea, Dessert and Supper Services, Glasses, Dishes, Plates, Spoons, Knives, Forks, Cooking Vessels and other Domestic Articles, as well as Paint, Floors, Stairs, Tables, Baths, Woodwork, Windows, &c., are all easily Cleaned, Washed, Kept Bright, Pure and Sweet by Patent Borax Preparations.

THE BEST SOAP FOR WASHING AT HOME AND FOR THE FAMILY LAUNDRY IS

"BORAX EXTRACT OF SOAP."

THE GREAT DIRT "EXTRACTOR." "PERFECTION" OF SOAP IN POWDER.

Harshest Water it purifies instantly. Dirt it extracts immediately. Cleansing it accomplishes thoroughly. Purifying it carries out perfectly—producing "linen white as snow, woollens sweet as new-mown hay." Sold in Quarter Pound, Half and One Pound Packets, and in Half-Dozen Parcels.

THE MOST CONVENIENT AND BEST SOAP FOR EVERY DAY USE IN THE HOUSEHOLD IS

"BORAX DRY SOAP."

Borax Dry Soap Cleanses, Washes, Purifies, Brightens everything, is ready for instant use, and dissolves instantly in hot, warm or cold water—is always pleasant and agreeable—leaves sweet, healthy smell—and makes Home indeed "Sweet Home" in comfort and reality. Packets, Quarter Pound, Half Pound and in Half-Dozen Parcels.

TO COMPLETE THE HOME WASHING IN THE MOST PERFECT STYLE, DO NOT FORGET

"BORAX STARCH GLAZE."

THE PATENT FLEXIBLE ENAMEL FOR STARCHED GOODS,

Ready for Using with every kind of Starch.

Borax Starch Glaze wonderfully improves all Starch. Imparts Enamel-like Gloss, gives Permanent Stiffness, Brilliance and Beauty to Muslin, Lace, Linen, Cuffs, Collars, Fronts and all other Starched Articles. In Packets, 1d. and 3d. each; Boxes, 6d.

Boraxine Powders—Specialists for the Bath, Borax Patent "Soluble," for use without Soap, Borax Sponge and Brush Powder, Beauty Tooth Powder, Beauty Toilet Powder, Electric Voice Crystals, and other Preparations for Household, Toilet and Sanitary Purposes are sold by progressive Grocers, Soap Dealers and at Stores in every civilised community.

Borax Book, 66 Pages, 66 Illustrations, full List of Preparations, with Important Directions, Domestic Uses, Valuable Toilet Recipes and other Practical, Safe and Useful Information, together with New Borax Publications, post free, by naming "LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE," direct from

THE PATENT BORAX CO., Ltd., Sole Makers, LADYWOOD, BIRMINGHAM.
Highest Awards, World's Fair for "Californian," "New Patent" & "Borax Soaps," at Chicago Exhibition, 1893.



HAVE YOU TRIED

"MONTSEERRAT"

(TRADE MARK)

PURE LIME-FRUIT JUICE,

With Aerated Waters, or Water, as a cooling and refreshing beverage at all Seasons? If not, try it. Obtainable from Druggists and Grocers.

Cheaper than Lemons and much more convenient. Order "MONTSEERRAT" and do not take any Inferior Brands. There are many such.

"MONTSEERRAT" is made from cultivated Limes.

It is admitted by all to be the Best and Purest Temperance Beverage of the day.



ALSO

"MONTSEERRAT" LIMETTA CORDIAL.

Obtainable from all Chemists, Grocers, &c.

REARS FROM THE SHELL.

SPRATT'S PATENT CHICKENMEAL

ACCEPT ONLY IN SEALED BAGS.

Per cwt., 20s. ; per half cwt., 10s. 6d. ; per quarter cwt., 5s. 6d. ; per 14 lbs., 2s. 9d. ; per 7 lbs., 1s. 6d. ; per 3½ lbs., 9d. Or in 3d. and 6d. Sample Packets.

PAMPHLET ON POULTRY REARING POST FREE FOR ONE STAMP.

SPRATT'S PATENT, LTD., BERMONDSEY, LONDON, S.E.

ASK
FOR

D.R. RIDGE'S

PATENT COOKED

THE PERFECT FOOD
FOR
CHILDREN & INVALIDS

FOOD.

CAUTION.— All the Genuine Packets and Canisters are enclosed in White Wrappers; the words

DR. RIDGE'S PATENT COOKED FOOD are printed boldly thereon, so that none need be deceived or mistaken.

Prepared at THE ROYAL FOOD MILLS, LONDON, and Sold Retail by all Leading Chemists and Grocers throughout the Kingdom.

The Ludgate Illustrated Magazine.

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1894.

	PAGE
FRONTISPICE ...	226
TALES OF THE SERVICE—THE DEAD SHOT GUNNER ... By WALTER WOOD. Illustrated by A. SCOTT RANKIN	228
PENS AND PENCILS OF THE PRESS ... By JOSEPH HATTON.	238
CHAMPION DOGS ... By GUY CLIFFORD. Illustrated.	246
A BUNDLE OF PROPOSALS ... By CLIVE HOLLAND.	253
A FATAL AFFINITY ... By R. HORNIMAN and C. E. MORLAND. Illustrated by FRANK WATKINS.	258
YOUNG ENGLAND AT SCHOOL—HIGHGATE SCHOOL ... By W. CHAS. SARGENT. Illustrated from Photographs.	274
HIDDEN SKETCHES. No. V. By J. ST. M. FITZGERALD	287
THE MEMOIRS OF DR. FRANCIS WISEMAN... By PAUL SETON. Illustrated by J. ST. M. FITZGERALD.	288
RAMBLES THROUGH ENGLAND—TORQUAY ... By HUBERT GRAYLE. Illustrated from Photographs.	301
THE LEGEND OF THE DART. By WALTER E. GROGAN	308
THE VAQUERO'S DUELLO ... By G. G. FARQUHAR. Illustrated by J. B. DAVIS.	312
COMIC SKETCH. By R. E. POOLE	316
WHISPERS FROM THE WOMAN'S WORLD ... By FLORENCE M. GARDINER. Illustrated.	317
INCIDENTS OF THE MONTH ...	325
PUZZLEDOM ...	336

Volumes IV., V. and VI., handsomely bound in Chocolate Cloth, gilt, 6s., or by post, 6s. 6d.; also Covers for Binding, 1s., by post, 1s. 3d.

Volumes I., II. and III. are out of print.

Telephone No. 1,008.



GILBERT, GEARING & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
SPECIALISTS IN SHIRTS, COLLARS AND UNDER-WEAR
SUPPLY DIRECT FROM OWN FACTORY THEIR
FAMOUS APOLLO SHIRTS.

Every make and quality 30 per cent. below ordinary prices. For Fit, quality and Durability they excel all others.

Best Four-fold Linen Collars (Newest Shapes) 6s. per doz. worth 9s.

Old Shirts Re-fitted, 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. any make.

Misfits Re-modelled.

LADIES' BLOUSES & SHIRTS made to Order, in FRENCH PRINTS, OXFORDS and LONG-CLOTHS. Out and Fit a Speciality.

48 AND 50, WHITECHAPEL, LIVERPOOL.

BROWN & POLSON'S
*35 Years' World-wide
reputation.*
CORN FLOUR



YOUNG ENGLAND AT SCHOOL.

Copies of Original Photographs, taken to illustrate the School Articles in
"THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE," can be obtained from

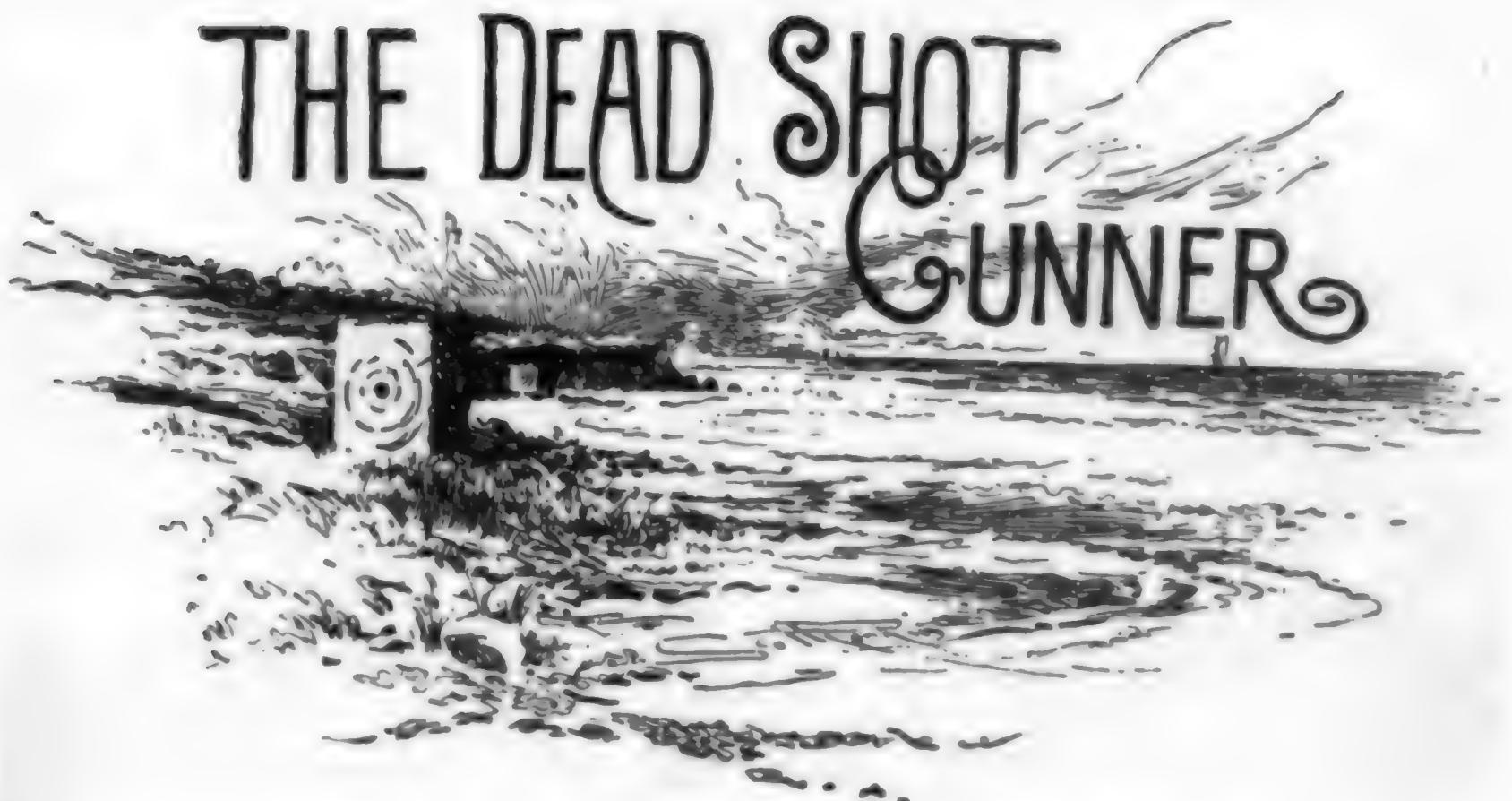
RICHARD W. THOMAS,
Artist and Photographer,
41, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

Prices { 12 by 10 Prints, 2s. 6d., mounted; 2s., unmounted.
8½ by 6½ Prints, 1s. 6d., mounted; 1s. 3d., unmounted.

SIXPENCE EXTRA FOR POSTAGE ON MOUNTED PICTURES.

NOTICE.—All communications respecting Advertisements and other business matters should be Addressed to the Manager, "LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE," 53, Fleet Street, London, E.C.





THE DEAD SHOT GUNNER

A Legend of the Field Artillery.

By WALTER WOOD.

HERE is a plain of yellow sand at Bare when the tide has ebbed, and in the season which is given over to them, Regular and Volunteer artillery send their shot and shell screaming over Morecambe Bay. The man whose home is in the Yorkshire hills, who knows not grape from shrapnel, nor Volunteer from Regular, and who tells the worth of ordnance from its size, sees the firing of the 40-pounders on the beach, and as he listens to their thunder his soul swells up in thankfulness to heaven for giving England weapons such as these. But the officer who saw the mimic fight on Newby Moor, when the column of the Volunteers was on the march to Bare, remembers how the cumbrous pieces sank in boggy soil, and looks with envy on the handy field-guns which are being swept by cursing men and vicious horses to and fro upon the hard, firm sea-bed. He wonders when the day will come when he and others like him will have the use of guns that would tell a rousing tale to any foe that came on British soil.

One still, hot day in summer the 91st Field Battery trotted along the road that leads to Bare from Kendal. Under the hoofs of the horses and the wheels of the carriages, ammunition and store waggons,

the dust rose in a cloud and settled in thick layers on the shining metal of the guns and the dark blue clothing of the men that rode in seat and saddle. It was blown by a gentle breeze into the smarting eyes and parched throats of weary soldiers, and the tongues of worn-out brutes hung drooping from their jaws.

The battery rumbled past a wayside inn, where the landlord stood in shirt-sleeves in the doorway, smoking a long clay pipe. Outside, at a rustic table, half-a-dozen Northern farmers sat, in straw hats and unbuttoned waistcoats, drinking ale from deep, cool pewters, and telling each other that it was good to live. The windows of the inn were opened wide, and the muslin curtains fluttered in the breeze and rose and fell pleasantly upon the panes.

The Major glanced from the tail of his eye at the peaceful scene, and a vision of draughts of sparkling bitter crossed his mind. The junior subaltern drew a hot gloved hand across a dry moustache, made grey with dust, and, with the torture of his thirst upon him, wished that he had taken orders, as his father the rector and member of the Peace Society had urged him to do. A driver whose leg-guard had shifted, and who had had the limb crushed

against the shaft, groaned as he saw the farmers, and swore within himself that he would desert and become a ploughboy.

"By George," said the landlord; "it's grand to be a sowjer, an' ha' nowt to do but ride an' gallop on like that."

"Ah," said a jolly farmer, with a sigh, "if I were young I'd 'list."

"What a heavenly time those fat old devils have," grumbled a sergeant as he rode past; "I'd change places on the spot, pension, glory and all, with any one of 'em."

The Major tightened his hold of the reins and pressed the flanks of his charger, and the battery thundered on in its fleecy cloud.

The landlord and the farmers saw the

open-mouthed first at the guns and then at the band of the Volunteer corps which was under canvas and which had come to play the Regulars into camp.

It had been the Major's cherished wish to take his battery on to the ground without a stop, and with the smartness that had come to him in India. And here, the very place where his triumphal journey was to have begun, he and his were thwarted by closed gates on a country railway. He addressed the gaping signalman and ordered him to open wide the barrier.

"See 'im," said the signalman, pointing to a fussy man who was coming towards them, and who wore a braided cap and a frock coat with metal buttons. Having



THE BATTERY THUNDERED ON.

dust settle on the road as the battery passed from view, and the Major gave a sigh of pleasure as he made out the little dots of white that marked the tents on the greensward which the advance party had pitched in readiness for their coming. He caught a glimpse of flame and smoke, and a moment after heard the booming of the 40-pounders on the foreshore. "The Volunteers are at it patiently with their old iron," he muttered, and smiled as he thought of the mobile weapons that were being hauled along the hard macadam.

The progress of the 91st Battery of Field Artillery was checked by large white gates that opened on a branch railway. The gates were closed, and a man in a signal-box adjoining them was leaning out of a window overlooking the road, staring

done this, the signalman asked the junior subaltern, who happened to be nearest to him, where they came from, where they were going, and what they were. He also told the junior that he was riding a "bonny nag." The junior turned from the speaker, and feigned not to have heard him.

"Station-master," said the Major imperiously, "open the gates, and let us cross the line."

The station-master started violently. He was not accustomed to being talked to like that, except by the directors.

"Come, come," said the Major angrily, "don't stand staring there. Open the gates, sharp."

"Certainly not," said the station-master, with great dignity.

"And why not?" demanded the astonished Major.

"Because there's a train due in five minutes; that's why," snapped the ruffled official.

"Five minutes," exclaimed the commander; "why we can be in camp in that time."

"That's as it may be," said the station-master; "but these gates won't be opened till the 6.15's passed—no, not even to let the carriage of a prince go through." The station-master, feeling that nothing more was to be said on the point, went into his office, where his wife was peeping through the window-blinds; and not knowing the difference between a soldier and a marine, told her that he had just given it hot to a sergeant of Militia who had "sauced" him.

The 6.15, not being in a hurry, did not come in until 6.30; and when the tweed-clad heads of the tourists at the carriage windows had been lost in the distance, the gates were swung slowly open, and the horses were whipped and spurred over the lines.

The driver whose leg was smarting, and who wanted to be lying down, threw a glance of hatred at the station-master as he passed, and told him that surly fools like him ought to be blown to sawdust from a hundred-tonner. The band struck up the "British Grenadiers," and the pace of the horses was reduced to a walk

as the battery lumbered on over the green hillocks towards the tents. As the camping-ground was reached, the band played a composition by the bandmaster, arranged chiefly for the reed instruments and the drums—the drums, according to the writer's intention, having the best of it.

When the drum and reed men stood aside, and thumped and tootled on a bit of rising ground, the horses gave a final spurt, and the guns were unlimbered in a way that made the Major glad and the injured driver forget his leg. A group of Volunteer officers and ladies watched the arrival; and the plunging and kicking of one or two horses, that always objected to be picketed, gave a chance for a maiden in a muslin dress to seize the arm of the chaplain, who was rather more military than the sergeant-major, and in a frightened whisper to say what a dreadful thing it was to be a soldier and go to war. The chaplain re-adjusted his eyeglasses, and said valiantly that it was not anything of the sort—unless, of course, you got the worst of it; and that every man ought to be ready to lay down his life for his Queen and country. The shoe of the horse which the suffering driver was picketing shot out and grazed his knee; and he gave the animal such a blow, and uttered words so strong, that the chaplain, who heard them, turned pale, and drawing the maiden away, said he feared that Regular



THE DEAD-SHOT GUNNER.

troops were a very wicked and abandoned set of men.

When the Major had quenched his thirst and got the dust out of his eyes, and was standing at the opening of his tent, inhaling the fresh breeze that was blowing from the sea, the Colonel of the Volunteers approached, and begged the honour of the company of the Major and his brother officers at dinner. "I know," he said, "that your kitchen arrangements are still incomplete, and we shall be delighted if you will join us and put all ceremony aside."

The Major did not say no, and the Colonel bore away his guests in triumph. The junior was so happy at having escaped the calamity of dining off the viands from the kitchen of the garrison that he became reconciled to his lot, and observed to himself that, after all, the Church was a very poor place for a man of spirit.

When the Colonel rose, he and one or two of his officers, with the Major, the Captain and the junior, left the mess-tent and took chairs that had been placed for them outside in the open air. The Colonel and the Major were side by side, for the Colonel wanted to expound a theory of his about mixed field batteries of Regulars and Volunteers.

"You have some lovely little weapons," he began, "and you brought them into camp in magnificent fashion."

The Major looked pleased. The battery had come smartly in, notwithstanding the station-master, and he knew it.

"I only wish," continued the Colonel, "that Government would see their way either to equip us with the same sort of ordnance, or make an allowance that would enable us to have, if not field-guns exclusively, at any rate, one or two for a brigade like ours. I am sure we could find the men to work them properly."

"I have not the slightest doubt of it," assented the Major.

"Or, failing that," proceeded the Colonel, having got the thin end of the wedge in, "there might be a sort of amalgamation of Regulars and Volunteers."

The Major did not think so, but he took care not to show it. He believed in the Regulars, and the Regulars only, for their ways, and theirs alone, were known to him.

"Now, these things," the Colonel went on, pointing to the foreshore, where the 40-pounders were at peace after their bellowing, "are admirable in their way, but they want elephants or engines to move them about with anything like ease."

"They're useful things if you could only get the people you want to smash to stand still, instead of dancing out of range as soon as you've got the muzzles on them," said a youth who had recently got a commission in the Volunteers. He had heard a similar remark made by a general, and loudly applauded, and he wondered now why the humour fell so flat.

"I have myself," said the Colonel, looking stonily at the youth, "spent not a little time in drawing up a scheme which I flatter myself might prove advantageous if the authorities would take it up. It has been discussed in the Service papers. Perhaps you have seen it described?"

The Major had not even heard of it, but he hazarded a guess. "It—eh—is—eh—known, I believe, as the mixed scheme, is it not?"

"Exactly," said the delighted commander. "One journal was good enough to put my name to it, and it has since been known as the mixed, or Crawshaw, scheme of field-batteries."

"Shop, shop, for ever shop," muttered



THE COLONEL AND THE MAJOR WERE SIDE BY SIDE.



OVER THE SANDS.

the Captain of the 91st. "I do wish they'd change the subject and let's have something about the latest comic opera. I must try, anyhow, to get this fossil off the talk about his scheme. I know his sort—once started, they never stop. What a magnificent stretch of sand you have, Colonel Crawshaw."

"Yes, a very fine place," said the Colonel. "I had the honour to discover its usefulness as a ground for the practice of artillery, and the good fortune to have the support of the authorities in my suggestion that Regular as well as Volunteer troops should use it for gunnery exercise."

The Major was looking over the sands towards the distant hills. It was low water, and the rays of the sun, which was sinking in the west, lighted up the sea-bed and made it like a vast expanse of beaten gold. A thin white line was being drawn against the hills by a locomotive, and two tourists in Norfolk jackets, with valises strapped across their shoulders, were walking on the sands to Arnside, whence they started on the morrow mountaineering. They carried oaken staffs, and their bodies made fantastic shadows as they walked.

The tourists stopped, and one, who had read a notice warning people not to meddle with projectiles that had been fired from the shore, as some might be unexploded, began to dig the sand up with his stick.

"Fools step in where angels fear to

tread," quoted the Captain. "I take it that those fellows are prodding for shot and shell just as they might dig for turnips."

The Colonel forgot his scheme, and rose in horror. "I know of at least one shell that did not burst this afternoon," he said. "How can I warn them off? They are too far away to hear one's shouts. Good heavens, what would happen if the shell exploded?"

"I once saw a similar accident, and the busybodies were gathered up in fragments," said the Captain.

The tourists were resting awhile after their digging, and were lunging playfully at each other with their sticks.

"I know of no method of reaching them," said the Colonel, helplessly; "and yet they must be got away. They might as well be dancing over dynamite."

A sergeant of the 91st was strolling on the foreshore, smoking a cigar which an admiring Volunteer had pressed upon him. The Major called him, and the sergeant came.

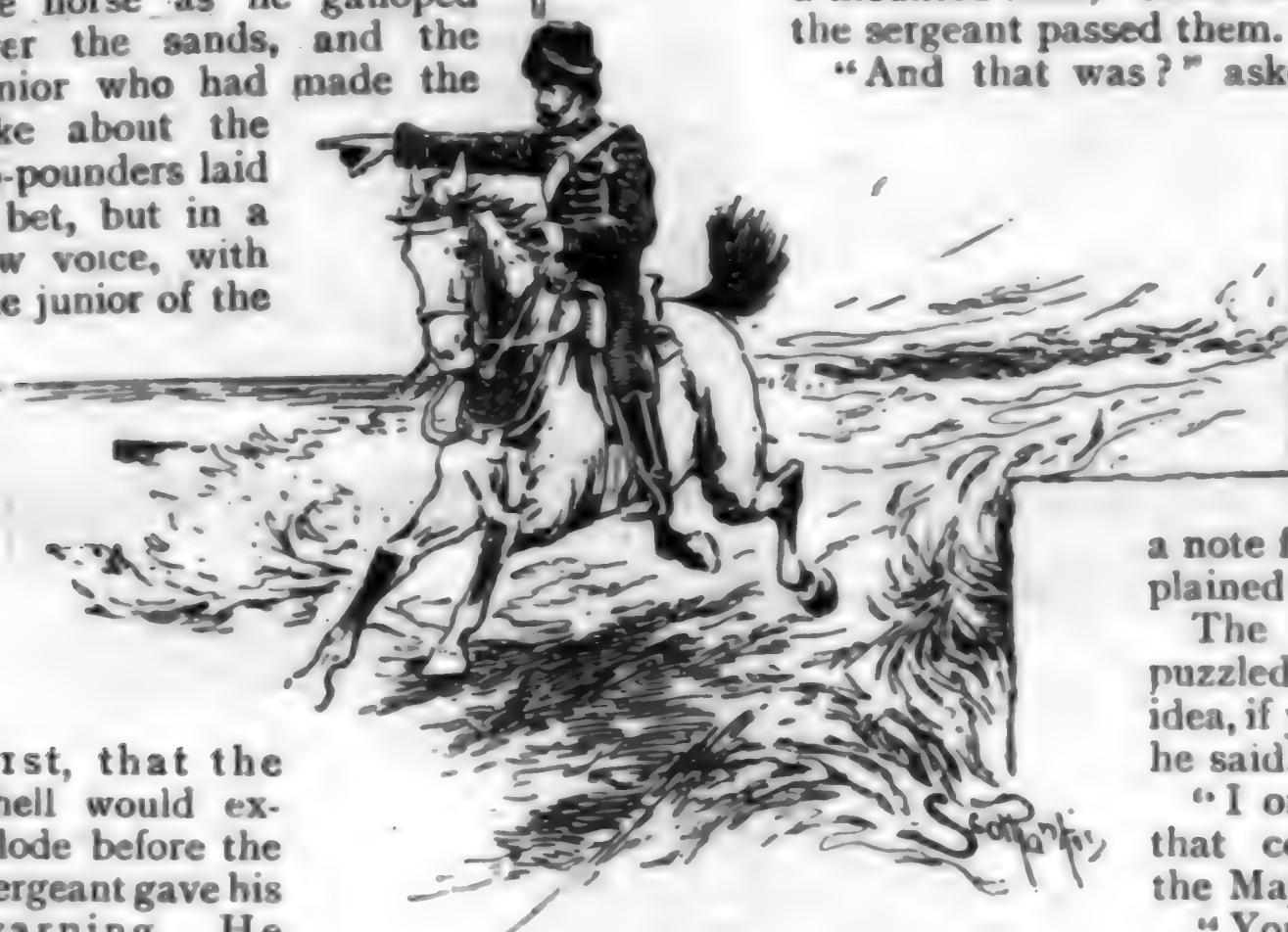
"Ride hard to those two men, and order them to get clear of the spot where the dummy target is," said the Major.

The sergeant left, and a moment later—for he was a man who could do a great deal when he was in a wicked temper, and the loss of his cigar had disturbed him—the hoofs of his horse were ringing upon the shingle.

The party by the mess-tent watched

THE DEAD-SHOT GUNNER.

the horse as he galloped over the sands, and the junior who had made the joke about the 40-pounders laid a bet, but in a low voice, with the junior of the



THE SERGEANT SWEPT ALONG.

91st, that the shell would explode before the sergeant gave his warning. He also said that if he had been the Colonel he would have had the thing fetched in.

The tourists began to prod the ground again as the sergeant swept along. They heard the thud of the hoofs, and turning, saw the rider waving his hand and pointing them to the other side of the bay.

"Get out o' that, you fools," he roared, "unless you want to be blown to hell."

As the tourists had no wish to be blown anywhere, much less to the place the sergeant named, they walked hastily away from the dummy target. The sergeant drew rein sharply, and delivered a brief lecture which he had prepared in his anger as he galloped along. "All I can say is," he concluded, "that if you'd had your thick heads knocked off, the world wouldn't have been the loser by it."

The tourists made no answer, and the sergeant returned to camp. One of the tourists afterwards wrote an article for a local newspaper—for which he did not receive any remuneration—entitled "The Perilous Adventure of Two Friends." The other sent a letter to the *Times*, signed "Pro Bono Publico"—which was not inserted—demanding indignantly to know whether an Englishman's very life was to be imperilled while on his holidays because of the wilful recklessness of Her Majesty's Artillery.

"There was one other way of communicating with the fellows, besides sending

a mounted man," observed the Major, as the sergeant passed them.

"And that was?" asked the Colonel interrogatively and pleasantly, for he was vastly relieved now that the tourists were almost out of sight.

"Send them a note from a gun," explained the Major.

The Colonel looked puzzled. "A capital idea, if you could do it," he said.

"I once knew a man that could," observed the Major quietly.

"You astonish me," said the Colonel.

"He could have trained a gun so that a shot would have fallen between the two fellows over there if they had been a couple of yards apart. They would have got it at their feet. Rather a startling sort of postman that would be, would it not?" asked the Major, smiling.

"It wouldn't be bad if orders could be transmitted on the field in that way," said the junior of the corps. "It would save a heap of time. It wouldn't do, of course, for every-day life; the shock of a 12-pounder through your letter box would be rather more than you could stand."

"You interest me prodigiously, Major," said the Colonel. "I am intensely curious to hear more of the man who could do a thing like that."

"Moore, I believe," said the Major, turning to the Captain, "knows the story quite as well as I do."

"I never even heard of it," said the Captain in surprise.

"Not heard the tale of the man and the gun?" asked the Major.

"Never heard a murmur about it," said the Captain decidedly.

"Not the legend of the 95th?" queried the Major. "You astonish me. I thought it was all over the Service."

"It is as little known to me," said the Captain, "as the navigation of an iron-clad."

"You simply rouse our curiosity,

Major," said the Colonel, "to explosion pitch. Pray, gratify it, or have the mercy not to add to your mysterious remarks."

"They tell the story on the Kurrachee station," said the Major; "and a tribe round there have a 16-pounder shot as an idol, and they worship it as 'the Carrier God,' believing that some day it will seize upon the chosen and whisk them in a cloud of fire to a better land."

The Major took a fresh cigar from the Colonel's proffered case and began his tale.

"This stretch of sand and those two foolish roamers," he said, "take my memory back to the days when the 95th went down from its station in India to a spot on the coast which Government had chosen for Artillery practice. The 95th was in bad odour with the general of the district, and he ordered it to go and fire away until, as he put it, the men knew how to hit objects less than haystacks placed farther away than half-a-mile. We growled, but the Battery went, with the exception of two gunners, who had had enough of soldiering, and managed—heaven knows how—to get clear of the neighbourhood.

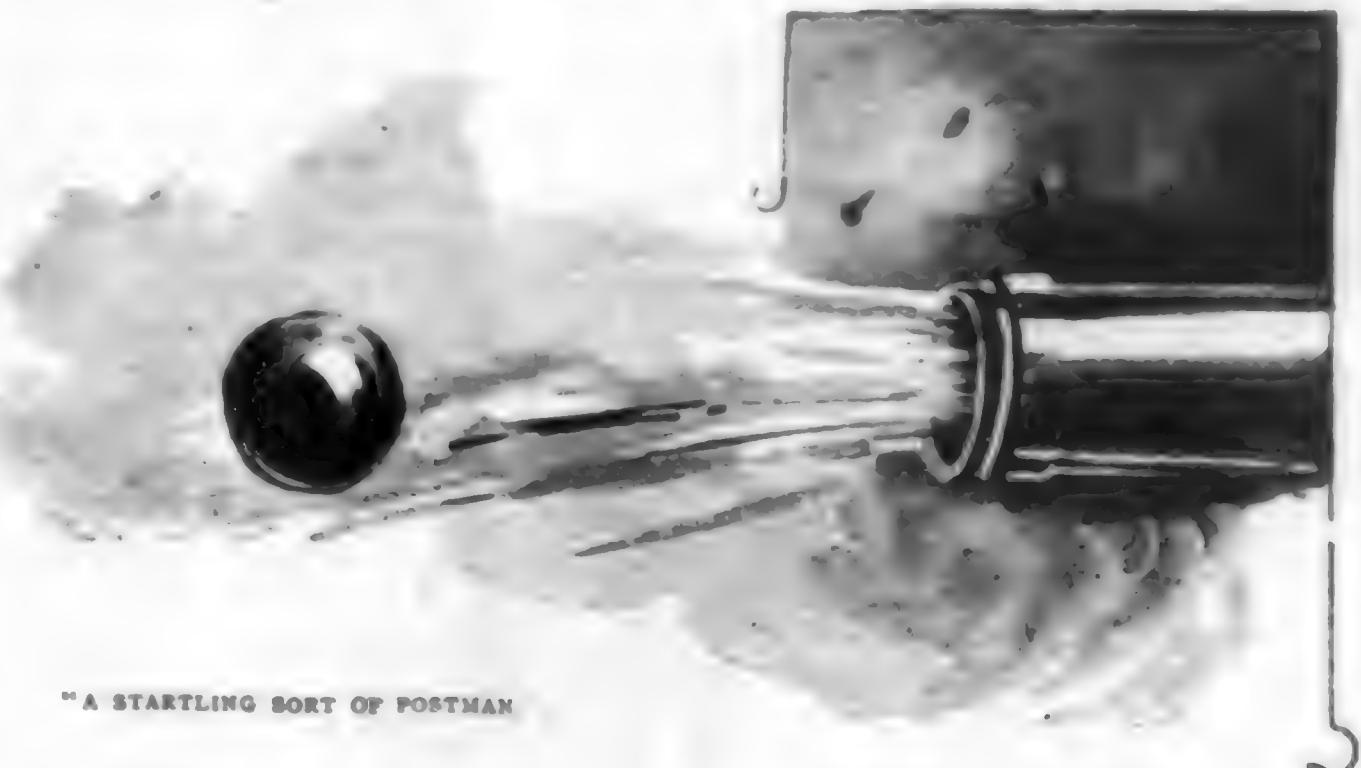
"Just before we left we were joined by a youngster who had been transferred from the Militia. He was a tall, clean-limbed lad, with a long, sharp face, close-cropped hair, and eyes that could make things out when I, for one, could hardly see them with the glasses. He was a quiet enough fellow, and at first I thought the only difference between him and most other subalterns was that he didn't make out that he knew rather more than all the rest of us put together.

"I was the junior of the Battery when he came, and told him that I'd take him under my wing and show him how to do a thing or two. Then I asked him, by way of showing my seniority, if he would

be good enough to fetch a book—which I did not want—from my quarters. He said he would be deeply grateful for any instruction I could give him in gunnery, but as for fetching books—that sort of duty hardly came within his province. Then he turned and told a man who was passing to step into Mr. Akam's quarters and bring the book which was lying on the bed.

"I didn't like such a beginning at all; it was subversive of discipline, and gave Morton—that was the youngster's name—a pull over me from the very outset. I determined there and then to cast him off, and let him learn his gunnery himself.

"When we got to the coast we were set to work with a ferocity that took the breath out of us. 'The sooner you lick



"A STARTLING SORT OF POSTMAN

yourself into shape,' said the chief, who blamed everybody but himself for what had happened, 'the sooner we shall get out of this hell-hole. My time's nearly up, and I don't want to be swept off by some disease brought on by stewing here to please even fifty adjutant-generals. Give the men it hot.'

"There are some curious chiefs in the service," the Major went on, relighting his cigar, "but this was the most curious of all. He had his tent pitched just at the rear of the guns, and used to watch us from it like a tiger watching its prey. If we showed signs of giving up, out of sheer fatigue, he would roar until he turned purple in the face; and if a shot went rather out of its way, he would shout that men who could not train a gun better than that ought to be dismissed the ser-

THE DEAD-SHOT GUNNER.

vice. In many ways he was a complete cad, but on the whole one of the best soldiers that ever made things warm for juniors.

"Morton had only just come out from home, and as the coast place hadn't much of a reputation for healthiness, he was told to remain at the station for a week or two until he got a bit acclimatised. He joined us one day just as we were opening practice, and took over his gun as coolly as if he'd been born and bred in the Battery. That was another thing I didn't quite like.

"That morning the Major had got the carcase of a horse which had died in the night, and had had it fixed up the best part of a mile away as a target. He was a man who believed, he said, in making things as much like real warfare as possible, and would any time rather have a second-rate carcase than a first rate article of wood and canvas. He was in a specially bad temper that morning. He hadn't slept well, and several pegs that he had taken over-night hadn't altogether agreed with him. He was something of a humourist, and said he did not suppose the horse would suffer much from shooting like ours, even if it did not happen to be dead.

"Morton heard the remark, and I saw him smile. 'We'll knock the starch out of the old Johnnie before we've done this morning,' he said pleasantly.

"This, from a man whom we had not as yet seen fire a solitary shot, rather took me aback, and I wondered what would be the end of him.

"'Finicks about with the gun as if he meant to do something,' I heard a man say, for we were all watching Morton. I didn't reprimand the fellow. On the contrary, I professed not to have heard him, and rather hoped he would say something else of the same nature.

"Morton seemed to look upon the weapon as a creature of life. He glanced at it here, patted it there,

blew a speck of dust off, and ordered a bombardier to rub off a mark that had been made by a hot hand. When he had done all this, he stepped back, and bending his body, rested his hands on his knees, closed one eye, and sighted the weapon. Then he straightened himself out and began such an operation of raising and depressing it that I lost all patience, and turned away in disgust.

"The Major was watching all this time from his tent. At first he was seated on the edge of his bed, but when he saw Morton hopping around in that strange fashion he stepped outside, and I hoped, from the working of his face, that he would burst into a fury of rage with the youngster. But all he did was to smile rather curiously, and call out with broad sarcasm, 'Take your time, Mr. Morton. Don't hurry; we've got the whole day before us, and pray don't be too severe on the carcase.'

"Morton made no answer, but he smiled queerly again, and finished his extraordinary performance. The men were grinning outright, and the man near me who had already spoken whispered that this might be amusing to Mr. Morton, but it was a jolly dreary business for other folks, and a rotten style of gunnery, if he knew anything.

"I was not looking at Morton when the gun was fired, but turned as the smoke cleared off, and saw him standing there with his brows knitted and his eyes blazing beneath them.

"'I suppose he's got within a quarter of a mile of it,' said the man near me. 'That's as near as you can expect after all that palaver.'

"'Splendid shot,' roared the Major, in prodigious excitement.

"I looked at the carcase through my glasses, rubbed my eyes, and looked again. There was no doubt about it, the shot had ripped fair and square into the target. 'Bah, a fluke,' I snapped, ungenerously enough, I dare say.



TRANSFERRED FROM THE MILITIA."

"The gunner near me gave a low whistle. His scorn had suddenly turned to admiration.

"Morton seemed to be just a shade pleased, but beyond that, he bore himself as if he'd done the most ordinary thing on earth.

"I finicked about with my gun rather more than Morton, for I was on my metal; but I finicked a bit too much. The shot went screaming away beyond the dead horse, and buried itself harmlessly in the sand.

"When it came to Morton's turn again the Major was standing just behind him, watching everything with a hungry interest. When the gun was fired again and the shot seemed to go plump on top of the other, he hurried to the youngster's side, slapped him on the shoulder with a whacking sound, and seized his hand. 'The finest shot I ever saw!' he exclaimed. 'Go on like that and you'll have us out of this hole before two weeks are passed.'

"This was hardly pleasant for me, and in my vexation I bit my lip till the blood came. I shot for all I was worth that morning, shot till the sweat rolled down my face and my body quivered with excitement; but the harder I tried the worse I did. I was absolutely out of it with the tall, cool lad who was scattering the carcase at every turn.

"Never before was shooting seen like that. That man by himself, in time of war, could have mowed down battery after battery—human beings could not have lived in front of such perfect shooting. It was beyond anything I ever thought possible, and sore as I was at my defeat, for the whole business had resolved itself into a contest between Morton and myself, I looked upon the youngster as a kind of deity.

"When practice was over, and the carcase was lying on the sands in a red heap that was not worth twopence to a tanner, I offered my hand to Morton and congratulated him. 'I don't know how you



"AS LIKE REAL WARFARE AS POSSIBLE."

do it,' I said; 'but I'm afraid you're beyond the need of being shown a thing or two by me.'

"Morton smiled his quiet smile again, and said simply, 'I don't

know myself how I do it. I feel that I can't miss—that's all. I suppose it's a sort of gift—like writing poetry, for instance.'

The Major paused for a moment in his recital.

"It's strange I haven't heard of shooting such as that," said the Captain. "But I never was at Kurrachee, and I suppose that's why. But where does the legend come in? There's no sign of it yet."

"Bear with me a moment, I am coming to it," said the Major. "I am sorry to be so tardy, but the prologue was necessary by way of showing what sort of man the legend is about. Well, to resume. The nose of the Major himself was put out of joint by the performances of Morton. But he didn't mind, for with all his faults, he was a bit above petty jealousy, and he used to go and encourage Morton whenever practice was on. As for the rest of us, he seemed to think we might go to rot just as our inclinations prompted us. It was Morton this and Morton that with him. Morton could do no wrong, and, for the time being, nobody else could do right. The Major all the same did his best to floor the lad. He had all kinds of targets rigged in all sorts of positions, but he never got the better of the junior. In fact, so common a thing was it for the target to be bowled over or destroyed that it became quite a matter of course to watch for the effect of the shot, and the wonder would have been why Morton missed."

"This state of things lasted for a couple of weeks or so; then we noticed that Morton was becoming queer in his manner. The weather was frightful, and several of the men were in hospital with sunstroke. I believe if cholera itself had broken out the Major would have insisted on work being done as usual. 'Sunstroke?' he said. 'Why there's always

more or less of it. You wouldn't have to stop in time of war if half-a-dozen men were down with it—why should you stop now?"

"There was no answer to argument like that, and we lumbered on in our practice until one man dropped by the side of the gun. Then the growling and complaining became so marked that the Major himself could not help noticing it, and for the time practice ceased.

"One night I was reading in my tent when Morton entered, hugging a 16-pounder shot under his arm. He took a seat, and placed the shot carefully in his lap.

"'What an extraordinary youngster you're nursing, Morton,' I exclaimed. 'What in the name of goodness makes you carry 16-pounders in your arms like that?'

"He turned towards me with a curious look in his eyes, and stroked the shot softly.

"'This, Akam,' he said, 'is one of my children. It is my pet baby.'

"There was not the shadow of a smile on his face as he said this, and I closed my book and looked earnestly at him. He looked back with perfect steadiness. 'I have come to ask you to give her a name,' he said. 'It's a girl baby.'

"'My dear Morton,' I said anxiously, 'you're not well. Put the thing down and get to bed. Have the doctor in to see you in the morning. You've been working too hard, and the sun doesn't quite suit you.'

"I had seen a man act like that once before, and he ended by blowing

his brains out. I didn't want a repetition of the experience. I tried to take the shot from Morton. He resisted my endeavours with a firmness that left no doubt that if I used violence he would meet me with violence. In that case I should have come off but a poor second. I did not like the look of things at all.

"'I want to ask you, Akam,' said Morton, 'just to look at this, and tell me if you can reckon it up.' He pointed to the nose of the shot, and I saw that a loop of immense strength had been fixed into it.

"'What tensile strain do you think a hook like that would bear?' he asked.

"'I can't tell—can't even guess,' I answered helplessly.

"'Not less than two tons,' he went on; 'and here,' he said, shaking from his sleeve a chain, 'here is a steel chain which, light as it is, will bear an equal strain.'

"He put down the shot suddenly, and rose to his feet. 'I want you,' he said, 'to come with me for a walk across the sands; the tide is out. It is a magnificent night—as clear as day. You can see to read by the light of the moon, if you are that way inclined.'

"I thought it best to humour him, and we left the tent together. He hurried across the sands, keeping about a yard in front of me. His head was bent eagerly forward, and his hands were clasped behind his back. He never said a word until he came to a spot about half a mile from the gun; then he stopped suddenly and pointed to a deep, square hole which had been recently dug. 'I made that an hour ago,' he said. 'I soon did it with a shovel,



"I TRIED TO TAKE THE SHOT FROM MORTON."

for the sand is soft. See, the water is trickling in through the sides ; it's made quite a little pool already. I must hasten, or I shall be too late.'

"My dear Morton," I said, thoroughly alarmed, "whatever do you mean ? What have you dug the place for ? and what are you going to put into it ?"

"Come back with me," said Morton, turning towards the camp. "It's a grave. Don't ask anything more ; you'll know as soon as you ought to know. Akam, you're a good fellow."

"He seized my hand and held it for a moment. Then he let it drop, and walked abruptly off.

"He did not speak again until we re-entered my tent. 'Now, good-night, Akam,' he said. 'Don't bother about me—I'm all right, or soon shall be. My head's like one of the seething cauldrons that you read of sometimes. It's filled with guns and shot and shell and little devils.' He left me standing there, stupefied. I hurried to the opening, and saw him go into his own tent. I waited for a few minutes, then stole softly towards the Major's quarters. The old fellow was sitting up, writing a letter to his people in England, telling them that he hoped to be with them in about six months, and that they had an extraordinary fellow in the Battery, who was known as the Dead Shot Gunner.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, sir," I said, "but I do wish you could spare me two minutes on a matter of the most serious importance." "Well, Akam," he answered quite pleasantly, "what is it ? Sit down. It must be something strong if your white face is any guide."

"I'm afraid that Morton's badly touched by the sun," I began. I saw the Major start, but he said coolly enough, "I have not seen anything strange about him." "Nor have I," I went on—"at least, not until to-night." Then I told him about the curious visit that Morton had paid to me. I left nothing out—on the contrary, I fear I put a good deal in.

"This is very serious, Mr. Akam," said the Major; "there must be something wrong with a man who can act like that. What can he want with a shot with a chain fastened to it, and why does he dig a grave in the sand ?"

"We rose together and stood in the

opening of the tent, looking towards the guns.

"Who is meddling with the guns at this time of night ?" he exclaimed.

I glanced towards the gun that Morton worked, and saw him, as clearly as I see you now, standing by the side of it.

"Before I could utter a sound there was a flash, a wreath of smoke, and the sharp, vicious boom of the explosion.

"I wondered if I was really awake, or whether I was dreaming some impossible dream, for when I looked at the side of the weapon, Morton was not there.

"I looked away to the spot where half-an-hour before he and I had stood together, and I saw a great dark body drop, as it seemed, into the earth.

"The Major's face was as blanched as mine. 'My God !' he cried, 'he's shot himself from a gun !'

"Every man in camp came tumbling out when the report was heard. Most of them had been roused from sleep, and they stared over the sands, rubbing their eyes. 'Come with me,' said the Major hurriedly. 'Let no one follow,' he said to the men ; and they remained there, standing mystified.

"We ran, rather than walked, across the sands, and came to the place that Morton had dug. The Major looked in first and I glanced afterwards.

"Morton was lying there, his face turned upwards to the sky. A belt of flexible steel was fastened round his chest, and the chain he had shown me was drawn rigidly over the side of the hole. The links glittered in the moonshine, and about two yards away disappeared in the sand. We could see, by following it, where the shot was buried in the sand.

"That," said Major Akam, whose cigar had burned itself out in his fingers, "is the legend of the 95th, as they tell it on the Kurrachee station. It was the last performance of the Dead Shot Gunner. The projectile was given by the Major, who didn't care to have it near him, to one of the local tribes who had heard the story. They rigged the thing up as an idol, and polish and keep it as bright as silver. They worship it, as I have told you, believing that some day it will blaze and scream again and bear the faithful to a better land."

Pens and Pencils of the Press.

By JOSEPH HATTON,

Author of "Journalistic London," "By Order of the Czar," "Under the Great Seal," &c., &c.

MR. JAMES PAYN.

"JOURNALISTIC London" has its well-established location, "Artistic London" its recognised boundaries. If there is still left to us what—in its local and residential sense—may be called a "Literary London," James Payn is its central figure, and the geography of it points to Waterloo Place and Pall Mall. At No. 15, Waterloo Place, the office of Smith and Elder and the *Cornhill Magazine*, Payn writes his novels, edits the magazine in succession to Thackeray and Leslie Stephen, and sits in judgment on the various manuscripts brought to the firm which discovered the Brontës and published "Vanity Fair." As if this were not enough for any one man, the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd" and "By Proxy" writes the popular "Note Book" for the *Illustrated London News*, and a "London Letter" for America, not to mention other contributions to the press of his native country. What is more bewildering still is that he finds time to play whist every day of his life, and goes to bed as a rule, by ten o'clock every night. Should you have the privilege of being received by him at his office, you will find him busy with a pipe in his mouth. If you are a friend, he will get up from his desk and run his hands over a collection of other pipes upon the mantelpiece, with an invitation to smoke. If you do not care for a pipe, he will find you cigars and cigarettes. He has the quick method of an American in getting at your business and discussing and ending it. There is no beating about the bush, no trifling references to the weather; you are in the midst of the object of your call at once. Your host for the moment is full of animation, and should you wish to hold him beyond the business in hand a good story will do it. If the point of it commends itself to his keen sense of

humour, his boisterous laughter will reward you to the full. But he will not be content with merely showing his appreciation; he will exchange stories with you, and laugh just as heartily at his own as at yours.

Laughter, it would seem, is almost the only exercise he permits himself. He never walks when he can ride, and hates athleticism of all kinds. Seeing that his father was a master of hounds, and the other male members of his family belong to the army, this is not a little singular. Of medium height, and what is called wiry in build, Mr. Payn suggests the constitution of an active physical capacity, notwithstanding his confessed indolence of body. A face of strong intellectuality, its expression combines shrewdness with amiability, and the mouth indicates both a kindly and mirthful disposition. The artistic temperament is shown not only in a sensitive, bony hand, but in the quiet, steadfast eye; and there is good health as well as good humour in the author's genial laughter. A wag and a student as a boy, so has he developed as a man. There is a key to the character of the one and the other in a story that is told of Payn, the boy. A cadet at Woolwich, he and a comrade, out for a holiday, found themselves in a strait one evening at Charing Cross. They had outstayed the possibility of getting back to barracks, unless they could go by boat, and they had spent all their money. They were attracted by a preacher who, standing upon an inverted tub, was just finishing a charity sermon. The hat was handed round and presented to the cadets, whereupon Payn, in a hurried whisper to his companion, said: "Here's an idea! I'll preach while you take round the hat, as that fellow has done—nod to me when you have collected our fares." The next moment Payn was on the rostrum. His mock passion of eloquence arrested attention.



MR. JAMES PAYN.

The boy preacher held forth with earnest face on the beauties of charity. He painted the wrath to come, and he hinted at the blessed reward of the good and true. His comrade exploited the hat. Nodding when it was half full of coppers, the preacher sprang from his tub, and the truants caught the boat and reached barracks within their proper time.

Mr. Payn lives in a handsome house at Warrington Crescent, Maida Vale, in the bosom of a large family of sons and daughters. Presided over by his wife, who is typically English in style and manners,

the home is characteristically English. Well appointed, neat, without any trace of so-called æstheticism, it might be the residence of a well-to-do merchant or a prosperous member of a learned profession. The dining-room plain and business-like, the drawing-room spacious and with plenty of easy chairs and sofas, the library thoroughly comfortable, the house itself inviting confidence. It seems to say, with the kindly host and hostess, "Make yourself at home," and be ye ever so stiff in the back, it will be hard for you to resist this general influence of bonhomie. But don't

stay late. The faintest tone of weariness will creep into the laugh of the genial host as ten o'clock is heard striking upon the bell of an adjacent church; and Payn is a methodical man. Should you chance to stroll outside to finish that excellent cigar he has given you, lights will appear at the upstairs window, and you may hear "John bar the doors," and long before you have reached home, pondering over your visit, you may conclude that Payn will be fast asleep.

After dinner (when I visited him chiefly for the purpose of this too brief sketch of a remarkable man), while chatting in the drawing-room, he drew my attention to a charming water-colour drawing, by Peter Toft, an American artist.

"It is a bit of Sark," said the author; "the artist sent it to me. My novel of 'A County Family,' in which Sark is described, had pleased him so much, he said, that he wished to show his appreciation by sending me this reminiscence of the coast. I met him afterwards, and he has dined here. An interesting man, full of ability, and with a career. A gold-miner in California, he had seen various fortunes. One day a fall from a mule injured his hip, and lamed him permanently. Thereupon, having had a little amateur practice, he took to painting, came to London, studied hard, and within the year had a picture exhibited at the Royal Academy."

On the table where we took our coffee there was an interesting album made on the model of one that was started by my late friend, Shirley Brooks, editor of *Punch*, upon which model I have, myself, at odd hours constructed several volumes, the idea being to accompany the portraits of your distinguished friends with noteworthy letters or other epistolary mementoes of them. Mr. Payn's album has been arranged by one of his daughters. It contains memoranda and portraits, letters and memorials of Prince Leopold, John Leech, Rev. Charles Kingsley, John Bright, Alexander Smith, Mary Howitt, Robert Chambers, Lord Houghton, Miss O'Neil (Lady Beecher), Charles Dickens, Wilkie Collins, Thackeray, Miss Mitford and Harriet Martineau. I notice the characteristic handwriting of the latter, and find her letter a pleasant remembrance of one of the children's birthdays. Miss Mitford wrote in a very small hand. She lived before the penny post and made the most of her paper.

"You knew Miss Mitford well?" I say interrogatively, and with a view to induce my host to talk about himself, for our conversation had a tendency to drift into every other channel than the one which had been intentionally marked out for it.

"Yes, she was my most intimate friend. She, indeed, first introduced me to literature. I have had scores of letters from her. She introduced me to the *Westminster Review*. I wrote my first essay for that periodical. It was on 'The Ballads of the People.' Miss Martineau, by the way, made me acquainted with De Quincey. I feel very old when I am talking of these people; I am only a trifle over sixty."

"And you look and feel ten years less," I remarked.

"Sometimes," he replied, laughing, and I see his eyes flash behind his spectacles.

"But De Quincey?" I remark, for I have sent him off on a new tack.

"Yes; a very strange and remarkable-looking man," he rattled on. "I met him at Lasswade, near Edinburgh. I said to him, 'You are close to Edinburgh; do you ever go there?' 'No, never,' he said; 'the last time I went to Loch Lomond there was an old woman waiting for the steamer, and she exclaimed, when she saw it coming, "Lor, sir, what should we ha' said if we had seen that fifty years ago?" Why, that might happen to me, sir, any day, and that is why I never travel in a public conveyance.' He seemed to live in an atmosphere of his own, and could not bear the jar of a commonplace remark. He was of a most kindly nature and a charming conversationalist. There was a decanter on his table; I thought it was port wine. 'Don't touch it,' said Miss De Quincey, 'it is laudanum.' I had, prior to our interview, published a volume of poems, and I found afterwards that in an autobiographic sketch he had been so good as to mention my verses—notably, a poem called 'The Student of St. Bees,' which he described as containing thoughts of great beauty 'only too likely to escape the rapid and irreflective reader.' I was a graduate at Cambridge then, and was thereupon known as 'the thoughtless and irreflective reader.'"

Payn paused to laugh, and I took advantage of it.

"And as to Dickens?" I said. "You wrote for *Household Words*?"

"My first short paper, prior to my ambitious effort for the *Westminster*, ap-

peared in *Household Words*. It is a description of the Military Academy at Woolwich. I was then twenty. The article got the journal into a row with the general. He wrote to say the statements contained in my paper were not true. I therefore gave up my name and stood by my facts. The general had said the writer could never have been at the Academy. When he found he was wrong in this respect, he gave way, and said he supposed the writer did not know what he was writing about. I will tell you a curious thing about Dickens. In writing to thank me, on receipt of a certain book of mine, "The Foster Brothers," he spelt 'Foster' 'Forster,' and in a postscript he added 'I see I have spelt Foster with an 'r.' This is because I am always thinking of my friend Forster.' Again, after he had been to America he was ill; so also was Wills, his editor. I wrote and offered, under the circumstances, to edit the magazine for them until they got well again. Dickens was most sensitive in regard to what he conceived to be any little act of kindness—the least thing in that way touched him deeply. In writing to thank me, he signed his letter John Forster instead of Charles Dickens. Now, when Forster's 'Life of Dickens' came out, some of the critics, you know, said that they did not believe Forster was on such close and intimate terms with Dickens as he made out. I therefore sent those letters to Forster, for which he was very grateful. Evidently when Dickens was in a tender or thoughtful mood, apart from his work, he had Forster often in his mind."

"It must have been a delightful thing to work for Dickens. One can imagine his sympathetic encouragement having almost force enough to make authors of some who, under a less earnest and generous editor, would only have been occasional contributors to *Household Words*," I remarked.

"That is true," he replied. "Dickens was the kindest and best editor I ever knew. When I was editor of *Chambers's* many a young writer came to me, submitting manuscripts that had been before him. They brought me letters showing that, although he had felt compelled to reject their work, he had suggested how it could be improved, and given them much valuable advice, writing them long letters at the time when his writing, weighed commercially, was worth about a guinea a line.

Though Thackeray fell out with him, I never heard him say anything more severe of him than 'Dickens is the Sultan and Wills his Grand Vizier,' meaning that he could only be approached with the truth, or otherwise, through Wills."

Mr. Payn's withdrawal from the regular writing staff of *Household Words* is an interesting incident. He had for some years edited *Chambers's Journal*, in whose pages he made his first strong mark as a novelist. He had every reason to be content with his life and surroundings in Edinburgh; but his family were delicate. The climate was too vigorous for their constitutions, and Payn resolved to go South, otherwise to London. Robert Chambers* was much concerned at this, but combated Payn's decision on the ground of science. "You talk of cold, my dear sir; but let me tell you that the thermal line is precisely the same in Edinburgh as it is in London." "I replied," says Payn, "that I knew nothing about the thermal line, but that, so far as I was aware, the east wind had never blown a four-wheeled cab over in London—a circumstance which happened to have just taken place opposite

* I know no man who did so much literary work of such various kinds, and, upon the whole, so well as Robert Chambers. There is now no doubt—indeed, it was always an open secret—that he wrote the famous "Vestiges;" though, until the late disclosure of Mr. Ireland, I had conjectured from the style that the book might have been written in collaboration. His scientific and antiquarian works were numerous; his essays of themselves fill many volumes, and admirably reflect his character—humour mixed with common sense.

He held two pews, each at different churches. I asked him why he had them in duplicate. "Because," he replied, "when I am not in the one, it will always be concluded by the charitable that I am in the other. William Chambers was always talking of the poverty of his youth, and hinting—very broadly—at the genius which had raised him to eminence. He was fond of holding forth upon the miseries of a poor lad, who had had to toil for his livelihood, and had afterwards, by diligence and merit, made a great figure in the world; and the peroration—for which everybody was quite prepared (*i.e.*, with their handkerchiefs, not at their eyes, but stuffed in their mouths) used to be always, *I was that boy!* All this was hateful to Robert, and gave him, as well it might, extreme annoyance. I remember being applied to by the proprietors of an American magazine to write a sketch of the lives of the two brothers, and applied to Robert for the materials. He laid his hand upon my shoulder, and after expressing in the kindest manner his regret at being obliged to refuse me any favour, declined to give me his assistance. "I am sick of the twice-told—nay, of the two-hundred times told story," he said; "apply to my brother William, and he will be delighted to tell you the whole truth about it—and more. He will be sure to say that we came barefooted into Edinburgh; whereas, as a matter of fact, we came in the coach." It was very funny but also very pathetic, and I need scarcely say that the article never was written.—*Payn's Literary Recollections*.

my house in Edinburgh." Payn's resolution being fixed, Robert Chambers suggested that he should edit the Journal in London instead of in Edinburgh, which suited Payn completely. At the same time Chambers imposed the condition that he should confine his contributions to the Journal. The editor felt that, after all, this was not unreasonable, so he wrote to "the master" to explain why his association with *Household Words* must cease; whereupon Dickens wrote, "I have received your letter with mingled regret and pleasure. I am heartily sorry to have lost you as a fellow-workman, but heartily glad to have gained you as a friend."

Presently we adjourn to the library to smoke. It is a large, handsome room, looking out of three French windows upon the lawn of the square. It is a summer evening. Several parties of lawn-tennis players are busy with ball and bat. Payn's family would be among the rest, only that they are away from home. One of his daughters copies all his manuscripts on a type-writer, which she manipulates with marvellous dexterity. He writes a hand the mysteries of which he can hardly himself unravel. The only manuscript which I remember as a parallel puzzle is that of the late Tom Taylor. Several well-filled book-cases, no higher than the simple dado round the room; a screen constructed out of the *Graphic* illustrations of "Under One Roof," by Small; a table with miscellaneous pipes and papers thereon; a few easy chairs and soft rugs, and on the walls some old line engravings of Pope, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spencer, and other classic authors. This is Mr. Payn's library, where he writes, as a rule, only on Sundays. Let not the religious reader wince; James Payn is quite an orthodox (comparatively) person.

"Are these portraits of your favourite authors, or only specimens of engravings?"

"I don't know much about art," he answers, "but those portraits are said to be excellent. My favourite modern authors, by the way, are Tennyson and Dickens."

We light our pipes and under the inspiring influences of the weed, my host goes off at a tangent into reminiscences of a purely personal character and anecdotes that are not intended for this article. We "swop" stories for an hour or two; we talk shop (nothing is pleasanter than shop in good company); we discuss men we

have both known, and compare notes in regard to journalistic and literary methods; and by-and-by I come to the conclusion that if I go straight home and sit down to my desk, I can write a very entertaining article *apropos* of Payn, but containing everything an essay would not be expected to contain if presented as a sketch of James Payn, his career and his work. I recall much of the early writing of a popular author who made a point of giving an essay a title which was irrelevant to his subject, after the manner of the scientific lecturer who announced to discourse upon the human hand, found so much to say of a preliminary character that the committees of institutions had to give him second engagements in order that he might treat the main subject of his lecture on a following evening. The late George Grosmith founded upon this one of his most humorous platform addresses. This reminiscence of the well-known lecturer and Bow Street reporter of the *Times* occurs to me while I am chatting with Payn, and as the special object of this particular visit is the transcription of my talk with Payn into print, if not into words that burn and thoughts that breathe, I struggle back to the "path of duty."

"Years ago," says Payn, "I wrote regularly for an American magazine, and, though personally unknown to me, I became on intimate terms with the editor, and supplemented my little private notes with some of our latest club gossip, more particularly club stories, gentlemen's stories—nothing bad, of course, but certainly of a masculine type. This had been going on for some time, when one day I suppose I had been more audacious than usual in the editorial eyes, and I got a letter from the proprietors begging to inform me that the editor of their magazine was a lady. Imagine my confusion."

He has to lean back in his chair, lay down his pipe, and laugh until the sound of his merriment can be easily heard all over the house.

"Did I ever tell you the story of my clever banker's clerk?"

"No; is it a gentleman's story?"

"It is quite correct," he says, laughing retrospectively.

"I used to sell some of my novels to Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons for their cheap editions. They make out their cheques in payment to the name of the novel, 'or bearer.' Their draft to 'Family

Scapegrace," or bearer,' did not escape the amused attention of the receiving clerk at the bank ; but he was moved, indeed, when I presented "Found Dead," or bearer.' 'A good thing it is payable to bearer,' he said, 'and not to order, otherwise it would have had to be signed by your executors.' When I reported this to Dickens, he said : 'If I had an account at that bank I should remove it ; that clerk is too clever.'"

"You occasionally go into the country?" I asked.

"Very seldom. For myself I prefer the squeak of the town mouse to the song of the lark. For the first six hours in the country I think I will never live in town again. In a week suicide, or the alternative of a return to London presents itself. By the way, the district where I once had a little cottage is celebrated for plovers' eggs. You know how nice they are, and how dear in London. At all events, I thought, we will utilise the plovers' eggs. My wife ordered a lot to be sent up. They came. But they had not been boiled. A basket of broken plovers' eggs is not a refreshing sight. Oh, no, depend upon it, there is nothing like town."

"I suspect you have found that cottage more useful in your novels than as an egg producer?"

"Well, yes. There is a description of the place in 'Married Beneath Him.'"

He turns to his bookshelves to be quite sure of this, and I find more than a hundred volumes of his works there, beautifully bound, a birthday present from his wife, who, in a room upstairs, has stored away another interesting gift, a collection of his novels as they have been published in Russian, Swedish, German, French and Italian. Mrs. Payn, in these matters, evidently plays the sympathetic part of "Memory" to her husband.

Among the least pretentious and, at the same time, one of the most entertaining of modern books of "Reminiscences" is Mr. Payn's little volume entitled, "Some Literary Recollections." It might easily have been extended into a couple of volumes for the patrons of Mudie's and Smith's ; but the author has kept it strictly within the bounds of his own modesty. It is not an autobiography. He only kept a diary for a week or two when a boy. The moment he had experiences worth recording he ceased to make notes. Life was too lively and too earnest a business to

waste any time upon prosy detail and the posting up of dates. His ledger account of events was kept by memory, and memory has a wonderful way of storing impressions. I remember distinctly the first time I met Mr. Payn. It was at the Reform Club, over a little luncheon at which several literary and journalistic friends of Payn were guests, one or two as members of the Club, others as visitors. I remember that I was struck with the unaffected geniality of the author of "By Proxy," and that his laugh was infectious. But to go back to his volume of Recollections, I find myself dwelling upon his own and some other first experiences in the world of letters, and especially having regard to the channels through which authors have first addressed the public. "From the nature of the case," says Payn, "they have been mostly of a humble kind. One rarely writes for the *Times* or the *Edinburgh* at seventeen—or, rather, though we may write for them (for young gentlemen of the pen are audacious enough), one's lucubrations are first accepted in much more modest regions. Thackeray told me that the first money he had ever received in literature (under what circumstances he did not say, but they must have been droll ones) was from Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds. For my own part I may, so far, have been born with a silver spoon in my mouth, for my literary godfather was no less a person than Leigh Hunt. In the flesh, I regret to say, I never knew him; but as a boy I had an admiration for him that was akin to love. I suppose no writer has ever preached the love of books so eloquently as he has done, or gained more disciples. He had a most kind and gracious nature, which was cultivated to extremity: culture is much more common nowadays than it was in his time, but unless the nature of the soil is gracious, very little comes of such 'top-dressing.' His ignorance of business matters and his poverty made him to natures of the baser sort an object of ridicule. Carlyle used to keep three sovereigns in a little packet on his mantel-piece, which he called Leigh Hunt's sovereigns, because he occasionally lent them to him, and was wont to narrate the circumstance to all whom it did not concern. Hunt would have lent him three thousand sovereigns had he possessed them and never disclosed the circumstance."

As an editor Mr. Payn has some odd

reminiscences of the grounds upon which volunteer contributors demand acceptance of their manuscripts. One lady offers in return for the satisfaction of seeing herself in print, "to take in a dozen copies of your esteemed periodical;" another, "being the daughter of a colonel, has a large circle of friends, who, in case of publication, would purchase the magazine;" another has the literary recommendation of "one of the clergy." Now and then these applicants grew serious, even to devoutness. "Time," observes one of them, "is the gift of Heaven, not to be frittered away in the composition of mere medley rhymes;" but "the torrent of imagination which impels her" can hardly fall short of positive inspiration; if she is wrong, "God forgive her waste of His precious time." If she is right, "a post-office order will oblige."

In his "Recollections," Mr. Payn refers to the working methods of Thackeray and Trollope. "Trollope has been hard on Thackeray," he says, "just as the public have been hard on Trollope—because his mode of composition did not chime in with his own, and was, indeed, diametrically opposite. Thackeray's habits were anything but methodical; and he found the duties of editorship especially irksome. Communications from his contributors, and especially the would-be ones, annoyed and even distressed him to an almost incredible degree. I remember his complaining of one of them with a vigour and irritation which amused me exceedingly. A young fellow had sent him a long story for which he demanded particular attention, 'from the greatest of novelists,' upon the ground that he had a sick sister entirely dependent upon him for support. Thackeray was touched by the appeal, and, contrary to his custom, wrote his correspondent a long letter of advice, enclosing also (which was by no means contrary to his custom) some pecuniary assistance. 'I feel for your position,' he said, 'and appreciate your motive for exertion; but I must tell you at once that you will never do anything in literature. Your contribution is worthless in every way, and it is the truest kindness, both to her for whom you are working and to yourself, to tell you so straight. Turn your mind at once to some other industry.' This produced a reply from the young gentleman which astonished Thackeray a great deal more than it did me. It was

couched in the most offensive terms conceivable, and ended by telling 'the greatest of novelists' that, although he had attained by good luck the top of the tree, he would one day find himself where he deserved to be, at the bottom of it. 'For my part,' said Thackeray (upon my showing some preliminary symptoms of suffocation) 'I see little to laugh at. What a stupid, ungrateful beast the man must be! and if ever I waste another half hour in writing to a creature of that sort call me a horse, or worse.'

Thackeray was not so accustomed to the vagaries of rejected contributors as Payn was. "I could tell stories without end," he says, "of my editorial experience, some humorous, some pathetic; but the impersonality of the mysterious 'we' ought, I feel, to be respected. If the reader wishes for more revelations of this description, I refer him to the 'Editor's Tales' of Anthony Trollope, which are not only very charming in themselves, but unconsciously betray the kindness of heart of the writer, and the tender conscientiousness with which he discharged his trust. I may add, considering the slenderness of his material and the strong impression that each narrative produces on the mind, that the volume is as convincing a proof of the genius of the author as anything he ever wrote. I once expressed this opinion to Trollope, who assented to my view in the matter, but added with a grim smile, that he doubted whether anybody had ever read the book except myself, by which, of course, he meant to imply that it had had a very small circulation compared with that of his novels."

Having regard to the discursive character of these notes, it seems desirable that they should be concluded with, at least, a few of those not unimportant facts that belong to properly designed and instructive biography.

James Payn was born at Cheltenham, in 1830. He was educated at Eton and Woolwich and at Cambridge. At the time of taking his degree, in 1854, he had already published a volume of verses, called, "Stories from Boccaccio," which was followed, in 1855, by a volume simply entitled "Poems." It was at about this period that he became a contributor to the *Westminster Review* and *Household Words*. In 1858, he succeeded

Mr. Leitch Ritchie as editor of *Chambers's Journal*, in which periodical he wrote exclusively for a number of years. In its pages appeared his first novel, "The Family Scapegrace," and, in a few years later, "Lost Sir Massingberd," a story which raised the circulation of the journal by nearly twenty thousand. From this time, until the publication of "By Proxy," his popularity was continually on the increase. "By Proxy" gave him a fresh lease of success. Every one of his novels has since appeared serially in magazines and newspapers. In addition to this and the other work already mentioned, he frequently contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Times*.

At parting, it struck me that many readers like to know something of the heads of a man's daily life; how he divides his working hours, and what are the nature of his amusements. I dare say many of you may remember that "Student's Guide" which was much in request when I was a boy. It mapped out your hours with mathematical precision, prescribed the books you should read, laid down rules

for your moral and physical guidance, and generally made life a burden. James Payn, like all men who get through a lot of work, has to take care of his day, and arrange its hours with something like a systematic regard to his labours. He is far more prosaic in this matter than I would have expected; but he has never given way to the temptations of the Club life of artistic Bohemia, nor (except once) has he ever written for the Theatre, which may account for some of his regular habits. His play was not successful; but he has been compensated by an unvarying popularity as a novelist and literary journalist, and may well be content.

"I rise at eight, breakfast, read the papers, get to the office at ten, where I work till four, with an interval for lunch at the Reform Club; from four till six I play whist—it is a great rest, whist—home to dinner by seven—I rarely dine out now, and never go to what are called dinner parties—and to bed at ten."

"Good-night," I reply, furtively looking at my watch, which rebukes me with both hands on the figure of eleven.

Champion Dogs.



MR. TAUNTON'S MASTIFF, "BEAUFORT."

NON-SPORTING DOGS.

IN the first part of this paper, in our last number, we completed our notice of the English Sheep Dog, and the Scotch Collie, leaving the Mastiff, St. Bernard, Bull Dog, Newfoundland, Great Dane and the Dalmatian to complete the group of non-sporting dogs.

The MASTIFF has a noble and imposing appearance, with its large head and massive frame. The head should be square and broad across the forehead, the eyes mild in expression, but not sunk in the head.

In disposition they are mild and gentle-mannered, unless vexed by strangers. The average height at the shoulder is about thirty-two inches; the usual colour of the coat is a bright fawn, sometimes deepening to red; the muzzle should be black.

Mr. W. K. Taunton's "Beaufort" is a grand specimen of this breed, and amongst his wins are the Old English Mastiff Chal-

lenge Cup (six times); First and Champion at the Crystal Palace, and many other Firsts and Specials.

What lover of dogs does not admire the ST. BERNARD? The popularity of this breed increases year by year, and we are glad to see that the general excellence in points of breeding advances with its popularity.

That these dogs were and still are bred and trained by monks, for use on the snow-clad mountains of Switzerland, is general knowledge, and even to this day the Monastery of Great St. Bernard utilises the services of these dogs in traversing the snow-covered passes of their mountain home. Space does not here allow us to give the various opinions with regard to the original stock from which the St. Bernard has been derived: we must be content to take him as he is. In general contour he is a magnificent and grand specimen of the canine race. The St. Bernard is bred with both smooth

and rough coats, but the rough-coated dog is undoubtedly the handsomer; in colour they are generally red and white or fawn and white; but at times we see them self-coloured—that is, all red, all fawn, or all white.

In the rough variety the coat should be wavy over the whole body, with well-feathered legs. "Alta Bella," owned by Mr. L. C. Norris-Elye, is perhaps the finest St. Bernard ever seen on the show bench. She has won the 100-guinea challenge cup twice, and the 200-guinea trophy at the St. Bernard Club Show.

We now come to that representative of pluck and pertinacity, the BULL Dog. It was a type of this breed that was used in olden days for the sport of bull-baiting. He is handsome in his ugliness; but, as a companion and protector, he is hard to beat. In general appearance the Bull



MR. NORRIS-ELYE'S ST. BERNARD, "ALTA BELLA."

Dog is thick-set, short-legged and muscular; standing about eighteen inches high at the shoulder; the head is massive, and unusually large in proportion to the body; the coat should be fine, short and close; they vary a good deal in colour, running from red, white, fawn, black and brindle, either whole coloured or mixed. Our illustration shows Mr. A. Robinson's "Aurora." She has a typical head, with the under jaw well turned up, and weighs forty pounds.

Among the thirty or forty prizes she has won are Firsts at the Bull Dog Show and Crystal Palace.

The NEWFOUNDLAND Dog is supposed originally to have come from the place of that name, and, as might be expected, they are water dogs *par excellence*, and appear to have been bred for swimming.

"Black Guard II.," now owned by Miss Bedding, is a worthy representative of this handsome breed, and his last wins at the Crystal Palace were a First, Championship and Special. The coat of the Newfoundland is black or black-and-white in colour.

Sir Edwin Landseer has immortalised the black-and-white dog in his painting, "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society."

The GREAT DANE is a handsome, stalwart-looking animal. He is somewhat of



MR. A. ROBINSON'S BULL DOG, "AURORA."

CHAMPION DOGS.

the Mastiff breed, but is not so heavy in build; he will average in height at the shoulder some thirty inches. The coat should be very short, hard and close, and in colour they run to the various shades of grey, red, black and white, and also brindle. The head should not be too heavy, and the ears, in their natural state, should be small and Greyhound-like, but they are usually cropped. Our illustration of "Count Fritz" shows us one of the best dogs of the day: he stands thirty-three and a half inches high at the shoulder, and has taken many Cups and First Prizes.

The last of this group is the DALMATIAN, vulgarly called the plum-pudding dog. We usually find him following his master's carriage, sometimes keeping pace with the horse under the vehicle, at others quietly jogging alongside. The colour and markings of the Dalmatian give him his unique appearance, and these points are valued much on the show bench. The body should be pure white—the brighter the better, and the coat is spotted black, blue-black or reddish liver colour. The more clearly defined and rounder the spots the better.



MISS BEDDING'S NEWFOUNDLAND, "BLACK GUARD II."



MRS. LEADBETTER'S GREAT DANE, "COUNT FRITZ."

"Water Lilly," owned by Mr. Hemmins, is a beautiful dog; she has captured First at the Crystal Palace, besides several other prizes.

In the secondary branch of this group we have the various breeds of Terriers, the characteristics of which, as far as nature and disposition goes, are in most cases the same.

They take their name from the Latin "terra," the earth, indicating their habits of burrowing after their prey. They are chiefly used in hunting and destroying vermin of all sorts. They are



MR. H. HEMMINS'S DALMATIAN, "WATER LILY."

and the Terrier. Messrs. C. and P. Leas' "Greenhill Wonder" gives us a splendid idea of what this dog should be. He has taken prizes innumerable, and has won the Twenty-five-Guinea Cup, given by the Bull Terrier Club five times in succession.

In Mr. Newman's "Nobility" we give an illustration of a WHITE

ENGLISH TERRIER. He is a remarkably handsome dog, and his value is apparent from the numerous prizes he has won, which include the Championship at the Palace.

In shape he is almost identical with the Black-and-Tan Terrier, and in the early days of exhibitions that was the model aimed at.

Mr. G. Buchanan's "Clarendon Daisy" is one of the best BLACK-AND-TAN TERRIERS exhibited of late years, having won Firsts at Birmingham, Crystal Palace and Cruft's. The Black-and-Tan lacks somewhat of the hardy Terrier nature, having been bred more for show and companionship. The Black-and-Tan, sometimes called the Manchester Terrier, is a lightly-built dog, and the markings of the coat are important. They should be black and tan; the black should be like jet, with rich tan



MESSRS. LEAS' BULL TERRIER, "GREENHILL WONDER."

clever, sharp little dogs, good companions and alert guards.

The BULL TERRIER is, perhaps, the largest of the tribe, and, as the name indicates, he originates from the Bull Dog



MR. G. NEWMAN'S WHITE ENGLISH TERRIER, "NOBILITY."

CHAMPION DOGS.

markings on each jaw, continued on the under jaw almost to the throat, with a bright tan spot on each cheek and another about each eye. The fore feet and legs tan up to the knee, and the toes are pencilled with black. In weight they run about twenty pounds.

The toy variety of this breed will be referred to later on.

Of the well-known Fox Terriers there are two distinct varieties—smooth-haired and wire-haired. The "fancy" in these dogs varies from time to time very considerably, many judges having their own particular pet points. We



MR. G. BUCHANAN'S BLACK-AND-TAN, "CLARENCE DAISY."

Fox Terrier, of which Mr. R. Cecil's "Prompter" forms our illustration. The coat, however, is the chief difference, and this should be rough, but not shaggy, all over the dog; the harder and more wiry it is the better. "Prompter" is a veritable champion, having won at the best shows over seventy prizes.

The Dandie Dinmont has recently advanced much in popular favour. He is a plucky, resolute little dog, a good companion, and splendid house dog. In general appearance they are rough-coated, with a long body and short legs. In



MR. R. CECIL'S FOX TERRIER (WIRE-HAIRED), "PROMPTER."



MR. ALCOCK'S BEDLINGTON TERRIER, "WARKWORTH QUEEN."

give the Fox Terrier Club's standard of the smooth-coated dog as follows:—

The coat should be smooth, thick and hard, white predominating, and if marked evenly, they look the better, but this does not count. The skull should be flat and rather narrow, and taper towards the nose; the ears should be small, and lop well forward; the legs should be straight, and not too long, the whole appearance of the dog being muscular and wiry.

The foregoing applies in every respect to the WIRE-HAIRED

colour they are either mustard or pepper, or mixed; mustard is reddish or sandy; pepper ranges from bluish-black to silver-grey. The head is large and broad, the ears drooping low.

Mr. George Shiel's champion "Ainsty Gyp" is a grand little dog, with a lovely coat and perfect head.

A close relation of the foregoing is the BEDLINGTON TERRIER, of which Mr. W. E. Alcock's "Warkworth Queen" is our representative here.

Bedlington Terriers are coming rapidly to the front as they be-



MR. G. SHIEL'S DANDIE DINMONT, "AINSTY GYP."

come better known. They are game to the death, good for rabbiting, and affectionate companions.

"Warkworth Queen" has secured the majority of honours for her class on the show bench, including the Bedlington Terrier Club's Challenge Cup and Championship, 1893.

Reams of paper have been used over



MR. W. J. HUGHES' SKYE TERRIER, "LAIRD DUNCAN."

the points of the SKYE TERRIER, but we cannot enter here into the pros and cons of the various writers. We will be content with the best dog of the day, and in Mr. W. J. Hughes' "Laird Duncan" we have a dog combining all the points desired by the most fanciful of judges. His colour is a silver-blue or grey, with points; his body is extra long and low, with a level back; his coat is a good texture, and legs strong, straight and well feathered; the ears are small and erect; his head is long, with a powerful, punishing jaw. "Laird Duncan" has secured the first Championship for Skye Terriers, and will probably long continue to hold his proud position.

Bonnie Scotland is the home of yet another terrier, known as the SCOTCH TERRIER. They are a hardy, brave race, full of sport, affectionate and companionable.

Mr. J. Nuttall's "Brenda" is a really grand dog. She has an excellent hard coat, perfect head and small ears. Her wins are too numerous to give in detail, but she has taken Specials and Championships at all the best shows.

One of the favourite breeds of Yorkshire fanciers is the AIREDALE, in appearance somewhat resembling a larger edition of the Bedlington Terrier, but longer in the leg, and weighing from thirty-five to forty pounds. The coat should be short, broken and hard to the touch, and in Mr. J. B. Holland's "Frodsham Yeoman,"

which won the First Prize at the Crystal Palace, we have a splendid specimen of this breed.

The last terrier to which we shall refer is the WELSH TERRIER, and Mr. W. J. M. Herbert's "Cymro Dewr II." shows us one of the foremost dogs now exhibiting, having won as he has over seventy Firsts and Specials.

As the Toys and pet dogs form a class to themselves, it may, perhaps, be well to give here a few hints on the feeding of dogs, as given by Professor Woodroffe Hill, F.R.C.V.S., the well-known canine authority, who says:—

"The feeding of dogs is a very important consideration, as the maintenance of health and strength depends, to a very large extent, on the diet. Indeed, a considerable amount of disease is the outcome of negligence and ignorance in this matter.

"All dogs should be fed regularly. Two meals a day are ample—the more substantial one being given in the evening. It is not wise to feed immediately before or after exertion. Hunger should be satisfied, and all food left uneaten should be at once removed.

"Long fasts and glutinous meals are both inadvisable and injurious. An inadequate supply of food creates gastric craving and anaemia. Improper food is



MR. J. NUTTALL'S SCOTCH TERRIER, "BRENDA."

always mischievous. Sugar, tea, sweet-meats, preserves and such like, are items never intended to enter a canine bill of fare, and if, through mistaken kindness, ladies will give their pets such things, which, unfortunately, they frequently do, can it be wondered at if the digestive system is put out of gear—if the once glossy-coated dog of cleanly habits be-

comes the bloated, waddling, unsightly animal so often seen, with teeth loose, discoloured and decayed, and breath foul? A proper system of feeding is one of the great essentials of canine management. In such matters a dog should be treated as a dog, and not as a mis-managed and spoilt child. Biscuit food has now largely supplanted the old style of feeding; the innovation is cleanly and convenient.

"The name of 'Spratt's Patent' on a biscuit is sufficient guarantee of its purity and value, as the enterprising Bermondsey firm still retain their high, unapproachable position as canine food caterers. In fact, a sound, well balanced canine dietary is the secret of success with 'Spratt's Patent.' I have no hesitation in asserting, with regard to biscuit diet, that Spratt's fibrine cake is far and away the best in the English market.

"Some of the dog biscuits I have examined might be composed of pipe clay and sawdust for the nutritive properties they possess. Cheap and dirty means expense and disease. Biscuits placed on the market at a price below the cost of production should be regarded with suspicion or, better still, avoided.

"Biscuits, when given dry, encourage the flow of saliva, which better facilitates digestion. Some dogs, however, will not eat them unless soaked. Under such circumstances, the biscuit should be broken small, scalded with boiling water, drained, and offered when sufficiently cool;



MR. J. R. HOLLAND'S AIREDALE TERRIER, "PRODSHAM YEOMAN."



MR. W. J. M. HERBERT'S WELSH TERRIER, "CYMRO DEUR II."

a little milk may be poured over them with advantage.

"The practice of soaking biscuits over night in cold water is an objectionable one, and is a common cause of colic and indigestion. Puppies, when weaned, require feeding frequently on bread and milk, well boiled oatmeal porridge and milk, or Spratt's Puppy Food. A newly-weaned puppy should be fed at least four times a day.

"It is advisable to allow a dog a bone two or three times a week; it acts as a tooth brush and a stimulus to digestion; but it is not well to give bones fasting, as, in the animal's greed, he is apt to receive injuries to the throat and stomach in bolting ragged portions.

"Fowl and rabbit bones often cause most serious and frequently fatal injuries from the sharp, needle-like splinters into which they fracture.

"There is nothing better than a good beef knuckle or shin bone for a dog to gnaw at.

"Freshly-boiled vegetables should be given at least twice a week with the food.

"Pure water, renewed daily, should be allowed *ad libitum* to all dogs.

"The presence of rock sulphur in the drinking-vessel is senseless, and perfectly useless from its insolubility."

Owing to the exigencies of space, we are unavoidably obliged to postpone the consideration of the "Toys" and the conclusion of this article to next month.

A Bundle of Proposals.

By CLIVE HOLLAND,

Author of "Phantoms," "The Heart of Ulrica," &c.

I AM a lucky girl, so my friends tell me, because I have made a good "catch." I am to be married soon—in fact, this is the last week of my old life.

They are mostly elderly who have congratulated me because of my Jack's position. Friends of mother, who move in irreproachable society so far as position goes: women who play the game of life like one of cards, only diamonds are often trumps above hearts; or they are girls who envy me; why, they could scarcely tell if asked; nor do they know how much I am to be envied my Jack. It is a pretty name to me.

They know nothing about it, these girl friends. Their hearts are still asleep; mine is awake and beating. I can almost hear it, as I sit at the open window of my own little room, above the wind stirring the trees and the tapping of the virginia creeper against the sill.

The women who have crowded my mother's rooms in town and who have flattered me and congratulated me on my "settlement in life," envy me my freshness, youth, enthusiasm and rose-coloured spectacles. They know too much. For them life has been—is, too serious, too exacting a game to permit of happiness or love.

We left London, with its whirl of gaiety and the roar of its living myriads, very early, so that I might spend the last few weeks before I am married in my old home.

Jack's place is near ours, so that I see him every day. I have parted from him not an hour ago. He kissed me and said laughingly, "No more flirtations, brown eyes," and then, almost before I could clear my character, strode across the gravel of the drive and vanished in the shadow of the avenue.

"I have never flirted," I called after him, and I heard his laugh ere he vanished. A gay, confident laugh, such as I like to hear.

Now I am in my room, I begin to question myself. I have never flirted—and yet there is lying on my dressing-table a big bundle of letters, made up of several smaller ones, which I am going to destroy this very night, concerning which Jack knows nothing. I am not going to tell him for two reasons. First, it might make him unhappy—not jealous exactly; secondly, it might make him conceited because he won me "against the field," as he puts it. And one or two were true, good men, only they were not Jack, and so I couldn't love them. That was all.

I must read these letters once more. Some of them are pleasant ones, with memories upon which I like to dwell. I wonder what Jack—my Jack—is doing, and whether he will have letters to burn. I don't think that I should like him to have, therefore I shall never ask him, even when he is my husband.

The moon is climbing up through the elms of the avenue as I take the bundle up. I watch it a moment ere I untie the ribbon of the packet. A shaft of moonlight strikes through the foliage at last, and enters my window. It is a pathway of light, and seems to me what my life is going to be. It is very beautiful—like nothing else; and like this is Jack's love for me. It makes even the commonplace objects of the garden, which I can just see from my window, seem beautiful, and Jack's love makes the world like this to me.

The letters are all in order. I sorted most of them one night just before I knew Jack. The first I smile at. It is written on part of a leaf torn from an exercise book. It is not exactly a love letter, and

was, I now think, only sweet because it was naughty. Why are all forbidden things at once attractive? I was at a boarding-school when I received it—a girl in half-long frocks, very careful of my dignity—and he was at a neighbouring "Academy for the Sons of Gentlemen." He was sixteen and I about a year younger. In church our schools used to sit on opposite sides of the chancel, but comparatively near, because the church was so small. I noticed him the first Sunday and he me—at least, so he declared—and I thought him very good looking, with his brown, curly hair. In time we got to smile—when there was no risk of detection—and the first time he did so he became so red and confused immediately after that I remember feeling quite angry with him, and whispering "I hate men to blush—don't you?" to my bosom friend, Edith Robins.

This juvenile flirtation, of course, came to an end, as I fancy such ones generally do. At the end of the term, having won a scholarship, my curly-headed "attraction" left, and I saw him no more.

There are several letters in the pile coming next. And I think I must have cared a little for their writer, as there is an uncomfortable feeling in my throat as I read them, and they are creased and soiled as if by many readings. The last is a proposal, or rather, a re-proposal, for, young as Harry Vane was, he had mastered one salient fact in girl nature—that a written proposal is looked upon with little favour.

He really proposed to me after a pleasant day up the river, during the midsummer holidays, a few months before I left school. I felt much tempted to say "Yes," and I didn't even pretend to be very angry when he pulled my hands gently down from in front of my face and kissed it. We were in a hay-field, I remember, and the rest of the party were scattered in the woods or in other fields. He had made me a "back" against a haycock, and himself lay contentedly at my feet. At length I saw his face undergo a change. Suddenly sitting up, and gazing at me with a look the meaning of which even I could not fail to understand, he blurted out, "Cynthia, do you know that you're awfully pretty?"

And when the blood had surged into my cheeks, and I made no reply, he went on:

"You know I love you, darling (coming

closer). You love me a little—just a little—don't you?"

I remember giving a little sob, which only made him more in earnest than ever.

"Cynthia, just give me a kiss, there's a darling, and say 'Yes'; then I shall be the happiest fellow in the whole world. I don't care for anything else in the world, you know."

I was very inexperienced. It was my first proposal, and that, perhaps, is why there has ever been a warm corner in my heart for Harry Vane. What to do I had no idea; but a confused copy-book headline concerning "procrastination" came into my mind, as trivial things at crises often will, and I realised that it must be "yes" or "no." I did not want to marry anyone, and I said so.

"You can't love me a bit, then?" he asked in a broken voice.

"No. I am very, very sorry; and—"

But before I could finish, he had risen to his feet, and saying, "I know, Cynthia, I'm not worthy a girl like you: I was a fool to think I was," had turned away.

Yes, Harry, you were worth a better woman than I shall ever be. And as I hold your last letter in my hand I feel that I should like, for old sake's sake, to stand just once beside your grave in the desert, and drop one flower, the one you gave me, on it. Brave young hero of the broken square.

But a memory such as this is unpleasant. It brings a tightness in my throat, and makes me, for the time, forget even Jack.

The next letter is the only one, except a short note asking mother and me to go and see "Lady Windermere's Fan" (and that I have long ago destroyed), that I received from Mr. Heron. I shall call him "Mr." because I detest him.

It was a proposal to make a proposal, and he was so sure of my assent that he had added a P.S. to say "No answer will be required, dear Miss Ellers, as I shall call, so eager am I to learn my fate, this afternoon. I know that you will do me the favour of stopping in now that you know my errand."

I did him that favour.

He was very ardent, very persistent, very incoherent. I wonder—I have often wondered—why a girl is so superior to a man, even if she be young, under such circumstances. He knelt down (few men appear to advantage when doing this, and

he assuredly was not one of the few), doubtless under the mistaken idea that it was chivalrous, and made me the funniest offer that any woman ever listened to I should imagine.

A woman likes to think a man marries her for herself, and for him to imagine that she marries him for the same reason.

Mr. Heron, to whose face, neck and even hands, an inconvenient and exceedingly unbecoming amount of blood seemed to have suddenly rushed, did not comprehend this fact, and consequently dwelt on all his possessions, and on what he could do for me, to distraction, his confidence leading him to take my consent for granted. He spoke of everything I did *not* think of when I said "Yes" to Jack, and seemed perfectly astounded, if not positively thunderstruck, when I briefly but firmly declined the honour of becoming Mrs. Saul Heron. He was a detestable man, if you like; and I tear his letter across so, and so, without a shadow of regret.

There are three letters in the next bundle, and they are thick. They came from the man everyone, at the time, said I ought to marry. He promptly married someone else when I refused him—an odious girl, with red hair, but striking-looking: yes, decidedly that. The family diamonds look well on her, too, for she has a good neck, and one of those skins which seem to light transparent gems of all kinds. Sir Edward Summers' was a rather unfortunate proposal. We had been for a long day up the river, and on our return, at Hampton the train was unusually full, and so our party had to split up. It happened that Sir Edward and I found ourselves together, and separated from the rest.

The other occupants of our compartment, one by one, got out at the different stations till we were alone. He seized his opportunity, however, and proceeded to make a very business-like proposal, which rather savoured of considerable practice in the art, and so I thought. I was not touched in the least; it was so evident that he required—I won't say even wanted—a wife: one who would adorn the position he could confer upon her. I even began to wonder if he could say all he evidently intended to ere the train reached Victoria—by that time one or two stations off. His voice was hard and cold, too, and I knew that a man to win me would have to let a little tenderness show

through his manliness. He was coldly enthusiastic: but that was not altogether unnatural; he was talking about himself and his possessions. Perhaps I was piqued that he said so little about me—Who knows?

"Vic-tor-i-a! Vic-tor-i-a!" I heard the porters shouting, and then Sir Edward hurriedly said, "How unfortunate. I shall have to wait for my answer, Miss Cynthia. May I call to-morrow?" And I had only just time to say yes, ere Bob's head appeared at the window with, "Oh, here you two are. Couldn't think what had happened to you. Miss Eversleigh got out at the junction. She's a jolly girl; isn't she, Sir Edward? Come along, sis, the carriage will be waiting."

Sir Edward couldn't come the next day, so he wrote me a polite note. I had not troubled much about him, but mother had asked me what had taken place during the journey home, and seemed rather disappointed when I received the note saying that he was unavoidably detained in the House.

If he had a chance with me he made it better, rather than worse, by not coming that afternoon. Sir Edward was distinctly one of those men who appear to the best advantage at a distance. He was a fine man—tall, dark and rather military-looking. A man of whom any girl might be proud, if he were all the rest she desired in her husband. Of course, he is very considerably older than I am; but if he had been—well, what Jack is, I should have accepted him without a thought about the grey hairs and superfluous years.

When he had actually proposed to me, and had thrown as much warmth into his words and tenderness into his voice as his nature would allow, I felt quite sorry for him. And a little lump came into my throat when I realised how upset he really was.

I saw Sir Edward and his red-haired wife at Lady Saltoun's dance the other night, and he introduced us so calmly that I have no regret in tearing his letters up and throwing them into the grate.

These other letters—tied together with a piece of ribbon off a dress he admired—are Oswald Brian's. There are nearly a score of them. He was a clever letter-writer, and could make me believe what he wrote more implicitly than most men would what they said. He was the only

man who has tricked me—the only one who has deceived me. And because of this I once loved him.

He was so handsome and tall, and so many of my girl friends envied me my cavalier; and, having nothing to do and plenty of money to be idle with, he seemed devoted. And so he was—to amusing himself.

That night on the balcony, two years ago, beneath the star-studded sky, with the strains of the White Hungarians floating up from the terrace below, I could have torn my heart out that he should see I cared so much for him, whilst he cared not at all for me.

We were looking down, and I was trying to count the number of twinkling lamps on the bandsmen's music stands, stealing a quick glance now and again—when he was not looking—at the handsome face at my side, when he said quite suddenly:

"Fancy! my last dance!"

And when I replied with a laugh "No, there is one more, Mr. Brian, unless you have duplicated your engagements, which would not be very polite of you," he went on in a most matter-of-fact way, although my heart was beating wildly enough:

"I meant in a wider sense. Don't you remember I am going to America the day after to-morrow? A man must do something nowadays. Either get into Parliament—and I detest politics—or shoot big game; and so I fancy a year or so in the Rockies or Adirondacks will about suit me best."

I must have turned very white for him to have noticed it, even in the deep shadow in which I was standing, for he said "Aren't you well, Miss Ellers? You are tired; you must have had too many dances and affairs lately—the failing of all fashionable people and the penalty of the beautiful."

How the hateful, implied compliment stung me!

When I was seated, he went on, telling me he thought at one time he would have to marry and settle down, but now thought he wouldn't, because it tied a man so.

I hardly heard what he really said for the terrible faintness at my heart. How I hated him, and yet—no. I detested myself, rather, for loving so well one so worthless. Other women have done the same since time began, and we have never learned any lesson therefrom yet. No, we women do not profit by the misfortunes of others—at least, in this.

He had the common decency not to claim that other waltz. Had he done so he would not have found me. I had gone home, having parted from my hostess with a smile upon my face and a terrible aching at my heart. I had a bad headache, that was all; and yet I cried quietly to myself in the brougham, and less quietly and more bitterly in my own room, when Mabel had said good-night and asked me in one breath what made me so miserable, and half-a-dozen times whether I thought George Dinsmore cared a little for her.

How red my eyes were in the morning! And the fact that my name was in the *Standard* and *Morning Post* did not interest me in the least, although Mabel was wild to read hers there.

Now I have Jack, dear Jack, who has brought something new and strange into my life, and I sometimes wonder that I should have kept these letters so long. I will keep them no longer. There are so many that my fingers quite ache, tearing them up so small that no one shall ever read their secrets.

There are several letters tied together forming the next little packet. They are from the Rev. Theophilus Penny, who was curate here two years ago. The first is a pressing invitation for me to sing at a village concert, which he was getting up in aid of the "Restoration Fund." I remember that I sang and that Jack was there, whilst the Rev. Theophilus was hovering round me and overwhelming me with rather aimless attentions.

I never could bear him. He was so very sleek and tame, with a tendency to intone even such frivolity as "forty, love" at tennis. The Rev. Theophilus was one of the least attractive types of men—to women. He had no brains to account for his distressing pallor, and no thoughts to account for his carelessness of attire. He never looked even passably well out of tennis flannels or a surplice; in the latter of which most men look interesting at least. His sole accomplishments were singing, in an educated though terribly "thin" tenor voice, and tennis, which he played really well.

He proposed to me in the aisle after the rest had gone home to their tea, to return afterwards to put the finishing touches to the Christmas decorations. I do not know exactly how it was we two happened to be left together, but we were, and he availed himself of the opportunity

to pour out a hesitating stream of words which he considered a proposal of marriage. He made the terrible mistake of dwelling upon the domesticities to a girl who was young and possessed a love of the good things life could still give her. I shall be domesticated, no doubt, for Jack's sake, if he admires such things; but then, the Rev. Theophilus was not Jack, and mothers' meetings and blanket clubs, charmed he never so wisely about them, possessed no attractions for me. It was too dark for me to see him; perhaps it was just as well. I could quite imagine how he would look out of the only raiment which made him presentable. I was very glad when, having made it perfectly clear to him that his suit was hopeless, I reached the door and stepped out into the peaceful, winter twilight, which I always think can be almost felt.

I was alone, for the Rev. Theophilus had suddenly discovered he had forgotten something. The trees along the road stood up bare and black-limbed against the sky. How glad I was to turn in at the gates and see at the end of the leafless, weird avenue the lights of home shining out of the windows.

The Rev. Theophilus Penny is a vicar now, through the opportune death of the incumbent of a living in the gift of his uncle. There is also a Mrs. Penny now, who is eminently suited to her position, and who, unless appearances belie her, has *not* a soul above the distribution of petticoats and hundredweights of coal to the parishioners. The Rev. Theophilus, whom I saw in town a month or two ago, looks very sleek and happy, which only proves that I was right when I told him

that he had made a mistake, and that I was not the sort of woman to make him a suitable wife.

I sometimes wonder why all these men should have imagined that they loved me. They are none of them alike in any respect, save that they admired me, and wished to spend the rest of their days with me. How easy a thing it is for a man to deceive himself in this way, and for us to deceive him.

I dare say that I ought not to have had all these proposals. Perhaps some would think it more to my credit if I had not.

But I have now come to the last packet of letters: they are Jack's. See what a lot there are—more than I should care to say. Some are mere scraps—little notes sent, perhaps, for the pleasure of sending; others are telegrams; others are thick, sheet after sheet filled with all Jack thought I should care to know—a *pot-pourri* of his sayings and doings. Some are creased very much, as if they had been read over and over again. Perhaps they have, because Jack's letters are so very interesting—to me.

There they all are, from the first note he ever wrote me to the one I had the other day—yesterday—asking me to come over and see the paintwork of my room. What a bundle! How he would smile at my keeping them every one. They are more than all those I have destroyed. But these I shall keep and treasure up, because—because they are Jack's; and if he should ever love me less—which he never will, of course—I can read them, and remember that once, when I was young and pretty, he loved me so.

A Fatal Affinity.

By R. HORNIMAN and C. E. MORLAND.



N those days I was only a journalist. Do not cavil at the word *only*, you successful "writers of leading articles," "special correspondents," or "one of the crowd," to influential Dailies. Journalism does not al-

ways mean the position you have attained. I wrote for the papers, indeed, but with faint heart that never knew my writings were accepted till I received the hardly-earned shillings that cost me so many hours' work. Still, even in a dingy, depressing second-floor back room my ambition was never dormant. I longed to give the world something it could applaud before life and its hardships had quite "frozen me up within," and when an introduction was offered me to the editor of the *Hyde Park Magazine*, a well-established monthly much thought of in literary as well as in fashionable circles, I was intensely grateful. To my great gratification, after one or two articles published in its pages, I was promoted to the staff, and then, in the intervals of my work for Mr. Kerr, I had leisure to think out and write the sketch of a novel. I submitted the idea to the editor, who was much struck by it and encouraged me to fill in and complete, assuring me that if it turned out as brilliantly as it promised, he would accept it for his periodical, whose serials were written by the best-known authors of the day. This conversation was intensely

stimulating; and, full of enthusiasm, I set to work.

Night had fallen. My first chapter, that stumbling-block over which so many of us fall, had been finished for some time, and I had felt like a beginner on a bicycle, once the wheels had begun to go round I could ride on in triumph, and I had written chapter after chapter easily.

I am often chaffed on my method of working. Solitude, except for the physical labour with pen in hand, is of no use to me — I must have air and companionship, even of the unknown, to help me think, and in a crowd my brain is at its best—overflowing with ideas, some more useful than others.

To-night I must go out—must start off in search of thought. My work should be equal, and what I had done, even to my critical mind, was strong and full of hope.

To the left of Westminster Bridge there is a flight of steps, near to which the river boats arrive and depart, and over the parapet of these steps, surrounded, but always alone, I loved to linger, watching the dark waters below, the changing skies above ; listening to the distant hum of the never quiet city and the vague murmurings of countless passers-by. This evening of a sultry August day the wind had risen and was wailing softly, while, with many a pause, large drops of rain fell on the dry, dusty pavement, and people hurried past, anxious to get to their homes before the storm burst from the heavy clouds o'er-head.

Big Ben was striking nine.

The weather had no effect on me — I was too full of my heroine, whom I had already brought on to the scene — my heroine with the red hair and emerald eyes, with skin of vivid white, and lips of coral still gleaming with the moisture of its ocean bed. Life-like she stood in my

brain, appealing to my heart and senses as a living mistress might have done. Suddenly the creation of my mind took form—with my heart beating wildly, I saw before me my ideal in the flesh.

No other living soul was near, as, in the fitful yellow gleam, she stood under the gas lamp not half a dozen yards away; and as a stifled exclamation burst from me, she turned her eyes upon me, made a step forward, then paused, and, with a startled look in which were mingled reproach and disappointment, she glided away up the incline leading to the Embankment.

Full of excitement, but keeping carefully in the shadows of the opposite trees, I followed her. She paused at a shabby looking house in Cecil Street, and, after a furtive look round which passed my presence over, she rang an iron hanging bell gently. The old servant who answered it must have been waiting on the other side, for he opened the door immediately, the street lamp lighting up his anxious face and white hair distinctly.

"Ah, Miss Ruth, how glad I am—" he began eagerly, but she put her finger on her lip, and whispering "Hush!" passed in quickly.

The windows were all dark, and the house had an uninhabited look that struck coldly on me. With a shiver and a strange, nervous feeling of dread, I moved away and walked home to Jermyn Street, pondering deeply on the curious coincidence.

The sight of a well-lighted, comfortable room soon dispelled my gloom, but not my mental excitement. Had I been the victim of

hallucination? Was it in a dream I had seen and followed the woman with the sad eyes and flaming hair?

No; I had heard the rustle of her dress as she moved towards me, had heard the clang of the door that shut her out from my sight, had seen her silence the old man who welcomed her coming so gladly, and had carried the image of her living beauty home to where her intangible "Alter Ego," the creation of my brain, awaited me.

Then, in the silent hours of the night, my pen flew over the paper, inspired as it had never been before, till I knew that if only I could continue as I was doing, my work would be a masterpiece that must appeal to the great world I longed to stir.

And when, as morning dawned grey and chill, my stiffening fingers refused to transmit words and thoughts I could not bear to put aside, I started—through the

sombre silence of the dawning twilight there floated a deep drawn sigh that might have been wrung from my Marian in the first great sorrow her life-story had entailed.

There was little repose for me that day; my anxious expectations of the evening made me nervous and unstrung, unable to settle to my work and yet strangely unwilling to leave it, even to seek the spot I longed to visit again—the spot where I had seen "Ruth," the embodiment of "Marian." I wrote a little, but in a half-hearted manner, and, till I saw Ruth again, I knew this would be so.

It was raining heavily when I left the house and gained the Embank-



SHE STOOD UNDER THE GAS-LAMP.

ment. The lamps, like sentinels keeping their watch, were blurred and indistinct, but under the one near to my resting-place were two people—a man, a stranger, and a woman—Ruth. He was about to leave, and, as I approached, Ruth's lips were lifted and met his in a long, passionate kiss. Then, as he left her, she fixed her eyes on a glittering gem that sparkled on a finger of her ungloved hand, but raised her head almost immediately and followed his figure with a yearning, lingering look of love. Yes, it was the same beautiful face of the night before, but though the rapt, prophetic look of tragic intensity was still there, it was veiled by an expression of great happiness that gave an almost supernatural glow to her features. So absorbed was she in her own sweet thoughts that my presence passed unnoticed, and once more I saw her enter the house in Cecil Street that, with its shabby, gloomy frontage and dark windows, seemed unfit to contain such loveliness.

CHAPTER II.

As Ruth vanished from my sight the clocks struck the hour, and I remembered an engagement for this evening, which, in spite of my longing to sit down to work, protruded itself so urgently on my mind that I was forced to give up all ideas of writing, and hurry home to don the conventional garb of evening civilisation. The card said, "Lady Charnase, at home, 10 o'clock," and when I stepped into a hansom at eleven a feeling of unusual excitement had taken possession of me.

Why was I, who rarely took the trouble to be sociable, turning out at night when I could have stayed happily for hours, bending over my table, covering sheet after sheet of fair white paper with the regular black ups and downs that were my mental food and drink. I could not answer the question, and dubbed myself a fool for my pains, putting up my hand almost unconsciously to stop the cab, then hesitating and finally resigning myself to my fate. I could leave Lady Charnase's within the hour. I should have pleased her by putting in an appearance at her party, and as I entered her brilliantly-lit rooms and saw her look of genuine pleasure, I was rewarded.

"How good of you, Mr. Cranston," she said, giving my hand a grateful pres-

sure. "I was almost writing to you to beg you to come this evening."

I murmured a few words of thanks for the kind flattery, and she continued :

"Yes, I am most anxious to introduce you to a young friend of mine who is always talking of the pleasure your writings give her. She has not arrived yet; come to me when I beckon you." And with a friendly little nod, she let me leave her and make my way amongst the numerous guests who thronged her beautiful rooms.

I found many there I knew, but to-night I was in touch with none; and secretly wondering why I had come, I leant against an arch leading into a conservatory and, silent myself, heard the ceaseless chatter around as in a dream, my thoughts, for the most part, with the two women who had crept into my life so suddenly—the one, a breathing, living, beautiful creature, whose life was as apart from mine as the two poles are asunder; of whom I knew nothing but the fact that she was the magic mirror of the other; the other—that other, my own, my creation, filled with my association of ideas, into whom I was breathing my intelligence, my spirit, my whole sole—by whom I was dressing fiction with such a semblance of truth that I myself was astounded at its realism. I was glad I had come. I could look back on what I had done with pride. I saw the words before me, and nearly laughed aloud as I looked at all these triflers, who seemed to have not one serious thought amongst them, and heard them, in the future, with but one topic of conversation—my book! I was drunk with my self-conceit, and quite forgot, in the wreaths of triumph I was weaving, to watch for Lady Charnase's signal, until her voice brought me back to a sense of my courtesy.

"Mr. Cranston, I am ashamed of you," she said, laughing lightly as she touched my arm.

"Not more so than I am of myself," I answered, bowing before her.

"Come with me, then, and do penance for your wandering thoughts. Ah, no, I cannot call it that. To be introduced to Ruth Stapleton is an honour to be envied."

Ruth! How the name rang in my ears as I followed my hostess to another room; there seemed to be nothing in the air but Ruth!—Ruth!—Ruth! And yet the name

was common enough. Why connect it, as I did, with the exquisite face in my heart?

But suddenly Lady Charnase stopped. "Miss Stapleton," she said, "may I introduce Mr. Cranston to you?—Oswald Cranston, Ruth."

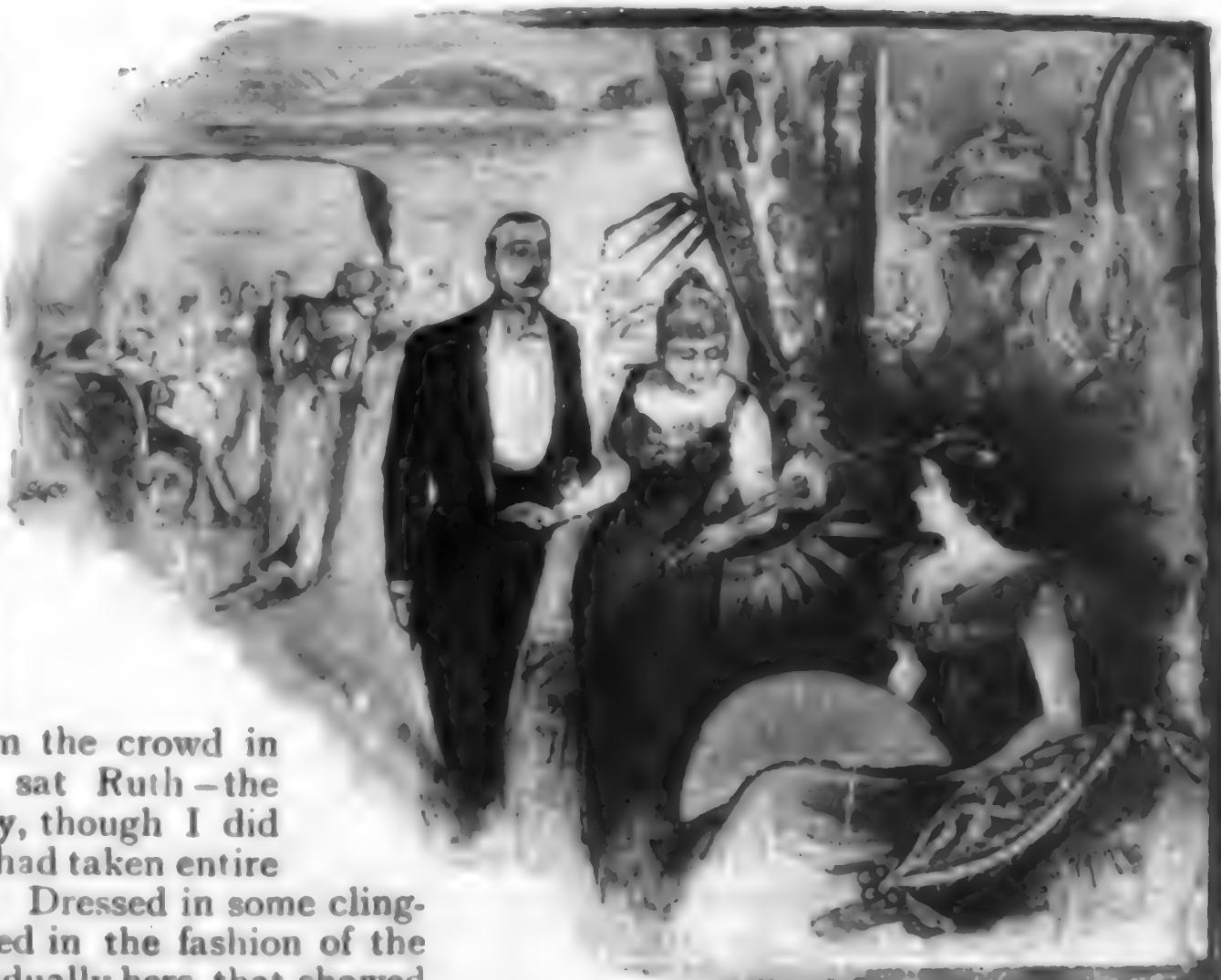
And there in the soft-toned light of shaded lamps, apart from the crowd in soul as in body, sat Ruth—the Ruth who already, though I did not know it then, had taken entire possession of me. Dressed in some clinging soft silk, shaped in the fashion of the day and yet individually hers, that showed off her exquisite figure, her glorious hair crowning her most perfect face, she stirred my inmost being by the marvellous light of her eyes, even before she spoke in a low, rich voice that seemed the echo of some memory of what had gone before.

It was Ruth. And yet, could it be—could it be the same woman I had seen barely two hours ago?

What she said I could have told beforehand, for every word was *mine*, and sank into my heart. I listened, not only with my ears but with my eyes, watching each change in her mobile face; as miraculously a description and a scene I had written that very afternoon were carried out before me. Unintentionally I had made my rooms those we were in; my Marian speak Ruth's words to one who yet was not myself.

We spoke on many subjects, for Miss Stapleton's was no ordinary mind, and presently we were deep in a discussion as to the capabilities of men and women to endure. In every phase of life she maintained that women could suffer in silence what man could not bear alone; that women suffered slights, treachery, betrayal as their due, where men would proclaim their wrongs, and confer life-long disgrace on those who dared to play havoc with their sensibilities.

"Then, Miss Stapleton, you think women feel they *ought* to endure in



"MAY I INTRODUCE MR. CRANSTON TO YOU?"

silence?" and as she spoke my lips framed her answer word for word.

"We are born to trouble, and must endure, even unto death—it is our birth-right," she said dreamily; then added brightly, "Oh, how foolish you must think me, talking in this gloomy strain when I am, oh, so happy."

I looked at her. Yes, there was the look I had seen under the gas lamp on the Embankment—the look I had left in Marian's face as reluctantly I had laid down my pen to follow the impulse I could not control. And there was a magic in her presence and in the mystery of her life that kept me chained to her side longer than strict etiquette would have thought allowable.

The evening was far advanced, and the rooms had thinned perceptibly, when suddenly I saw Miss Stapleton bend forward eagerly and look past me into the room beyond. I listened; a man was speaking, regretting his late arrival: and at the sound of his voice Ruth rose and moved as though to leave me, but at that moment Lady Charnase came into the second drawing-room we were in, on the arm of a tall, handsome man, and the girl sank back into her seat slowly, and, as though her thoughts were far away, asked me if it was not very late.

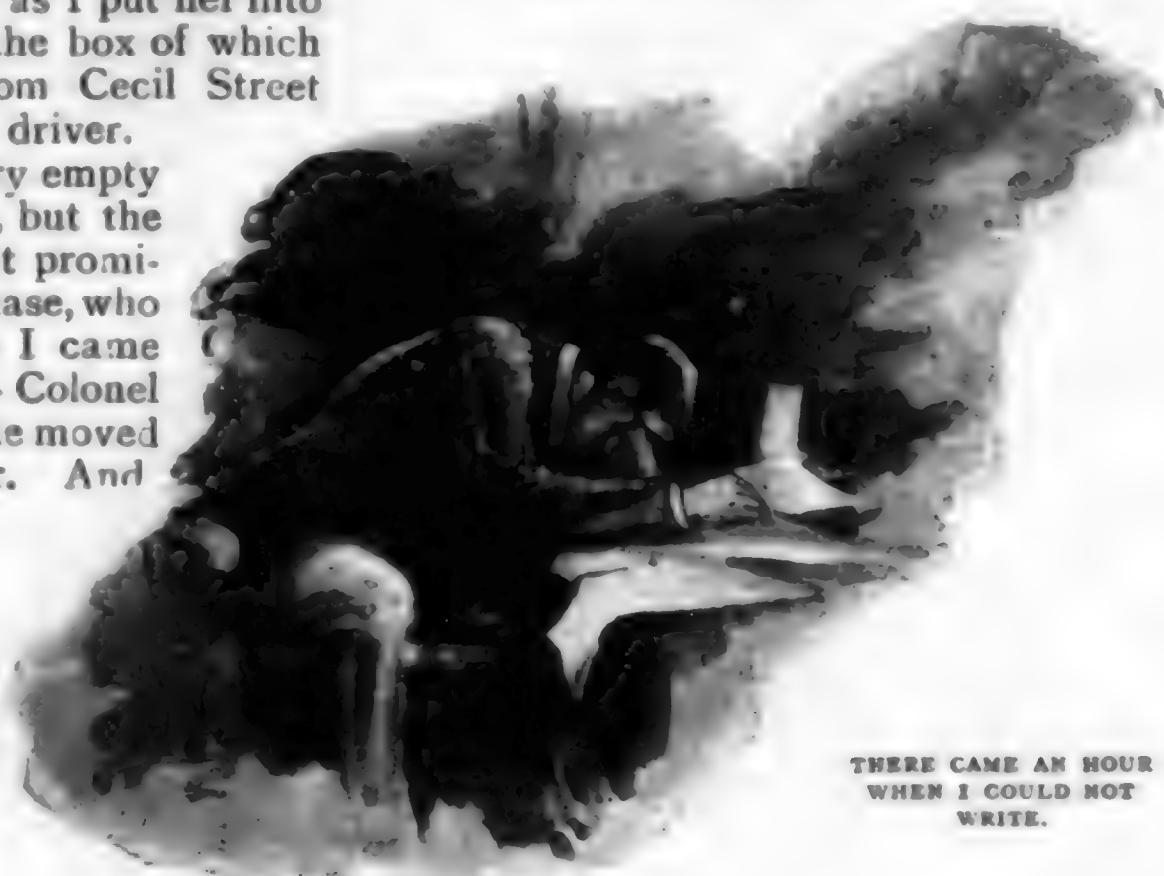
Lady Charnase and the stranger were standing in the centre of the room—she talking to some of her guests, his eyes wandering round the room; and as I watched the group it seemed to me that they rested on Ruth with a strange expression, as though he knew but would not recognise her. There was something familiar in his build, but I could not bring to mind that I had ever seen him before; and as Miss Stapleton asked me to take her to the cloak-room, I had no time to think, though it struck me curiously that as she shook hands with Lady Charnase, she carefully avoided looking at this man, who as studiously turned away from her. She leant rather heavily on my arm, and confessed a little wearily to being tired, then thanked me warmly as I put her into a four-wheeled cab, on the box of which the old man-servant from Cecil Street took his place beside the driver.

The rooms seemed very empty when I re-entered them, but the late comer still stood out prominently beside Lady Charnase, who introduced him to me as I came up—“Mr. Cranston—Colonel Marchmont,” and then she moved away, leaving us together. And as he bent his head slowly in answer to the words, I knew the man. It was Ruth’s companion on the Embankment!

What could this mean? Thank heaven he had as yet no place in my book, for I saw his eyes were hard, and his mouth had cruel curves, even as he smiled with polite conventionality and said he was proud to make my acquaintance. But however courteous, I did not like him, and took an early opportunity of leaving the house.

After this evening I buckled to my work, the more seriously that a terrible yearning to see Ruth again seized upon me—a yearning that, if not controlled, might lead me to neglect everything for the sake of striving to bring about another meeting. Now that she knew me, I dared not haunt her steps as I had done before—what would she think of me? She, who was already mistress of my heart and soul, but who loved another and was happy in his love—had she not told me as much? And yet! and yet! If Colonel

Marchmont was the man who made her happy, why the secrecy of their meetings? Why the pretended ignorance of each other’s presence at Lady Charnase’s “At Home”? It was a mystery that made me sad, that made me live for Marian, and try with might and main to keep Ruth out of my thoughts, though Marian was Ruth, as Ruth was Marian, and I wove the story of their lives, they, one and the same, in my perplexed mind. My poor Marian! I longed to make her happy! her life had begun so brightly, had promised everything beautiful that life could give—but alas! black shadows of treachery and betrayal had closed in upon her, and all was tending towards destruction, shame and misery.



THERE CAME AN HOUR
WHEN I COULD NOT
WRITE.

The crisis of her story was approaching and there came an hour when I could not write. I sat before my desk, with head bowed on my outstretched arms, the pen, guiltless of ink, dry and powerless by my side. The awful longing for the living creature had come to me, and imagery was helpless. Unnerved, exhausted with vain desires, I could not rest, and with irresistible impulse, rushed out to keep a solitary tryst.

CHAPTER III.

As I neared my favourite spot, someone was leaning over the stonework, and I distinctly heard a sob of anguish, then Ruth turned and rushed past me, her beautiful face wild with unutterable despair. She did not see me, nor, in ulster

and cap would she have recognised me, had she done so. Far from calming my restlessness, this momentary glimpse and the certain knowledge that all was not well with her, cast a deep gloom over me. Why was the gladness gone from her face? What had brought that look of shame and agony to my darling's features? Were Ruth and Marian one in suffering as in looks? What strange power was at work binding their lives in one network of unhappiness?

I stole home, sad at heart, and wrote again for many hours, striving to get Marian's story finished quickly, that I might not be haunted by this terrible feeling of influence over a fellow-creature's life; for though till now I had not seen Ruth since the night of our personal introduction, I seemed instinctively to know that the words I wrote applying to Marian portrayed Ruth's story word for word, and with love burning at my heart, the battle 'twixt art and inclination was too hard—must this girl fade and die like my poor little woman of fiction—fade away under the grief tearing at her heart-strings?

Next morning I received a note from Lady Charnase—could I call on her? She knew she was a nuisance, but would be so grateful for my advice.

I found that, like most idle women of the day, she had been dabbling in literature, but I was able to encourage her to persevere, and she was grateful accordingly. When we had finished talking business, she asked me if I had met Ruth Stapleton again, and I was able truthfully to answer "No."

"Ah! I had hoped you would be interested enough in my friend to follow up the introduction."

"But, Lady Charnase," I stammered out, "how could I?"

"Oh! don't ask me that! Men can always find ways and means. I am anxious about Ruth. I have not seen her for many days, and I hear vague rumours—"

"Tell me about her," I asked entreatingly.

Lady Charnase looked at me for a moment before she answered. "So you are interested, after all?"

I nodded. "Very much so," I said calmly. "Who is Miss Stapleton—she seems to be very lonely."

"Ah! you know that, do you? Well, it is only too true. She lives with an old

uncle in an out-of-the-way place off the Strand, a place that makes me shiver and my coachman swear, every time I go to see her. Old Lawrence Stapleton is very wealthy, but very eccentric, and though the dear girl is his only relation and heiress, he will not allow her a chaperon or even a companion, and she gets terribly depressed at times."

"So she is an heiress?"

"Yes; and not only her uncle's, she has already a very nice little fortune of her own; but alas! her money does not bring her happiness."

"I wonder so beautiful a woman has not married."

"She might have married a dozen times, but she is difficult to please, and her uncle gives scant welcome to suitors—in his odd way he is fond of the girl. I had hoped that perhaps you—"

I started to my feet. "Lady Charnase!" I exclaimed.

"There, don't be offended," she cried; I was sure you would admire her, and she thinks so much of you; and then I have been hearing all sorts of rumours about some man who is always dangling after her, though no one seems to name him; and I am so fond of Ruth, I would do a great deal to make her happy."

"I am not offended, Lady Charnase," I answered gently; "I will even confess that I ask nothing better than to become better acquainted with your beautiful friend."

"No! really!" exclaimed she, pleased and triumphant. "Then I wonder whether you would mind undertaking a little commission for me—are you very busy today?"

"Not if you want me," I said, my heart beating at the prospect of being brought into contact with Ruth Stapleton once more.

"Will you go to her now, from me—say that I have a box for the 'Haymarket' to-night, and want her to come with me?"

"With pleasure," I said quietly, wondering how I could excuse myself as her messenger; her next words, however, put this matter at rest.

"I want you to come also," said she; "and I want you both to dine with me first. If Ruth cannot come, will you try and bring someone? it seems a pity the box should be wasted."

"I will do what I can," I answered; "shall I go now?"

"Yes."

"Au revoir, then."

"Stay—do you know where she lives?"

"You told me—in Cecil Street."

"I told you! no, you are mistaken!"

For a moment I was nonplussed—how could I explain my knowledge of Ruth's address, then recollection came to my aid: "No, I remember, you did not tell me, but I put Miss Stapleton into a cab on the night of your party, and gave the address to the man."

"Ah!"

I fancy that Lady Charnase was a little sceptical, but I paid no attention to her meaning look, and hastily saying good-bye, went on the errand that was only too pleasant to me. If I had tried my utmost, I could not have found a better introduction to the gloomy house with whose exterior I was so familiar, and I started off full of anticipations of the joy I had so long looked forward to.

It did not take me long to reach Cecil Street, nor to be deposited at No. 100, and though the afternoon was still early, the house struck me as even more gloomy than before. There seemed a shadow hanging over it, and I pitied my poor, beautiful love for her surroundings as I speculated on what Lady Charnase had told me of rumours concerning her life. The man whose presence with her had been remarked upon must be the same with whom I had seen her—Colonel Marchmont; and if so, why were the rumours adverse to her? Perhaps he was not known—perhaps her uncle would not let him visit her openly? But if the man was really in love, why did he not marry her at once and take her away from such a life? Was he but one of the many fortune-hunters who throng an heiress's footsteps, and would he not risk the loss of her uncle's money, deeming his insufficient for his rapacity?"

These thoughts all passed rapidly through my mind as I was standing on the well-worn doorsteps waiting for my bell to be answered. The old servant was slower than when he came at his mistress's summons after night had fallen, and it was some time before I heard his heavy, almost faltering step on the other side.

"Is Miss Stapleton at home?" I asked, trembling at the near prospect of seeing her.

"Miss Stapleton, sir, is ill."



"MISS STAPLETON, SIR, IS ILL"

"Ill!" I exclaimed in such horrified accents that the old man looked at me in surprise.

"Yes, sir; Miss Ruth has been ill for some time now."

And yet, I had seen her with my own eyes, on the steps of Westminster bridge only the night before! What was this mystery? "I am sorry—I understood that Miss Stapleton had been out very lately, and I come with a message from Lady Charnase."

The man hesitated and looked troubled, then, as if unwillingly, he said: "I am sorry, sir—Miss Ruth can see no one."

"Will you at least give her a message from me, and bring an answer?"

Again he paused, but for a very short time, then brightening up, said: "That I will, sir; perhaps, who knows, it may do my mistress good; I think she do want rousing; what shall I tell her, sir?"

"Say that Mr. Cranston is here, and that if possible he would like to see her—tell her I come with a message from Lady Charnase."

"Step in, if you please, sir," answered the old fellow, as he opened wide the door and let me enter into a room on the ground floor to the right.

The house was, if anything, more gloomy inside than out, and I felt depressed and uncomfortable at having forced an entrance, though I knew that under the circumstances I should be held blameless, even by Ruth herself. I was not long in doubt, for very few moments had elapsed before Ruth Stapleton herself was before me. But how terribly changed from the brilliantly beautiful creature to whom I had been introduced so short a time before! I saw at once that theatre-going was out of the question, and marvelled how she had had strength to venture out into the night air on the previous evening. I must have looked my surprise, for before I had time to speak, she advanced with a slight, wan smile, and putting out a hand that felt cold, she said : "I am so sorry my old servant was so loth to admit you, Mr. Cranston, but the truth is, I am far from well, a fact you have noticed for yourself, I see - and he knows that I dislike seeing visitors when not quite up to the mark."

"I assure you," I said, confused, "that if it had not been for Lady Charnase, I should not have dared to be so impudent."

"Ah! she has sent me a message?"

"Yes—and a petition, but one which I see little chance of your granting."

"Tell me, at any rate," she said softly.

I told her of Lady Charnase's plan, but added that of course our mutual friend had no idea that Miss Stapleton was even ailing.

"No—I have seen so little of my friends lately," said Ruth wearily.

"They miss you," I answered, "if you will forgive my saying so."

"Lady Charnase is always so kind—I have felt ungrateful, but I have had no heart to see anyone."

"Perhaps she could do you good," I ventured to say; "she is so bright and cheery."

"Yes, she is; too bright for me just now—I could not bear it!" There was almost a sob in the voice that spoke so wearily, and my heart ached to hear it, but being such a stranger to her, I dared not show my sympathy openly and kept on the tack of coming simply as a messenger.

"I will tell her how suffering you are, and I am sure you will see her here to-morrow."

"No—no! Beg her not to come; I

cannot see her. I would not have seen her to-day; I don't know why I saw you—I am not fit to see anyone." She spoke hurriedly, and as her voice broke down, I was intensely miserable at seeing large tears gather in the beautiful eyes, and fall slowly one by one, as if the effort to repress them was too great.

"Miss Stapleton," I cried, "you are in trouble—what can I do? Can I not help you? Oh, forgive me, I know I am a stranger, but if there is anything, please tell me; I would do anything to help you."

She shook her head. "No," she said, "you are very good, but no one can help me. Please tell Lady Charnase how kind I think it of her to have thought of me. Good-bye." She put out her hand as she spoke, and I could do nothing but respond to the action, but I said : "You will let me call again to enquire how you are?"

"Yes," she said, "do come again, perhaps I shall not be so foolish."

The old man-servant was waiting for me in the hall; he seemed to know I was interested, if nothing else, in his mistress, for he laid a hand restrainingly on my arm as I was about to leave the house. "Oh, sir," he said apologetically, "please forgive me—but—will Miss Ruth go out? I heard you ask her, and it would do her so much good, she tells me she will see no one, that she is too ill, and sometimes, indeed, she seems to be dying right away, she needs a friend sadly, sir."

"But, Mr. Stapleton—is he not at home—does he not see—not understand?"

"My master, sir, is no good at all where Miss Ruth is concerned; as long as she looks bright before him, and does not spend too much money, he is quite satisfied that all is well. My missus tried to tell him that Miss Ruth ought to have advice, and he laughed at her."

"I will tell her friend—Lady Charnase."

"Aye, do sir; only, if I may make so bold, they as says anything to my young mistress must be careful; she knows her own business, and there are those who think they can help her by warning her against —"

At this moment the door of the room on our right opened, and Ruth came out slowly. I was glad to see she did not notice I was still talking to her old servant, but passed on up the stairs as in

a dream, only her advent had the effect of staying his garrulity, and though burning with baffled curiosity, I was forced to take my leave.

I went out with the old man's words ringing in my ears—"Sometimes she seems to be dying right away," but with no clue to the mystery of her nocturnal visits to the waterside, except in my own imagination, which had written of the same wanderings as regarded Marian, my heroine. God forbid, that Ruth's and Marian's stories should be really alike, and yet, how they seemed to be shaping themselves on one and the same models. In my book Marian was wont to steal from her home, from under the vigilant supervision of an old aunt with but little sympathy for the young, and in the darkest evenings would meet her lover unknown to all except one faithful servant, who watched her outgoings and her return with dogged fidelity that would let no breath of slander touch his adored mistress if he could help it. Alas, already my reader would foreshadow the end. Could it be possible that, as I had already felt, I had an influence over Ruth Stapleton's life—if so, how easy to save her! I would go straight home and change the whole current of the novel! But no, I could not now. I had promised Lady Charnase to dine with her. But I could not invite anyone else to join us; she was a woman of the world, and on more than one occasion had allowed me to be her escort—I would be to-night—and in the course of a more intimate conversation than was possible in the presence of a third, might glean more facts about Ruth than she had chosen to tell me in the afternoon visit.

CHAPTER IV.

I HASTENED home, and resisting an almost irresistible impulse to sit at my desk, dressed quickly and found my way to Berkeley Square. Lady Charnase was rather pleased than otherwise, that as Ruth could not be with us, I had taken the liberty of dining "en tête à tête" with her, and we were quite merry over our meal, she putting forth all her charms to disperse what looked singularly like gloom on my brow.

The piece at the Haymarket was that most successful of plays, "The Dancing Girl," which neither of us had seen; we

were much interested, even from the curtain of the first act, and talked about the play before looking round the house.

"It is a wonderful idea," said my companion. "I am anxious to see the unravelling of the story."

"Strange," said I, "that with so many hypocrites amongst us, this one method of falsehood has never yet been unmasked on the stage."

"You think then that most men are—liars?" she asked, laughing a little sarcastically; "you give yourselves away."

"Lady Charnase," I said earnestly, "you know I am no pessimist as regards my fellow-creatures, but there is a great deal of this 'hypocrisy,' as I call it, which is very incomprehensible."

"You talk as though you had some special case in your mind," she said seriously.

"I have."

"May one ask?"

"I was about to confide in you, for the 'case,' as you call it, has been brought very near to me to-day."

"How strange! to-day?"

"Lady Charnase, what do you know of Colonel Marchmont?"

"What a singular question, Mr. Cranston; of Colonel Marchmont?"

"Yes; why is it singular?"

"Because, if there is a man who is open and aboveboard, that man is Lucien Marchmont."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I have known him for some time, and know nothing but good of him."

"Can you explain why, knowing Miss Stapleton well, he should, at your house the other evening, pass her by as a stranger?"

"Lucien know Ruth! Impossible! I must have known of it."

"Notwithstanding, he does, and intimately too!"

"How do you know this. I thought you had never seen Ruth Stapleton till you met at my house, and never since, till this afternoon; are you one of these hypocrites also?"

"Quite unconsciously, though I confess to having misled you this afternoon, even after you saw that I was much interested in your friend."

"Tell me about Colonel Marchmont," and Lady Charnase leant forward eagerly. "Why, there he is!" She pointed down

into the house, and sure enough, there in the stalls, faultlessly dressed and looking very bored, was the man we were discussing.

"Do not attract his attention, Lady Charnase, till I have told you."

"I am all impatience."

"Sometime before you issued your invitations for your last 'At Home,' I had commenced a novel for Mr. Kerr."

"No, really!" she exclaimed; "how delightful! Tell me about it."

"That is what I am about to do," I said, smiling at her impetuosity. "One evening I had been writing for a long time and went out, as I often do, to try and get fresh ideas from the outer world; that night I first saw Ruth Stapleton—she was alone."

"How does this concern Colonel Marchmont?"

"Listen. I was immensely struck and astonished to find in your beautiful friend the very counterpart of my heroine, and could not rest until I had seen her again. The next day I went to the same spot, a lonely one near to Westminster Bridge."

"Do you mean to say you saw Ruth alone near to Westminster Bridge? You must have been mistaken, surely!"

"No—and on the second day I saw her again, but this time Colonel Marchmont was just taking leave of her, in such a way as to leave little doubt in my mind but that they were affianced lovers. When, not three hours afterwards I saw Miss Stapleton at your house, I knew her immediately, and was not more slow to recognise her companion, when, to my surprise, you introduced me to Marchmont."

Lady Charnase had turned very pale, and looked at me horror-struck.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"I—I don't know—I hardly like to tell you. Oh, poor Ruth! poor girl!"

I leant forward. "Tell me," I said; "I am intensely interested in the matter"

"Colonel Marchmont is—married," came from Lady Charnase's lips, as she looked at me steadfastly. "What shall we do?"

I pondered; the mystery was thickening. So they were not lovers after all! But why did my companion look so horrified? "Ah," I said; "then is he a relation of Miss Stapleton's?"

"No."

"What could they meet in secret for? Surely Miss Stapleton knows——?"



"THE MAN WE WERE
DISCUSSING."

"I do not think she can. I have heard rumours; and now I see how they have arisen; he is a villain!"

"Oh! I thought he was everything that was open and aboveboard!" I could not help this little touch of sarcasm. "You women are so easily deceived."

"We are indeed. See, he is coming; he has seen us; try and conceal our thoughts from him. I will unmask him to my own satisfaction and at my own time, but not here."

In another moment the handsome Colonel was bowing over her hand, and had even offered me his cordially. I could not take it, and, stooping, made an excuse of picking up the glasses which I had knocked over purposely.

"You like the play?" asked our visitor suavely.

"Hum. I think it always a pity to put the dark side of things before us so very plainly. Do you think the world is as wicked as we try to make it out, Colonel Marchmont?" asked Lady Charnase, as if perfectly unconcerned in what his answer might be.

"No—by Jove! I think it's a very nice world. Lots of clever people; lots of beautiful women: What more can a man want?"

"Ah, talking of beautiful women, have you seen my friend Miss Stapleton lately?"

He changed colour visibly, but managed to say calmly, "No, I have not had that pleasure."

"You think her very beautiful?"

"She is rich, which comes to the same thing," he said with a slight sneer. "But is she not, just a trifle—how shall I put it—dull?"

I could have struck the man. "No one who knows Miss Stapleton could accuse her of that defect," I said warmly.

"Ah, you do; I don't. Perhaps I may alter my opinion on closer acquaintance."

I could not stand the man's cool assurance, and making some excuse, I left the box for awhile. When I returned the Colonel was gone, and Lady Charnase was leaning back in her seat, thinking deeply.

"To-morrow" she said, "I must go and see Ruth, and try to get at the bottom of this."

"Do," I answered; "her old servant said she needed a friend."

He denied again knowing her better than as a mere acquaintance."

"What do you think about it?"

"I cannot tell; I am perplexed. Mrs. Marchmont is in America, with her own people; her mother has been very ill. He would not go, which, as he professes to be very devoted, is, to say the least of it, strange."

"He cannot be such a villain; there must be some explanation."

"I hope so," she said gravely. "I don't think we will stay for the fourth act. I hear it is the weakest, and I will write to Ruth to-night, asking her to see me."

We spoke no more on the subject nearest to our hearts, and, after the third act, I put Lady Charnase into her carriage, refusing her offer of dropping me in Jermyn Street. I, too, wanted to think.

When I reached home the spirit of work

was upon me, and I sat down to my desk. Hour after hour passed, and so absorbed was I, that I hardly noticed the grey dawn creeping in at the window, putting my lamp-light to shame. I was happier than I had been for some time. I thought I saw a way of saving my heroine from the misery in store for her, and wrote on and on, weaving her web of fate with each stroke of my pen. Yes, even such an influence as Colonel Marchmont's might be in Ruth's life, could be counteracted and made to work for Marian's ultimate good. It was not till the servant entered the room to dust and sweep, that I realised how I had spent the night; but as she appeared I had just made up my mind



I HARDLY NOTICED THE GREY DAWN CREEPING IN.

that for the time I must leave off writing, and I did so, quite satisfied.

Towards the middle of the morning I went to Cecil Street. I had determined that now I had a sort of entrée to Mr. Stapleton's house, I would call from time to time, if not for the purpose of seeing his niece, to interview her affectionate old retainer, and glean what information he could conscientiously give me. I knew it was of no use to try and corrupt him with money. If I could serve his mistress he would willingly talk; if not, of what use was it to try and bribe him?

The sun was shining brightly, and I fancied that my heroine's happiness had something to do with the sunshine! How silly we are when our spirits rise; how

childish to think that God takes thought and feeling for each of those foolish souls He has created beyond providing for their path in life to be according to His will. I thought that my heroine's happiness, arising from a wish to do Ruth good, might have found favour in his sight!

Old Barton opened the door much sooner than on the previous occasion on which I called, and his face reflected the brightness of mine. He was jubilant. "Miss Ruth," he announced, "was much better. I think, sir, your visit did her good."

"Or," I ventured to feel the ground, "the walk she took after I left her!"

Poor Barton! I laughed to see the astonishment depicted on his wrinkled features.

"Oh, sir," he cried, "how could you know?"

I smiled enigmatically, and he continued. "No one, except myself, knows that Miss Ruth went out, and I am sure I never told a soul. But, as you know the fact, sir, I may tell you that it was the walk that did her good. She came home a different creature from what you saw

her in the afternoon, and now, I do believe, she'll soon be quite well again."

I was intensely glad to hear the old man's news, but my brain was in a whirl. My pen was ruling Ruth's life! It was more horrible than I had thought at first; for though I myself was delighted at the way in which I had brought Marian out of her difficulties, I had no idea how Mr. Kerr would take the change. When I had sketched out my novel to him, he had thought the plot must be strengthened by a tragic ending, from which I had now deviated; would he object? I should not dare tell him my motives. He would laugh in my face, and think my brain was turned with too much work, or, with self-conceit! Then, again, if I brought my story to an absolutely happy ending, as a work of art it would be valueless! How terribly different things seem viewed in the glaring light of day, to the aspect they assume in the silent watches of the night; then, all wickedness seems powerless, all good triumphant! Why can this not last? To-day Ruth and her story had possession of me, and I longed to know whether Lady Charnase would see her, and, if so, whether she would arrive at any conclusion about the Colonel.

CHAPTER V.

IT was about four o'clock, when I thought I might venture to call in Berkeley Square, and I went there on foot, up St. James's Street, down Piccadilly. It was a lovely day and the streets were very full. I could not resist the temptation to enter the Green Park, and I lingered there for some time. When I get thinking I am soon lost in my thoughts; and I was seated under a thick, bushy tree for some minutes before I realised that on its other side the two chairs that had been unoccupied when I took mine, were now in possession of a lady and gentleman in earnest conversation. I caught a few words that aroused my attention.

"You say you saw Lady Charnase at the door?" asked the woman's voice.

"Yes," was said in a man's deep tones, which I immediately recognised as Colonel Marchmont's, for though I had only heard him speak twice, there was a slight lisp in his speech which made it the more noticeable—"and she was admitted."

"What can this mean! You made Ruth promise to see no one."

"I told you so; but, of course, I dared not say too much; it does no good to strain the bonds; and the poor little soul was so happy yesterday that I had not the heart to scold."

"Bah! you men are so soft-hearted; you should let me deal with her!"

"I don't think there would be much of Ruth left if you took her in hand for a week."

"What do you mean?"

"My dear Emilie, you frighten the very life out of her; she was ill for days at the thought even of having to live under your roof!"

"Little simpleton! Did she understand she could not be married without?"

"Oh, yes; she understood; but when she comes to you it seems that old Barton will come too."

"No chance of gaining old Stapleton's consent?"

"Do you think I am such a fool as to seek it? Stapleton is wide awake, if he is a miser; he would soon know too much. No, Ruth's money must be enough for me, at present."

"When—." The next words were whispered and I heard no more. But I had overheard more than enough; what vile plot was concocting? Who was this woman whose presence terrified Ruth? Why was she to leave home to be under her roof?"

I hastened to Lady Charnase's and found her at home.

"What news?" I cried, almost before I had shaken hands.

"I have seen our friend; but, my dear friend, you were mistaken; Ruth was wonderfully well and explained her depression of yesterday—a headache and a fit of the blues! Poor, romantic novelist, you must not try and get copy out of your friends!"

"Don't laugh, Lady Charnase; the matter is very serious."

She was sobered in a moment at the sight of my face. "You, then, have heard something?"

"I have." And I told her all that the pair had said in the park.

"I cannot understand it; Ruth assured me she did not know Colonel Marchmont."

"Most likely not—under that name."

"What a fool I am," she exclaimed; "I ought to have guessed he would not pass as himself if concerned in any plan against her peace."

"I wonder who the woman was."

"Someone in his power, whom he has got to help him."

"But he cannot be such a wretch as to propose to marry Miss Stapleton, with his own wife only away for a short while!"

"I have learnt something else about the gentleman; his wife has left him—means to sue for a divorce once she can leave her mother."

"Phew! This is dreadful, to think that Ruth can believe in such a fellow! What can we do to enlighten her?"

"Girls are easily deceived, and very difficult to persuade, where love is concerned, that the hero they adore is not all their fancy pictures him. Perhaps she knows the truth."

"Lady Charnase!" I exclaimed, "how can you ——"

"I am only supposing! Why should she not declare her love openly?"

"Because he will not allow her to do so." I knew the whole story—had I not written it before I knew any of these people, on the tablets of my mind? "His plan is to get her into his power, take what money he can get, and then—poor Ruth! poor, poor Ruth!"

"Mr. Cranston," said Lady Charnase angrily, "you are not writing a novel; don't be absurd."

She would not listen to another word—was firmly persuaded that all that could be done was to let Mr. Stapleton know what was in the wind, and then let events take their course. I pointed out that even if this was the proper and only way out of the difficulty, it was no business of ours, and that we should get no thanks for our pains; and before I left her she promised not to move in the matter till I had seen her again.

I had not the vaguest notion of what I was going to do at present. I could not go to Cecil Street again for a day or two, when most likely things would have shaped themselves to better purpose, and perhaps show me how to act. Well, I always had my book, and to this I sat down as soon as I reached my rooms, working away with as much zest as yesterday, but alas! with such utterly different results. Ruth and her wrongs faded from my mind in the intense excitement of guiding my Marian through the most difficult part of her life, and I soon found myself undoing all I had done on the previous evening, and going back.

to the old plans laid down, which I now saw were the only possible ones if I wished not to throw away the whole thing.

And as I worked in the fast falling twilight, I seemed to hear the air sobbing and sighing round me, and later on, the lamp, lighted silently by a well-trained maid, seemed agitated and flickered strangely, as it had never done before; one moment burning low, so that I could hardly see; another, flaring up with unusual brightness. But I never stopped to think over these phenomena, I went on and on, from night to morning, and to night again. They brought me food—I could not eat; they brought me drink, which I took feverishly, the wine mounting to my head, but only serving to stimulate me to fresh efforts. No need to seek thoughts outside; my brain was teeming with the multitude of ideas that crowded on me. I gave no thought to the hideous horror that had come upon me only the day before: that I held a supernatural power over the life of this girl, who was so much to me, whom I had fallen in love with at first sight, because I had already fallen in love with my own creation—now, I was only Marian's—Ruth was far away, I had forgotten her. And Marian I did not want to save—I wanted to make her a perfect heroine, not a happy woman! That was when human nature was at rest! when I had forgotten Ruth!

Two days passed, how I hardly knew. I was no longer the lover; I was the author, living only for the work in hand.



"AND NOW WE MAY BE TOO LATE!"

And I had not been near Lady Charnase.

On the morning of the third, a hurried note from her brought me to a sense of my neglect; had I not as good as promised to look into this question, and see what could be done, preventing Lady Charnase from moving in the matter by this tacit promise? I felt I had behaved very badly, and went straight to her on receipt of her letter.

"Well?" she asked.

I knew what she meant, though she was so curt, and could only apologise humbly.

"What!" she exclaimed, "you have done no

thing! Mr. Cranston—Mr. Cranston, and I imagined you hard at work!"

"I have been," I said deprecatingly, "but not at the work you mean."

"And now we may be too late!"

I started. Could this be? If so how shameful my conduct was; I should never forgive myself. To think that while I had been scribbling at what might, after all, perhaps be wasted work. I had allowed time to get the better of me and play havoc with the beautiful girl, who once again filled my heart and soul with longing.

"Lady Charnase," I said, "what shall I do? I confess that I have been neglectful in the extreme. Can I repair my mistake?"

"Go to Cecil Street at once," she said, "find out what has been taking place—Stay," as I made a movement, "you had better have some credentials!" and she hastily wrote a few lines, not telling me their purport, but begging me to wait for an answer.

CHAPTER VI.

"Miss Stapleton is out of town," was the answer to my enquiry, not given by Barton but by a maid servant I had not seen before.

"For long?" I asked.

"I believe, sir, indefinitely. Mr. Stapleton is in, sir, if you would wish to see him."

"No, thanks; I have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Stapleton. Could you give me Miss Stapleton's address; Lady Charnase will be anxious to write to her."

"I will fetch it for you, sir."

My mind was relieved; such alacrity betokened no secrecy, and if the household knew where their young mistress was, it meant that, at all events for the present, she was safe and Lady Charnase's fears groundless. But I was terribly disappointed at not seeing her, at learning that she was beyond reach. I could invent no possible excuse for following her wherever she might be, and yet, once more I was mad with longing to be with her.

The maid came back: Miss Stapleton was staying with an aunt by marriage, a widow, Lady Steuart, at Richmond.

And this was the only news I could take to Berkeley Square. It had an unexpected effect. "I know Lady Steuart," said Lady Charnase. "Why should we not go down this afternoon and call?"

I supposed she meant *me* by *we*, and willingly acquiesced.

The way to Richmond was soon covered by the magnificent pair of roans that were the pride of their owner's heart, and we found Lady Steuart at home. There were no signs of Ruth, however; and, to my lover's thinking, if she had been there, I should have known it by instinct as soon as I entered the house.

"Ruth Stapleton!" exclaimed Lady Steuart, in answer to her visitor's question concerning her niece. "I have not seen her for a long time. I was thinking of making an effort to reach Cecil Street one day, for I hear she has been far from well, and that house is enough to kill anyone outright. But you know I am not on the best of terms with my brother-in-law, and go there as rarely as possible. How is she? I dare say you have seen her more recently than I have."

Lady Charnase and I looked at each other. Should we tell this old lady of

the dreadful revelation her answer was to us; or for Ruth's sake, had we better hold our tongues? I made an almost imperceptible movement of negation which Lady Charnase understood, for she said quietly. "Yes, I have seen her quite recently. She was not very well, but as you say, that house —" And an expressive shrug of the shoulders finished the sentence.

When we had drunk the tea Lady Steuart insisted on our taking and which nearly choked me, so anxious was I to find myself alone with Lady Charnase, we left Richmond and hurried back to town as fast as the horses could go. We were both in a terrible state — Lady Charnase because she really loved this girl who was being betrayed into we knew not what, and I because, not only did I love her with heart and soul, but because I had, through my culpable negligence, allowed this flight to come to pass. That it was flight we could not doubt.

Lady Charnase was very determined. She would go to Colonel Marchmont herself; no squeamishness on her side should prevent her from trying, at least, to save her friend. Would I go with her?

Would I? I would do anything, go anywhere, if only I could undo what I had done.

Before we reached Sloane Street she pulled the check-string. "Drive to Cadogan Square," she ordered, and the horses' heads were turned away from the Park, southwards.

Colonel Marchmont was out of town!

We looked at each other, despair and anguish in our hearts. What was to be done now?

His address? The Colonel had left his address at the club, from where all his letters were to be forwarded — would I leave a message?

"No," said Lady Charnase in an undertone; "it would put him on the alert."

We drove away in silence, I too miserable for words. I would not enter the house with Lady Charnase, although she begged me to; she could think of nothing, and I might, perhaps, help her to come to some decision. But I felt too deeply—I must be alone. And alone I went back to Jermyn Street.

For a long time I sat with my head in my hands, too wretched even to think



Then an impulse came to me ; I took up my pen once more and wrote. And once more, as I wrote of Marian, I forgot Ruth ! It seems almost incredible, now that I think over it calmly, but at the time, of course, I was not conscious of the fact ; though my tears fell more than once, I did not realise that my overstrung nerves were finding vent in sorrow for the living heroine I could not help. I thought it was only for the child of my brain whose story was fast nearing completion.

To-night there was a great sense of unreality about me—I was myself and yet was someone else—I knew I was alone—and yet, at intervals I heard another breathing at my side, though when I raised my head no living presence was there. At times I was frightened at the solitude, and stretched out my hand to touch the bell—even a servant would be a relief from this unbearable loneliness—but no sooner did my fingers close round the handle than all my fears fled, and I called myself a fool for my pains, laughing aloud to think what fiction could do—how the imaginings of a brain could take shape and form, and even materialise themselves sufficiently to stir such nerves as mine !

The clocks were striking three—I was writing still—but now, there was but one sentence left, and as I penned it, the concluding words. . . . "And thus she died !" there were borne in and round me two whispered words, that seemed breathed into the air, so gently did they reach my ear.

"I rest."

Then came a sigh of deep thankfulness, and then. . . . a silence.

With a cry, I rose from my chair, passing my hands through my hair as I did so. Was I awake or dreaming ? Floating in mid-air, carried as though on the waves of the wind that was softly wasted in through the open window, was the figure of a dead girl, with rich red hair flaming round her lovely, pallid face.

No need for me to read the papers—no need for me to hear from Lady Charnase, as between her sobs she told me all. I knew before I rose from my knees in the early morning of that terrible day, that Ruth Stapleton was dead.

Was it an accident ? Or had her betrayal so preyed upon her mind that death itself was the only relief possible ? No one will ever know, and. . . . I shall never write again.

Young England at School.



THE SCHOOL HOUSE FROM THE ROAD.

HIGHGATE is almost too well known to all my readers to require me to dive into its antiquities. Over five hundred years ago, we are told, it was here where the ever-famous Dick Whittington was called back to London, with his cat, by the chimes of Bow Bells, and the place where he is supposed to have rested is still marked by a milestone on the hill, with a suitable inscription of the event. Years ago it was the favourite resort of many of the nobility and distinguished persons of their time. Amongst some of the old residents of Highgate I find recorded a member of the family of the Earl of Bedford, Sir Richard Baker, the Earl of Arundel and the famous Dr. Sacheverell. At the Earl of Arundel's house Lord Chancellor Bacon died on April 19th, 1626. At Highgate the unfortunate Arabella Stuart was for some time confined, and hence she made her unsuccessful attempt at escape.

Even prior to this, Highgate was looked upon as being one of the prettiest and

healthiest suburbs of London, and down to the present day is almost entirely free from the enterprising builder, and consequently retains its old picturesqueness. As one of the most favourite of North London suburbs, its inhabitants are fairly numerous and fashionable, the beautiful mansion of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts being one of the ornaments to the neighbourhood; and Mr. Burdett-Coutts is claimed by Highgate School as an old boy.

I, amongst the majority of Londoners, have paid many visits to Highgate, which is still a great attraction to the residents of the Metropolis, and more especially now that the beautiful park presented by Sir Sydney Waterlow has been opened to the public.

I have heard many old tales told in "Ye Olde Gate House," "The Spaniards," and "Jack Straw's Castle," as I have made my tour through Highgate and across Hampstead Heath; but, strange to say, I had not, until I paid a visit to Highgate School, any idea that Cholmeley's Charity was of such an ancient origin. It

**HIGHGATE
SCHOOL.**

*"Altiora in
Votis."*

was shortly after one of my usual rambles through the old Highgate Woods and over Highgate Hill, which is on the old high road of communication between London and the North, that I determined to visit the School officially for the **LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE**, with the idea that it should form one of our series. I was much gratified on my arrival to find in the Headmaster a kindly and devout man, extending a hand of hearty welcome, and one who appreciated our series, having previously figured in one of our illustrations of Wellington College, where he was, until last June, an assistant master. The Rev. A. E. Allcock, M.A., explained, while showing me over the School, the rudiments of the School's history, but considering his short sojourn at Highgate, he placed me under the care of the Rev. S. B. Simons, M.A., the Bursar, who has kindly assisted very materially in compiling this article, besides placing at my disposal the first volume of the School magazine, the *Cholmeleyan*, which contains an excellent history of the School as far as it is possible to record it and without which I should have done very badly.

Upon reaching the top of Highgate Hill, coming from London, the first thing that attracts the pedestrian's attention is "Ye Olde Gate House," on the left, which claims a record of over five hundred years, and directly opposite this, on the right, stands out nobly a fine chapel, with spire in centre, built in red brick, in the centre of an old churchyard full of ancient grave stones.

This is the misleading part of the place, for many would mistake the excellent School chapel for a chapel or church belonging to the inhabitants of Highgate, an error I am bound to acknowledge I have myself made.

It belongs however to Highgate School, which was founded as far back as 1565 by Sir Roger Cholmeley, the son of Sir

Richard Cholmeley, of Golston, in Yorkshire, Lieutenant of the Tower of London.

The noble benefactor studied and practised law at an early age, and rose very rapidly. In 1546 he became Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and Chief Justice of the King's Bench in 1552.

The following year, upon the accession of Queen Mary, he was taken from his high office and committed, with Sir Edward Montague, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, to the Tower, in punishment, according to Fuller, "for having drawn up the testament of King Edward VI., wherein his sisters were disinherited, though Sir Roger's activity amounted to no more than a compliance and subscrip-



"YE OLDE GATE HOUSE" AND HIGHGATE SCHOOL CHAPEL.

tion of the same." He however, appears to have obtained his liberty and retired to Hornsey, where he inherited lands from his father. A few years afterwards he conceived the idea of founding a grammar school at Highgate, and, strange to say, he only finally accomplished his good intent one month before his death.

On the summit of Highgate Hill there had for many centuries stood a small chapel, attached to a hermitage, and dedicated to St. Michael and all Angels. The chapel occupied the same site as the present Highgate School, and belonged to the Bishop of London, as lord of the manor, who also owned the toll-gate, where the gate-house now stands, and

HIGHGATE SCHOOL.

from which the hamlet was named. It is probable, says the *Cholmeleian*, that the chapel was used for the convenience of pilgrims resorting to the healing waters, presided over by our Lady of Mousewell, which had been fortunate enough, as it is said, to perform a great cure upon an ancient King of Scots, and so had, perhaps, obtained a greater reputation than they deserved.

Not much is known of the various hermits who have from time to time had possession, nor does there seem to be any record. It is, however, known that in 1386 Robert de Braybroke, Bishop of London, gave the chapel, "which had been in time past committed to the care of other hermits," to William Litchfield, and that in 1531 Bishop Stokesley presented William Forte to the house, chapel and garden, with all profits thereunto belonging; and this appears to have been the last hermit.

Sir Roger obtained letters patent of Queen Elizabeth, dated April 6th, 1565, which ordain that there shall be, henceforth and for ever, a free Grammar School at Highgate, with six governors, discreet and worthy men, to guide the School, who shall also appoint one master, a fit and learned person, or in their default, to be appointed by the Bishop of London.

The next deed is dated April 27th, signed by Edmund Grindal, Bishop of London, 1562-1570, and afterwards Archbishop of York and Canterbury. Grindal

was an anxious supporter of the cause of education, and by his deed he grants, as lord of the manor, the chapel and its premises, together with two acres, more or less, of Highgate Common adjoining thereto, to Sir Roger Cholmeley.

A somewhat curious clause in this agreement provided for the master of the School yearly grants of eight loads of sedge-wood, or other wood, from his own, the bishop's, woods at Hornsey.

Sir Roger finally made over to the Governors of the School the chapel and its premises, together with land in the parishes of St. Martin within Ludgate and St. Martin in Orgare, in the City of London, valued at £10 13s. 4d. per annum, on the 7th of June, 1565.

The noble founder did not, however, see much of the good work he had inaugurated, for in the following month, July, the worthy Justice died.

The first Headmaster was appointed December 14, 1671, in one Johnson Chale, with forty foundation scholars to be taught free, and the Grammar School at Highgate was thus launched on its eventful career.

When we look into the history of several of our other schools that have been founded and endowed on similar lines it does seem strange that Highgate should not have gained prominence with the best of them; but the School was apparently neglected in the past, and the funds used for the benefit of the poor of the parish



THE PLAYING FIELDS, SHOWING SCHOOL HOUSE.

instead of the foundation, as was so specifically set forth in Cholmeley's statutes.

Fortunately for Highgate School, the old chapel, most probably by its insignificance and ruinous condition, escaped appropriation by the Crown under the Act of 1547, made upon the accession of King Edward VI., whereby all "colleges, free chapels and chantries" which existed for the saying of masses and the furtherance of Popish superstition should pass into the King's possession, and it was probably the same fact that

persuaded Bishop Grindal to hand it over to the founder in 1565. But the charity did not escape the eagle eyes of those persons who, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, employed themselves in searching out chapels which had escaped appropriation by the Crown and obtaining grants of them to themselves; and thus the ruinous cottage and chapel were in 1577 discovered and were handed over by the Queen to one John Farnham, who shortly afterwards sold them to Roger Puleston, the Receiver-General of the School, who released them, with all the tenements thereto belonging, to the Governors of the Free Grammar School, which settled for the second time the possession of the chapel by the School. These are important items in the history of Highgate School, which served well to restore the foundation in 1827 on its original footing so nobly planned by Cholmeley, "that of a classical and religious educational establishment."

Little is known of the two and a half



THE REV. A. E. ALLCOCK, M.A., HEADMASTER.

centuries prior to 1827, the date of its restoration by Lord Eldon, whose decision as Lord Chancellor was that Highgate should be a free school for Greek and Latin, beyond that several gifts were made towards the charity and that Nicholas Rowe, who was born 1673, was educated there until he was fifteen years of age. Rowe is described by the writer to the School magazine as a man of considerable classical attainments, and a dramatic poet of some eminence. He was the author of several tragedies, which did not obtain for him great or, at

least, permanent credit, but his principal works were an edition of the plays of Shakespeare, with a life of the author, and a translation of Lucian's "Pharsalia." He was made Poet Laureate to George I., receiving, besides, various offices of State, and when he died, in 1718, was buried in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey.

General Ireton, who lived at Cromwell House, was, for a time, one of the Governors of the School.

The stumbling block that seems to have been in the way of Highgate School's progress prior to the beginning of the present century emanates from troubles in connection with the little chapel. The inhabitants appear to have made it a custom to attend the services in the chapel, owing to Hornsey and St. Pancras parish churches, of whose parishes Highgate then formed a part, being at such a distance. This gradually grew so that not only did the people of Highgate consider that the chapel belonged to them, but the master became more like a parish

HIGHGATE SCHOOL.



DR. DYNE, HEADMASTER AT HIGHGATE SCHOOL FOR
35 YEARS, NOW RETIRED.

pastor, while the school was left in the hands of an illiterate parishioner. So the school, for some time, was apparently neglected, while the chapel and its worshippers received all the benefits that should have been distributed according to the decree of the benevolent founder.

Although, by subsequent litigation, it was proved that the governors had not adhered to the statutes of the founder, it cannot be said otherwise than they administered the funds to charitable objects, and had it not been for a few inhabitants, who formed themselves into a

committee in 1831 to oppose the action of the governors, Highgate School would most probably by this time have been no more, and in its stead would have been erected a parish church, of Highgate, endowed by the Cholmeley Charity. This was the agitation in August of 1821, for the funds were already increasing, and the one predominating object of the governors was to erect a new chapel, and separate the hamlet from the parishes of St. Pancras and Hornsey as an independent district. It was well for the School that the governors thought fit to take this step, which only added fuel to the growing dissatisfaction, and afforded an opportunity for those against the scheme to take action. The committee, after being refused any information from the governors, satisfied themselves independently that Sir Roger Cholmeley had intended his foundation to be a public grammar school, and that the chapel could not be legally separated therefrom.

The governors pursued their intention, and introduced their Bill, which was granted in a form not to the satisfaction of



THE LIBRARY.



THE YOUNG OAK, PLANTED BY DR. DYNE.

the governors, and consequently not accepted. Prior to this, however, the Rev. H. Butts Owen, D.D., in the name of the Attorney General, instituted a suit in the Court of Chancery against Lord Mansfield and others, governors of the School, to force them to restore it to its original position as a free grammar school.

For five years there was war in Highgate, which was divided into two parties—the governors' party and the restoration party.

Pamphlets were issued by each side denouncing the other, and in many cases bitterness reigned supreme. The suit was not brought on for final hearing until December, 1826, when the case for the restoration was ably argued by Mr. Horne, which placed beyond doubt the intention of both Cholmeley and Farnham.

In the following month—January, 1827—Lord Eldon gave his judgment.

He gave his decision that the School was a

free grammar school for instruction in Greek and Latin—that the chapel belonged to the governors solely for the benefit of the School—that there was no proof of it having been a chapel-of-ease (one of the governors strongest points) and that it was no part of the business of the Charity to provide church accommodation for the inhabitants of Highgate, and gave orders that the School should be reinstated agreeably to the will of the founder.

This brought to an end a most unfortunate period, and gave another start to the

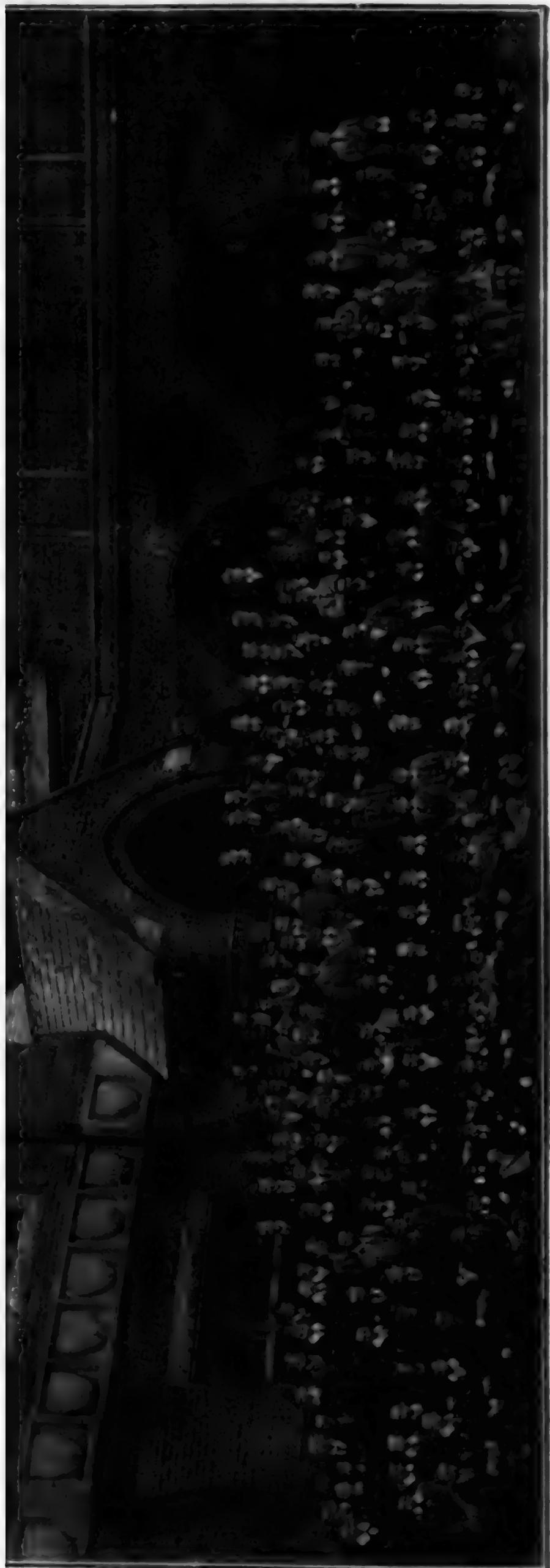
School which has been more fruitful—as will be gathered from our illustrations and the proud position the School now commands in the educational world. Fortune, however, did not smile on the School under the new régime all at once, although the Free Grammar School had been opened with its forty boys. The chapel was re-built in 1832, and the incumbency was given to the Master, the Rev. Samuel Mence, who, in fulfilling faithfully his parochial work, neglected the School.

In 1838 he resigned, and left Highgate,



THE OLD OAK.

HIGHGATE SCHOOL.



YOUNG ENGLAND AT SCHOOL.—A GROUP OF CHOLMELIANS.

the number of boys having dwindled down to seventeen.

Now, indeed, was a time for Highgate to find a man to take up the loose reins, and only Cholmeleians can appreciate the appointment of the Rev. John Bradley Dyne, of Bruton School, and Wadham College, Oxford, of which he was at the time of his appointment a Fellow and Tutor. Dr. Dyne saw at Highgate a vast field for energy and earnest work, and like the name of Thring at Uppingham, and Arnold at Rugby, so should Dyne be echoed from every wall in Highgate School, and on the lips of every one of its sons.

In right earnest he set himself to his difficult task and when he resigned, in 1874, after thirty-five years' hard work, only a cipher had been added to the seventeen boys he took over, but it was on the right side, for he left one hundred and seventy to the care of the Rev. Charles McDowall, D.D., his successor. Dr. Dyne started two boarding houses (Grove Bank and Elgin House) which he soon filled, and when the numbers had increased somewhat to his satisfaction, he spared no pains in obtaining a playing field, which, for its excellence and for the beauty of its situation, is probably surpassed by none in the country. Dr. Dyne well deserved the rest he took from his labours, and it is indeed a pleasure to all at the School that he still lives and enjoys, considering his advanced years, excellent health. He makes frequent visits to his old school and always takes his place on Speech Days. He is loved by all Cholmeleians, while the present generation look upon him as a child would a great-grandfather. Dr. McDowall was also a faithful and excellent master. His nineteen years at Highgate cannot fail to make several interesting chapters in the School's history, while his sudden death in June of last year was a sad blow to the School and his numerous friends.

Dr. McDowall was a Preben-

dary of St. Paul's, like Dr. Dyne, and in each case the honour was conferred by the Bishop of London in recognition of successful work as Headmaster.

Dr. McDowall was succeeded by the Rev. A. E. Allcock, M.A., late scholar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and of great reputation from Wellington College, where he had been assistant master. During only the few months Mr. Allcock has been at Highgate one cannot be expected to chronicle much regarding him, but one thing certainly can be said, that in his hands the future of Highgate School is undoubtedly in safe keeping.

The new Headmaster of Highgate has won the highest esteem from the assistant masters and the confidence of the governors, while the boys are satisfied that by studying the wishes of their chief, they are best studying themselves, their future welfare, and their present pleasures and comforts while at school. The School now contains something like two hundred and fifty boys, most of whom are Day boys from Hampstead, Finchley, Crouch End, Hornsey, etc., and the scholars are familiar with their School colours round their round felt hats, to the

travellers on the North London and Great Northern Railways.

The old Cholmeley House where the Headmaster at one time resided, prior to the building of the noble School house adjoining the playing fields, has been converted into a preparatory school, the Headmastership of which is entrusted, under the supervision of the master of the Upper School, to Mr. G. T. Atkinson, M.A., who for many years was an assistant master at the Upper School.

The present chapel was built in 1866, to the memory of Mr. G. A. Crawley, a late governor, the members of his family bearing the entire cost. Mrs. Crawley laid the foundation stone, March 24, 1866, and Bishop Tait, of London, consecrated the building May 29, 1867.

The numerous windows, for the most part designed by Richard Holmes, Queen's Librarian at Windsor, an Old Cholmeleian, are placed as memorials to R. Isherwood, H. Lake, T. H. Causton, W. Bloxam, J. L. Tatham, governors; to Philip Worsley, translator of the *Odyssey*, Harry Chester; Richard G. Smith, Richard Fletcher and the Rev. Robert Fayerer, assistant masters.

Numerous brass tablets are placed on the walls to the memory of Cholmeleians who have passed from this earth. The organ is a neat two manual instrument erected March, 1872.

If Highgate cannot boast of a long list of worthies in accordance with the length of its foundation, a visitor cannot help being surprised by the numerous names that adorn the walls of the Great School of Old Cholmeleians who have become distinguished men; the names of a few I hope will therefore be found interesting: — Philip Stanhope Worsley, Fellow of Corpus, Oxford, translator of the *Odyssey*; Benjamin Bickley Rogers, Fellow of Wadham, translator of Aristophanes; Robert E. C. Waters, Wadham College, Oxford, distinguished antiquarian and genealogist; E. Bickersteth, Pembroke College, Cambridge, Bishop in Japan, son of the Bishop of Exeter; James C. Morison, Lincoln College, Oxford,



THE SCHOOL CHAPEL.

author of "Life and Times of St. Bernard;" General Sir Herbert Macpherson; the late Edmund Yates, journalist and novelist; Colonel Edward P. Leach, R.E., V.C.; Major-General Sir J. E. Doneatty, R.E., K.C.B.; W. W. Skeat, Litt.D., Hon. Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, Professor of Anglo-Saxon in University of Cambridge, author of "Etymological Dictionary;" the Rev. H. A. Dalton, late Senior Student of Christ Church, Headmaster of Felstead, Essex; and R. C. Lehmann, author of "In Cambridge Courts," coach of boat at Oxford and Cambridge, and a familiar and popu-

Dyne is a son of the old Headmaster, and entered the School in 1848, afterwards going to Eton, where he was as popular as at Highgate.

The Library at Highgate is a very excellent one, and by no means lacking as regards its collection of literature. In the Library there is also a very excellent collection of butterflies and moths, the gift of the Rev. F. A. Walker, D.D., and I doubt if any other school possesses a collection anything near so valuable.

The Debating, Science and Shakespeare Societies are flourishing institutions in connection with the School, and do much



SOME OF THE MASTERS OF HIGHGATE SCHOOL.

lar contributor to *Punch*. Mr. Lehmann is very proud of his old school, and, as President of the Old Cholmeleian Club, which was inaugurated last year, he takes a great interest in the club.

This new link which is to bind together the Old Boys is making great progress under such an efficient and popular President, while the Secretary, F. G. Lushington, deserves praise for the able way he works his secretarial duties.

Another Old Boy who deserves full mention is J. Bradley Dyne, M.A., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, now Conveyancing Counsel to the Treasury. Mr.

to enhance elocution, etc., and fit those who take part for the various niches in our world.

Music is also an important item in the various branches of instruction, and the Annual School Concert in December, the first of which was held December 16th, 1878, is always looked forward to as a red letter day in the year's festivities.

The School has the privileges of the Northfield Hall, where an excellent Gymnasium provides for the young gymnasts at the School the necessary exercise for the muscles and body.

Rowing is a pastime Cholmeleians are



ONE OF THE BOARDING HOUSES.

unfortunately unable to indulge in ; but it is important that I should mention that Highgate boys have gained laurels in the 'Varsity rowing—H. McD. Courtney, Pembroke, Oxford, rowed in boat, 1876 and 1877, E. H. M. Waller, Corpus, Cambridge, in boat, 1893, and L. G. Pike rowed in the Cambridge boat against Oxford in 1876, 1877 and 1878.

The School Cadet Corps was formed in February, 1892, and at present consists of about sixty members. It is attached to the 3rd Middlesex R.V., which has a detachment at Highgate, and of which many of the officers are Old Cholmeleians.

The corps is armed with Martini-Henry rifles, and possesses a full equipment. Last year for the first time it made its appearance in the Ashburton Shield Competition at Bisley and at the Aldershot Public Schools Camp. All cadets

School, who takes the keenest interest in the cadets.

The corps possesses challenge cups presented by the late Headmaster, Dr. McDowall, and Colonel Hennell, D.S.O., commanding 3rd Middlesex R.V., who is also much interested in the doings of the corps, and makes an annual inspection of it.

The late adjutant, Major Michel, whose untimely death in February last was a



A CORNER OF THE PLAYING FIELDS.

over seventeen years of age are enrolled as Volunteers and earn capitation grant for the corps. The corps frequently takes part in field-days with Haileybury, Berkhamstead and other school corps, and has the advantage of having Hampstead Heath close at hand for manœuvring purposes. Practice for Bisley takes place at the Runnymede Ranges, Staines, which can boast of being one of the finest ranges in England.

The Sergeant-Instructor is furnished by the 3rd Middlesex R.V., and the corps is commanded by Captain J. G. Lamb, an assistant master at the

HIGHGATE SCHOOL.

great loss to the regiment, also rendered valuable assistance, especially at the time of its formation. It is often a matter of complaint against school corps that they interfere with the ordinary sports and games; at Highgate the corps is so conducted as to avoid such interference as much as possible; and it is quite possible for a boy to be a keen volunteer and at the same time to take a leading part in cricket or football.

In these days of severe competition for commissions in the army, and of widened interest in military matters generally, it is surely an advantage for a boy to learn at least the rudiments of soldiering while at school.

The School cricket ground, which I have already referred to, is a short distance down Hampstead Lane, which leads from Highgate to Hampstead Heath.

The cricket field has a unique little lodge at the gate, which is also sheltered by the excellent pavilion, where comfortable quarters are provided for the ground-man. There is what might be termed an avenue, which leads from the pavilion to the swimming bath, behind



A VISITOR TO HIGHGATE SCHOOL.



THE CADET CORPS IN THE QUADRANGLE.



THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL, CHOLMELEY HOUSE.

which is a second pavilion for the junior teams. The ground is almost wholly covered in by foliage, which gives to the place exceptional variety and beauty—especially when the numerous pitches are in full working order, and the white flannels and coloured blazers are dotted over the vast field, rich in almost every shade of green.

Amongst the trees are three which have special attraction, one being the Old Oak, considered one of the oldest associations of the School ground, and probably more on account of its position almost in the centre of the field, and the inconvenience it often causes on the School elevens pitch, than on account of its great age and weather-beaten appearance. Another tree of importance is a noble oak which also occupies a prominent position, known as the "Young Oak." This is a fine specimen of British timber, planted by Dr. Dyne, the master, who inaugurated the success at the School.

The third tree is one planted by Napoleon III., in Dr. Dyne's time, when on a visit to the Baroness Burdett Coutts. Round these trees are placed seats which

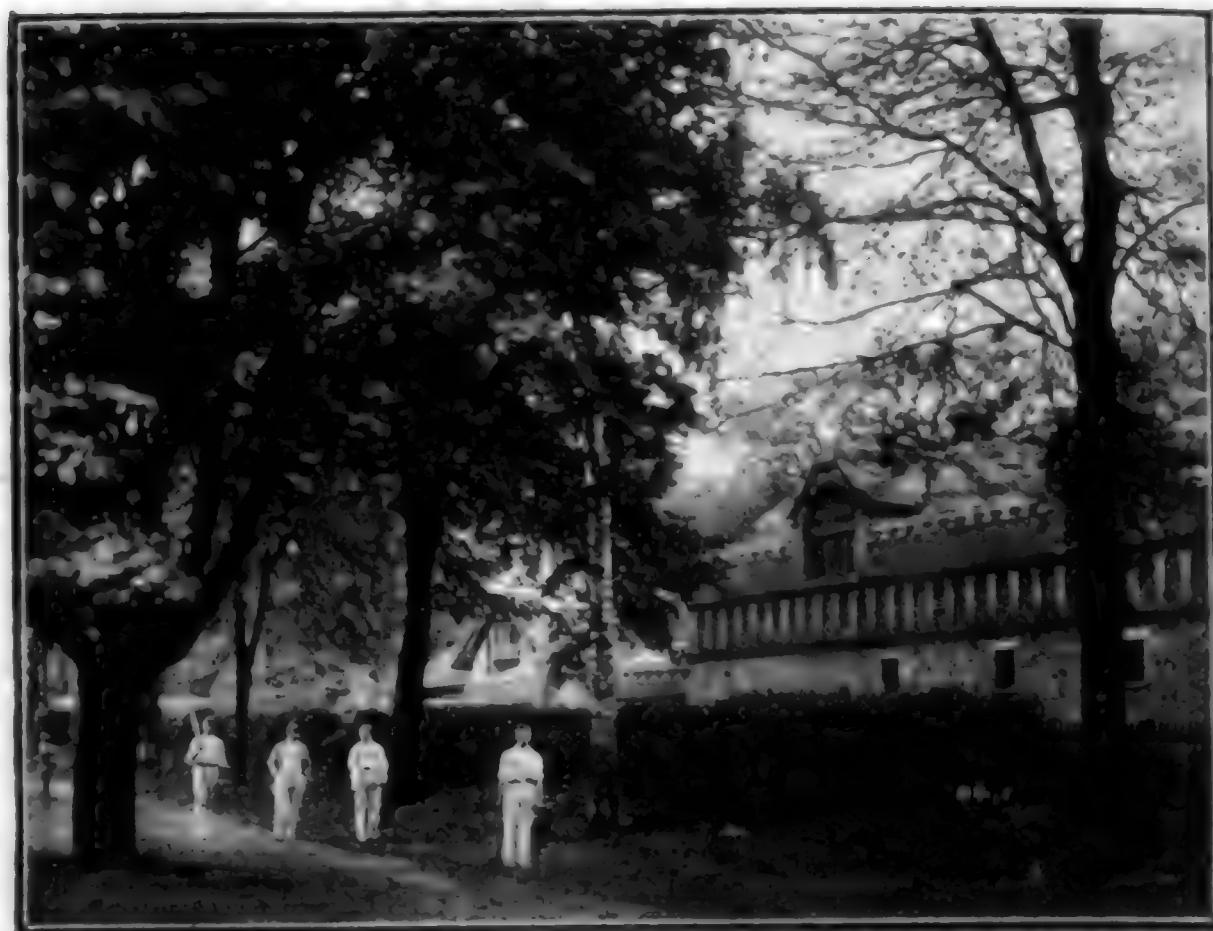
afford shelter, should a storm threaten the players; and even in fine weather the oak trees are generally surrounded by young Cholmeleians, either discussing the intrinsic value of a rare stamp or watching the play of their schoolfellows. Cricket and football are the School games, as the seasons come round, and matches are arranged with several school elevens, with Old Cholmeleians, and the M.C.C. The annual sports are held at the close of the first term, which is the greatest day of the year in the School athletics.

This year proved no exception, for not only was the playing field surrounded by a large and enthusiastic company, but the sport provided far exceeded that of any other year, there being no less than five out of seven records broken for the various events. These were: 100 yards race, 10 seconds, by F. L. Stephenson; 440 yards race, $53\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, F. L. Stephenson; 1 mile, 5 minutes $\frac{1}{2}$ second, by J. B. Fitzgibbon; 120 yards hurdle race, $17\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, by A. L. Kitching; high jump, 5 feet 4 inches, by J. B. Fitzgibbon.

The long jump, by R. A. Blunt, still stands as a record, whose leap in 1890

was 20 feet 6 inches. The record for throwing the cricket-ball, dates back ten years, 1884, and stands to the credit of W. L. B. Hayter as 115 yards 2 feet 3 inches.

After watching for some time some excellent cricket between the School eleven and the next twenty-two, I walked over to the School house, which overlooks the field, and when in conversation with the Headmaster, I was as pleased to notice as I am to mention that the new Master looks upon his School, his assistant masters and his boys with great pride, and all under him reciprocate the kindness with which he rules them. With that unison prevailing throughout the



A CORNER IN THE PLAYING FIELDS, SHOWING THE LODGE OF F. RECKITT, ESQ., J.P.

School, I cannot but think that Highgate has a still greater future before it.

W. CHARLES SARGENT.

Our Illustrations are from a splendid series of Photographs taken specially for this Magazine by Mr. R. W. Thomas, 41, Cheapside, E.C., from whom Prints from the Original negatives can be obtained.

The following Schools have already appeared in THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE:—ETON, HARROW, RUGBY, WINCHESTER, WESTMINSTER, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, DULWICH, ST. PAUL'S, CHARTERHOUSE, WELLINGTON, MERCHANT TAYLORS', MARLBOROUGH, CLIFTON, CHELTENHAM, LEYS COLLEGE, BEDFORD GRAMMAR, HAILEYBURY COLLEGE, UPPINGHAM AND CRANLEIGH (Harrow and Rugby are out of print), but back numbers of the others can be obtained through all Booksellers, or direct from the Office, 53, Fleet Street, London. Post-free, 8½d. each copy.



HIDDEN SKETCHES.—"LOVES ME, LOVES ME NOT."—FIND THREE EAVESDROPPERS.

John C. Green

The Memoirs of Dr. Francis Wiseman.

Compiled from Private Papers by his friend, the Rev. David Spencer : to which are added certain Critical Observations and Elucidations by Professor Otto Schultz, the distinguished Oriental Scholar. The whole now published for the first time, and forming an astounding Present-day Narrative of the Invisible and Supernatural.

By PAUL SETON,

Author of "Revelations of a London Pawnbroker," "Confessions of a Royal Academician," &c. &c.

IX.—THE DESCENDANT OF SOLOMON SPEAKS.

I HAD listened thus far to this extraordinary narrative with the profoundest interest and attention ; and when my friend, who had now reached the most exciting part of his story, paused for a few moments and helped himself, with a shaking hand, to some brandy, which stood in a decanter upon the table, I was careful not to interrupt in any way, lest I should disturb the current of his thoughts, and spoil the continuation of the tale which had excited my curiosity to the highest pitch. After gulping down the spirit, he still continued silent for a while, apparently lost in the recollections he had himself conjured up. Then, with a heavy sigh, he abruptly took up the thread once more and resumed his strange discourse.

"Surely never was man more unexpectedly situated than myself at this particular juncture. In conjunction with a stranger whom I had seen but twice before, and of whose antecedents I was in almost total ignorance, I was about to assist at the raising of a powerful and unknown being, whose



LOST IN THE RECOLLECTIONS HE HAD HIMSELF CONJURED UP.

appearance, for aught I could tell, might be fraught with the gravest peril to us both. Yet had the danger been ten times greater than even my wildest imaginings suggested I should have still rejoiced that I was at last permitted to be present at a manifestation of so tremendous and terrific a character. I had earnestly longed for something of this sort all my life, and now my desire was to be suddenly gratified. Alas! for the foolishness of human presumption!

"My companion now proceeded to make some hasty calculations on an ivory tablet, which he drew from his bosom, and as he did so his face, already serious to the verge of gloom, assumed an additional shade of anxious pre-occupation. At length he threw down the tablet with a gesture of supreme dissatisfaction, and turned once more to me.

"'My son,' he said gravely, 'neither the time nor the place is propitious, and my heart misgives me greatly as to the result of what I am about to do. Let me adjure you to withdraw while there is yet time. Your courage may easily fail you, and then I cannot be answerable for the consequences. I must proceed at all hazards, though the stars are fighting against me in their courses. To falter now were disgraceful cowardice. But as for you——'

"'Urge me no more, I pray you,' I interrupted impatiently, for my soul was on fire to see this strange though awful sight. 'My mind is fully made up, and, be the consequences what they may, I am prepared to abide by them to the very end. Proceed, I beseech you, without concerning yourself further on my account.'

"Notwithstanding the emphatic nature of this declaration, he still appeared irreso-



"THREW DOWN THE TABLET WITH A GESTURE OF SUPREME DISSATISFACTION."

lute. Again he looked at me long and keenly with those piercing grey eyes, as though questioning my fitness for the ordeal. I must have emerged satisfactorily from this examination, for the look of hesitancy passed suddenly from his face, and became replaced by a smile in which confidence and pleasure—and, I thought, even affection—were curiously blended. Motioning me to be seated—for we had both been standing all this while

—he addressed me again, and his rich, musical voice, tremulous at times in its solemn earnestness, fell upon my ears with a dread impressiveness which it is impossible I should ever forget this side of the grave.

"My son," he said, speaking very slowly and distinctly, "you have now a right to know, in part, at least, something of the mystery which surrounds my life. Listen, then, and treasure in your memory what I am about to tell you, for should evil befall me this night, upon you will devolve the discharge of a great and sacred duty. I am one of three brothers. The eldest died while you stood by his side. The youngest I have not seen for many years, and I know not in what portion of the earth he may be sojourning at the present time. We are the last descendants of a mighty monarch—the greatest, wisest and most powerful ruler the world has ever seen. Our ancestor," and here my companion's voice sank to a low and thrilling whisper, while his face became illumined with an almost regal look, "was none other than the great King Solomon himself—the mighty Prince Solimaun Ben Daoud—before whose nod the high ones of the earth abased themselves, and whose slightest will the spirits of the elements hastened to obey. It is from his union with Pharaoh's daughter that we can trace our clear descent in one unbroken line. From our earliest infancy the greatness of our royal origin was perpetually instilled into our attentive minds, sometimes by our father, who, although a somewhat dreamy student of books, still possessed a full sense of the importance of our birth, and sometimes by our mother, who, with flashing eyes and kindling cheeks, would talk to us in burning language of the glories which had surrounded the splendid throne of our kingly progenitor. She never wearied of the theme; and, by degrees, our boyish natures became imbued with no small amount of that tireless enthusiasm with which her whole bearing seemed to throb and vibrate. The rich stores of history and tradition were eagerly ransacked, and every scrap bearing on

the subject discussed with insatiable avidity, until our entire conversation drifted insensibly into this one channel, to the total exclusion of every other subject. But what chiefly fascinated us, as the only living descendants of the mightiest and wisest of kings, was the all too scanty information vouchsafed concerning that wonderful authority which he possessed over the most powerful and terrible spirits of the Universe—an authority which he exercised by virtue of that potent signet upon which was inscribed the Real Name, and which none dared to resist. By imperceptible degrees our interest became more and more focussed and concentrated on this strange and mysterious ring, and the possibility of its continued existence to the present day. There seemed to be no sufficient reason for supposing that this great seal, which rendered its possessor little short of omnipotent, had been destroyed or removed from the sphere in which it had played so mighty and important a part, or that its virtues had become in any way dimmed or impaired by the lapse of time. My father had in his possession, amongst other curious things, an ancient manuscript, the genuineness of which it was impossible to doubt, which purported to



"THE MIGHTY ANGEL TOUCHED HIS EYES."

contain what the Rabbins had been long wont to designate the "Great Clavicle, or Key of Solomon the King," and which was declared on authority we did not dare to question to have been taken from the tomb of that illustrious monarch some time after his death. It had been found —so did the narrative formally set forth—inclosed in an ivory casket, by certain Babylonians who had journeyed from their native land expressly for the purpose of repairing the sepulchre of the Great Dead. The meaning, however, to them, wise as they admittedly were, was absolutely inexplicable; nor would it probably have been revealed had not one of their number, Iohé, the eldest and most worthy among them, prayed incessantly to the Almighty to open his eyes and reveal to him this wonderful secret. His petition was at length granted. The glorious and mighty angel, Homadiel, touched his eyes, and he saw and understood, to his exceeding joy. I need not tell you, my son, that this precious document was to us an object of peculiar veneration and anxious study. In it was displayed much strange wisdom, which, though it filled us at times with indescribable awe, served but to accentuate our consuming passion to learn something of the whereabouts and disposition of this all-powerful signet which had been the chief source of the greatness, riches and magnificence of him who had caused this revelation of his wisdom to be written. Long and earnestly, with pale faces and throbbing hearts, did we discuss the possibility of finding and recovering this lost talisman, the possession of which conferred upon the wearer the might and knowledge of a god; but all these discussions, continuous and protracted though they were, ended, as they commenced, in bewildering uncertainty and doubt. At that period, neither I nor my brothers possessed that perception of, and skill in, the use of those magic arts to which we afterwards attained; and even had we done so I doubt if they would have then availed us much in the accomplishment of the one great desire of our hearts—the finding of the ring. The more we talked over the subject the more perplexed did we become. That the object of our sleeping and waking thoughts was buried in the tomb of our great forefather seemed a highly improbable proposition; for, had it been, what had hindered those Baby-

lonian philosophers from discovering it at the same time and in the same manner as they did the Clavicle? The supposition that it might have perished we rejected with a fierce and strangely unanimous scorn. Such an inglorious consummation, we told ourselves repeatedly, was utterly impossible and absurd. No; somewhere on this earth it existed still, with all its marvellous virtues untouched and undiminished by the lapse of centuries, and upon us, the last living descendants of its mighty wearer, rightfully devolved the task of its recovery. At our father's death we solemnly consecrated ourselves afresh to this great undertaking, and shortly afterwards, in pursuance of a mutual agreement, we separated, each going forth into the world after his own fashion and in his own way, believing that by the adoption of this course we should extend the area of our search, and thus increase the chance of ultimate success. We met on rare occasions for the purpose of comparing notes and relating to each other our various adventures; but these reunions, always irregular, gradually became more and more infrequent and uncertain until at last they ceased altogether. During the course of his wanderings, my elder brother, in a strange and perilous manner which I need not now describe, became possessed of that stone which, on his death-bed, he gave to your friend, but the acquirement of which cost him the loss of well-nigh all he held most dear, and dyed his hands, moreover, with the everlasting stain of innocent blood. Of my younger brother, as I have said, I have seen nothing for years; but at our last meeting it seemed to me that in the acquisition of the highest knowledge and power he was rapidly outstripping us both, and the conviction then entered my soul that if either of the three of us were, by the decrees of destiny, ever to become the possessor of this mighty talisman, it was upon his head that the choice of Fate had fallen.'

"Here my companion ceased speaking, and you may well imagine that his extraordinary statement contributed to augment in no small measure the amazement which I had already experienced at the astounding developments of this ever memorable night. Here was I, at the end of the nineteenth century, standing face to face with one of the last descendants of the Wise King of Israel, listening to a narrative that savoured far



"MY ANSWER WAS AN EMPHATIC 'YES.'"

more of the 'Arabian Nights,' than of sober, realistic fact; and all this preparatory to the summoning of some mysterious being from the invisible world, whose appearance was evidently not unattended by danger, and might quite possibly be the signal for the occurrence of some great catastrophe! At length, however, the turmoil of my mind subsided somewhat, and I ventured to enquire if he still believed in the existence and eventual recovery of this ring of power.

"I have no doubt of it, ultimately," he replied; "but," he added, with a melancholy shake of the head, "it will not be my hand that shall pluck it from its hiding-place."

"And the stone which had such a mysterious influence upon the Prince di Ricordo?" I continued hastily. "Can you tell me nothing of that?"

"That stone," replied my companion slowly, "together with the one which the Prince di Ricordo possessed, formed the eyes of the sacred bull which stood at the back of Solomon's great ivory throne, and the mystic light from the twain fell upon him as he sat thereon, amazing the peoples of the earth by the profundity and plenitude of his wisdom and power. But come," he said sharply, "the time passes, and we have already tarried too long. I could not allow you to be present at what I am about to do without first offering you this explanation. After having listened to it, does your intention still remain unshaken?"

"To which question, as you may imagine, my only answer was a firm and emphatic 'Yes.'"

X.—THE INVOCATION OF HAGITH.

"ONCE more smiting the silver gong, my companion summoned Sadoc, to whom he gave some commands in a language which I did not understand. In spite of its dusky complexion the Oriental's face visibly paled as he listened, and it seemed to me that there was something of respectful protest in his animated reply. But his master silenced him with an imperious gesture, and folding his arms submissively on his breast, he bowed his head and withdrew. Then turning to me again, my companion said, very seriously:

"My son, in what we are about to do I must request your most implicit obedience to my directions. You must give me your word not to depart in the slightest degree from what I tell you, or, when I have once commenced the work, to break in any way the silence which I must lay upon you until the end."

"To this, of course, I gave a ready acquiescence, and he continued:

"Should anything of an untoward nature happen to me during the progress of this invocation I beg you will endeavour to find my younger brother and deliver to him this package," drawing as he spoke a small leather case from his bosom. "You will also find in this little wallet an epitomised account of the latest information which I have been able to obtain concerning him, which may serve to assist you somewhat in your search. The letter which is addressed to him

must not be opened save by his hand. I rely on you to carry out my wishes faithfully, and I have every belief the result will fully justify my confidence.'

"I took the wallet, and had scarcely finished my assurances that I would religiously follow his instructions, when the curtain was again raised and Sadoc, this time attired in a spotless white garment, entered, and after a profound obeisance, whispered something in his master's ear. The latter nodded his head gravely, and addressing me said :

"All is now ready. Follow, and above all, do not forget what I have said."

"Then the solemn, if small, procession was formed, Sadoc heading it, carrying in his hand a small lamp, his master following close behind, while I brought up the rear. We left the room by a door at the opposite end, the existence of which I had not previously perceived, and found ourselves in a narrow passage, terminating in a flight of wooden stairs. Ascending these, Sadoc proceeded to unlock a small door which immediately confronted us, through which we passed in the same order as before. The room in which we now were was small and bare, containing nothing but a couple of large white chests, each of which was secured by a triple arrangement of padlocks. These Sadoc unfastened one by one, and throwing open the lid of the

first chest disclosed a mass of snowy linen.

"Remove your outer garments," said the Jew imperatively, "and clothe yourself in that," pointing, at the same time, to a long white robe in Sadoc's hands. I hastened to obey, my strange toilet being completed by the addition of a pair of white shoes and a cap of the same colour which the attentive Sadoc placed upon my head. With some awkwardness, I turned towards the Jew, to find that he stood similarly attired, only I observed that on the breast of his robe were embroidered some mystic signs in red silk, over which he proceeded to fasten some golden discs, likewise covered with strange inscriptions, and enveloped in silken coverings, from which there issued a rich and subtle perfume. Meanwhile, Sadoc had produced from the other chest a scimitar and a couple of knives, the hilt of one being black and the other white. These the Jew thrust into his girdle, and our preparations were completed by the addition of a slender peeled wand which Sadoc now handed his master. Leaving this room, we entered a spacious and lofty apartment, the weird and peculiar appearance of which was calculated to strike something of awe into the most careless breast. The walls were of a perfect, spotless white, the virgin purity of which was



"CARRYING IN HIS HAND A SMALL LAMP."

untouched by any writing or inscription whatsoever. There were four windows, one on each side of the room and, though the elements without were howling and screaming wildly in their fury, I observed, to my great astonishment, that every one of them was flung open to its fullest extent. The place was absolutely bare of furniture, its only contents being a few metal tripods arranged in a row against the wall. Carefully closing and locking the door, Sadoc drew forth the tripods and placed them in a sort of large square, having previously lighted some substance in one of them which burnt with a powerful and steady blue flame that in no wise served to diminish the spectral appearance



of the scene. Thrusting the point of the scimitar into the middle of the square thus formed, the Jew carefully measured from its centre a space of nine feet, at which distance he commenced to trace a circle with his wand. Within this circle at the interval of a foot he drew another, and within this yet another, leaving, however, a break of some eighteen inches in each. Within these lines he next traced numerous symbolic figures, while Sadoc busied himself in lighting the remaining tripods. These preparations being at length finished, the descendant of Solomon desired me to take my stand within the trebly-guarded space, again earnestly cautioning me to utter no word, nor on any account to step outside the circle, under pain of instant annihilation. Drawing a small, brightly-polished metal ring from his finger, he bade me wear it as a further protection in case of danger ; and, the three of us being by this time within the charmed lines, he forthwith proceeded to close them by completing the circuit with his wand. Sadoc now threw large quantities of perfumes upon the tripods, and the air became heavy with the scent of strange and subtle essences. Meanwhile the night without grew every moment more and more hideous with the furious discord of the elements, which raged and screeched and fought like angry devils fresh loosed from the chains of Hell. It was an awful time, and I confess that, notwithstanding my natural courage, I felt my heart sink within me as I gazed upon the unearthly scene and listened to the frightful tumult which surrounded me on every side. But neither the wild warfare without nor the fateful nature of the scene within appeared to have any perceptible influence upon the central figure in that tremendous drama of which I stood a fascinated and trembling spectator. With flashing eyes and outstretched arms, he commenced his terrible invocation, while Sadoc assiduously fed the burning fires within the tripods with handful after handful of rich perfumes. Seconds, minutes —it might even very well have been hours, for I had completely lost all sense of time—flew rapidly by, and still my gaze remained

fixed on that form, which stood with extended arms and pallid face, summoning with fearful and mysterious rites one of the dread beings of the invisible world into his presence. At last there came a moment when all the concentrated fury of the elements seemed to culminate in one terrific burst of shrieking madness. The blood turned to water in my veins ; there was a sound as of a mighty rushing wind ; a hot, sulphurous breath passed over me like a flame, scorching and suffocating as it went ; the air was filled with strange vapours ; the floor rocked to and fro beneath my feet ; I felt dizzy, faint, sick, and, instinctively covering my face with my hands with a shuddering feeling of despair, I gave myself up for lost.

"All at once there fell a hush upon the storm—a calm so marvellously sudden and complete as to be even more terrifying than the devilish din which had preceded it. My heart beat frantically against my ribs, and I felt a paralyzing sensation of fear creep over me such as I had never before deemed it possible I should ever experience. When I at length mustered up sufficient courage to uncover my eyes I found Sadoc still anxiously heaping up perfumes on the fires, while the Jew, with a face from which every vestige of colour had fled, stood eagerly gazing at a curious, pillar-like cloud of smoke, which stood undulating and quivering before him. Nothing more could I see, but I knew well enough that if the invocation had been successful, that dense mass of ever-changing vapour contained the spirit whose attendance it had thus forcibly constrained. Had I entertained any doubts upon the subject they would have been speedily set at rest, for the Jew, with his hands upon the silken coverings of the pentacles covering his breast, said almost immediately :

"Hagith, great Spirit of Light, appointed by the Most High to be ruler of kings and princes, besides innumerable legions of spirits, art thou, by virtue of the seven great names of God which I have uttered unto thee, even now standing before me ?"

"And forth from that pillar of smoke there answered a terrible voice, saying :

"O descendant of the mighty Solimaun, son of Daoud, whose power we all acknowledge, hast thou not even said it in thy wisdom ?"

"And again that terrible calm settled down upon us all, like a dense and palpable pall."

XI.—A TERRIBLE FATE.

"AFTER the lapse of a few moments the Jew spoke again, but this time I fancied I detected a hesitancy in his voice that I could not help thinking boded us no good.

"Great spirit," he said, "I adjure thee, by that name which thou fearest, to reveal to me that which is now hidden from my understanding, and to show me of thy knowledge what influence is working thus mightily against me that my power hath departed from me and my arts are become as naught."

"Know, then," answered the voice, "that thou hast an enemy, and that thine enemy hath sworn thy destruction, and, moreover, the destruction of thy brother also. His hand is strong against thee and hath wrought thee much evil already."

"Why doeth he this?" inquired the Jew tremulously. "What ill have I done to any that they should seek my life ?"

"Art thou not of Solomon's royal stock?" came the reply. "And dost thou not dream of recovering that all-powerful signet which rendereth its possessor King of all Spirits, Master of the Dwellers of the Air, and Lord of the Living Souls of the Sea ?"

"If it be even as thou hath said, O great Hagith, who hath a greater right than the son to his father's power ? Who dareth to impugn my right or question the directness of my claim ?"

"Nevertheless, O Descendant of Solomon, such an one there is, and he is even as a prince among the children of men."

"Tell me. I command thee," cried the Jew passionately, "who this man may be, that I may seek him out and destroy him from the face of the earth."

"Thine enemy," returned the voice slowly, "is known to mortals as the Prince di Ricordo, and he hath sworn a great oath that none shall ever possess his forefather's signet save himself."

"His forefather's signet!" almost screamed the Jew, now bursting with passion. "How darest thou lie to me, thy master, O wicked spirit ? Thou makest me to doubt if thou art really Hagith to speak to me thus falsely. None other descendant of Solomon liveth save only my brother and myself. How, then, dost

thou dare come to me with such a lying tale?"

"It is even as I have said," answered the voice deliberately. "I did but tell thee what thou asked. I made him not thy rival. I am not ruler of the universe. If my words please thee not give me permission to depart."

"Not so," said the Jew quickly. "Before I accord thee permission to depart thou shalt tell me more of this, be thou Hagith himself, or, as I greatly fear, some evil spirit personating him. Who doth this Prince di Ricordo then declare himself to be?"

"Even as thou declarest thyself to be—an offshoot of the royal house of Solomon," came the startling reply. "Moreover, he claimeth for his maternal ancestor a queen, whereas thou, as thou well knowest, art descended only from a princess."

"A convulsive tremor passed over the Jew's frame as this ominous reply fell upon his ear, and his pale lips moved rapidly, though no words issued from them. At last he ejaculated audibly to himself, 'God of my fathers, it is even as I always feared.' Then, nerving himself with obvious difficulty, he addressed his last and fatal question to the spirit.

"Tell me, then, I adjure thee, by the Most Great Name, from what female line doth this presumptuous mortal venture to claim descent?"

"There was, I am certain, a mocking ring in the voice as it replied immediately:

"From the almost equal of the mighty King Solomon himself—the wise and powerful Queen of Sheba."

"For the space of several seconds the Jew stood as though transformed to stone. Then he reeled suddenly forward and fell prostrate with his face upon the ground, his head and shoulders projecting some distance over the outer circle. There was a deafening crash, as though the very foundations of the world had been

loosened. The pillar of smoke vibrated violently, and assumed a more definite form, while I saw, to my unspeakable horror, two long, hairy arms thrust forth from it and seize the unhappy man by the hair. There was a sound of tearing flesh, and I saw the red blood gush out in one great stream from the throat. Then there came another crash, more appalling, even, than the first, the lights in the tripods suddenly flared up wildly and then went out, and I, overcome by the frightfulness of this horrific scene, sank in a confused heap in the centre of the circle, while the world faded out of my life."

XII. HAUNTED.

GRAHAM paused for a moment, poured out another dose of brandy, which he



"TWO LONG, HAIRY ARMS THRUST FORTH."

drank at a gulp, and then continued his astounding narrative.

"How long I remained insensible I cannot say, for I have no idea how long the events I have just described to you occupied in their occurrence, but when I came to myself the cold grey light of the winter's morn was stealing slowly into the room where I lay as I had fallen. I was still in a dazed condition, passing my hand several times over my brow to assure myself that I was not the victim of some horrid hallucination, but a hurried glance around the apartment resolved all uncertainty on that score. There stood the tripods which a short time previously had blazed with such a

lurid light; there were the circles with their mystic symbols, within which the fatal invocation had been wrought; there was also—horrible confirmation of what I would so willingly have believed an illusion of the brain—a pool of that blood which I had seen gushing forth from the throat of the unfortunate Jew. But of the body there was no trace, neither was there any sign of the various articles which had been used in that fatal conjuration. Sadoc, too, had disappeared, and I was alone in that ghastly place in which the awful tragedy had been enacted, with the cold winds beating in upon my head from the four quarters of the heavens. With difficulty I managed to stagger to my feet and make my way to the door, loudly and repeatedly calling Sadoc's name. This I continued to do as I descended the narrow wooden staircase, but there was no response. I passed into the sumptuous apartment, in which I had been received by the master of the house. It was empty, and the crystal lamp still diffused its soft effulgent rays over the rich magnificence of its appointments. How I got out into the street I scarcely know; still less how I contrived to reach my rooms. Like one in a dream I threw myself, dressed as I was, upon my bed, where I lay in a state of semi-consciousness until the shades of evening were far advanced. My brain was in such a whirl that I was totally unable to decide upon any course of action; but the next morning, actuated doubtless by something of the same impulse which drives the murderer to revisit the scene of his crime, I made my way back mechanically to the house, but though I knocked and rang for upwards of half an hour, I failed to elicit any reply. After the lapse of a few days, during which I went about my necessary duties with the very vaguest notion of what I was doing, I paid another visit to the place, only to find it utterly deserted, and a large board erected containing the usual announcement that this house was to let. From then till now I have heard nothing whatever of Sadoc, but have remained a prey to various conflicting emotions and apprehensions until I felt I could bear the strain no longer, and came therefore to you, as my oldest and most trusted friend, to tell you of this strange and unparalleled disaster which has befallen and blighted my life—not so much with the hope of procuring relief as

to obtain your calm and unprejudiced judgment upon my extraordinary case."

Thus did Graham conclude a tale to which I had listened throughout with painful and absorbing interest. Of so extraordinary a character was it that had I not possessed the most implicit confidence in my friend's strong common sense and strict regard for truth, I should have certainly felt disposed to consider the entire narrative as the outcome of an excited and diseased imagination. But, knowing the man as well as I did, it was impossible for me to seriously entertain such a supposition. Graham lighted another cigar and smoked abstractedly away, while I sat turning over in my mind the strange things which I had just heard without being able to arrive at any satisfactory explanation of them. With all the disposition to believe in the supernatural which my researches into occultism had conferred upon me, I was compelled to admit to myself that this story, with its ghastly *dénouement*, almost passed the limits of credibility at the close of the nineteenth century. Then I commenced to ask questions as to those points which seemed to me to require elucidation. But the replies were perfectly straightforward and to the purpose, and the story as a concrete whole remained untouched.

"You started off," I observed at length, "by stating that you were in some way in the power of a spirit stronger than yourself. What, may I ask, do you mean by that? So far you have given me no details whatever."

Graham shifted uneasily in his chair. "Perhaps," he said, after a pause, "you will not be inclined to believe me when I tell you that, from that evening which marked such a distinct epoch in my life, I have never been alone for a single moment."

I could not repress a start of surprise. "What!" I exclaimed sharply, "do you mean, then, to tell me that you are haunted?"

"Call it by whatever name you will," was the melancholy reply, "of this one thing I am certain—that there is with me, day and night, waking and sleeping, an invisible, intangible Presence, which exercises at times so strong an influence upon me that I feel even as clay in the potter's hands."

This was really serious. Could it be

possible that, after all, my friend was labouring under some obscure disease of the brain, which rendered him an easy prey to strong hallucinations? I was still puzzling over this new perplexity when Graham, suddenly rising, said in a voice in which anger and sorrow were curiously mingled :

" Wiseman, I see you think I am mad. Will this convince you that I am not insane, and that I have spoken nothing but the sober, solemn truth?"

He drew from his finger the bright steel circlet which I had previously observed, and laid it on the table before me. I picked it up with the intention of examining it, but no sooner had I done so than I felt an icy cold gust of air sweep by me, which caused me to shiver involuntarily, notwithstanding the great heat of the room. I looked at Graham curiously, and was surprised and alarmed to see that every vestige of colour had

left his face, and that he was trembling violently in every limb. He stretched out his hands towards me with a beseeching gesture, and mistaking the meaning of his action, I hastily poured out a glass of brandy, which I pushed towards him in the belief that he suddenly felt unwell.

" No, no," he ejaculated hoarsely, " not that! The ring! Give me the ring! Quick!"

In my embarrassment I had thrust it on one of my own fingers, and I experienced no little difficulty in withdrawing it. I succeeded, however, in doing so at length, and placed it in Graham's outstretched quivering palm, wondering at the same time what fresh horror this new development portended. His eager fingers closed over it convulsively, nor was it until he had restored it to its former position that he recovered his calmness to any appreciable degree. Then, turning to me, he said in an unsteady voice that bore testimony to his previous excitement :

" You have seen for yourself. Do you believe me now? Or do you still think that I am crazy?"

" Really," I answered, somewhat bewilderedly, " I scarcely understand. What does it all mean?"

" Mean?" he repeated, gazing at me steadily; " it means simply this: that should that ring ever pass out of my possession for any length of time I am as good as a lost man."

" Come, come," I said, with a miserable attempt to treat the matter lightly, " you are having a little joke at my expense. You have been so much among wizards and necromancers of late that you will be fancying yourself one next, if you don't take care what you're about."

" Nevertheless," he replied, and there was no mistaking that he was terribly in earnest, " what I have said is absolutely true. This ring was given to me by the Jew on the night of his death. It has never since left my possession. If I do but lay it aside for a moment the power of that mysterious being who is ever by my side is strangely increased over me. I did not intend that you should touch it, and when you unexpectedly took it in your hand a sudden agony of fear assailed me lest any harm should befall it. You may, if you please, consider all this the delusion of a brain disturbed by the

memory of the frightful scene I have described to you this evening. You will be wrong if you do, but that I cannot help. Ever since that fatal night I have never been alone. Shall I give you one instance of this?"

I nodded. I could not bring myself to reply in any other fashion.

"You may have wondered why I did not obey the last behest of the Jew, and endeavour to seek out the survivor of the three brothers, as I had been so solemnly ad-

jured to do. I will tell you why. When the first shock had somewhat abated, I made up my mind one evening to examine the wallet which the dead man had handed me. For that purpose I took it from the escritoire in which I had placed it for greater safety, and, settling down, prepared to look over its contents. I had barely opened it, however, when there came a knock at the door. I laid it down on the table beside me, and went to see who wanted me. There was no one there, and when I returned to my seat, the wallet, with its contents, had disappeared."

"Someone must have entered the room in your absence," I suggested.

"I never left the room," was the decisive reply. "But the curious part of it is this: I had just previously removed the ring from my finger, the skin of which was slightly chafed, and placed it in my waistcoat pocket. No sooner had I done so than I felt a sudden blast of icy wind pass by me, though no aperture existed whereby the slightest draught could penetrate. In spite of the cheerful fire, and the thoroughly heated apartment, I felt a strange and deathly chill creep over my entire frame—the same as you witnessed



"THE WALLET HAD DISAPPEARED"

steal over me a few moments ago. Whenever I have since removed the ring the same phenomenon has occurred. It did so to-night, and I can see by your face that you likewise felt the same cold, awful breath upon your cheek. Can you now doubt the truth of what I have told you?"

I remained silent. The thing was very strange—too strange, perhaps, not to be true. I had, as Graham said, myself felt that deadly breath pass by, and it was hard to be

unbelieving in the face of such personal evidence. But I felt we had had enough talk of this sort for one night, and as the clock now wanted but five minutes to two I suggested that we postponed any further discussion of the subject until we had recruited ourselves by a few hours' rest. Graham readily assenting, we immediately afterwards retired to our respective rooms, though not, in my case at any rate, to lose the recollection of that feast of horrors in the balmy oblivion of sleep.

But the next morning, however, a very curious circumstance occurred. This was the totally unexpected receipt of a letter from my friend, Professor Otto Shultz, the distinguished Egyptologist and well-known Oriental Scholar. The Professor was a notorious bird of passage, always travelling in search of new discoveries, and one never knew where or when he was most likely to turn up or be heard of next. Letters from him were as scarce as snow in June, and this one was all the more remarkable from the appropriateness of its arrival. It was dated from Paris and ran as follows:

"DEAR DR. WISEMAN,—I shall arrive in London to-morrow evening on a brief

visit, and should like to see you if you can spare me any time from your patients. I have a new and lovely scarabæus, which I think would interest you much. But what I chiefly wish to see you for is to tell you of a very curious piece of information which I have stumbled upon concerning the ring with which King Solomon was supposed to have controlled both the angels and the devils that are said to people the universe. I know the interest that you take in these matters, and your strong belief in them. For myself, as you know, I believe them not at all. Still, I should like to talk of my discovery with you, and I will therefore, with your permission, call upon you the afternoon after I shall

have arrived. With my respectful homage to your charming wife,

"I am, sincerely yours,

"OTTO SHULTZ."

I was delighted beyond measure at the receipt of this letter, and I looked forward to the projected visit with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction. But of the visit itself, with its strange talk concerning the signet of Solomon the Wise, and of our sudden resolve to set forth in quest of this long-lost talisman, and of the astounding and incredible adventures which befell us in consequence thereof, the editor of these "Memoirs" will find a full account duly set forth in the packet marked "B," in the first right-hand drawer of the ebony bureau in the study of my house in Brook Street.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



FROM the old grey tower the call
To evensong peals softly forth.
The deepening twilight, of the dying day,
Throws its soft mantle over all
The peaceful countryside; whilst
Shadows lengthen and night descends
To wrap the slumbering earth.

Rambles Through England.

Torquay.

ONE of the most charming spots in this little island home of ours is situate on the South Devonshire coast and known as Torquay.

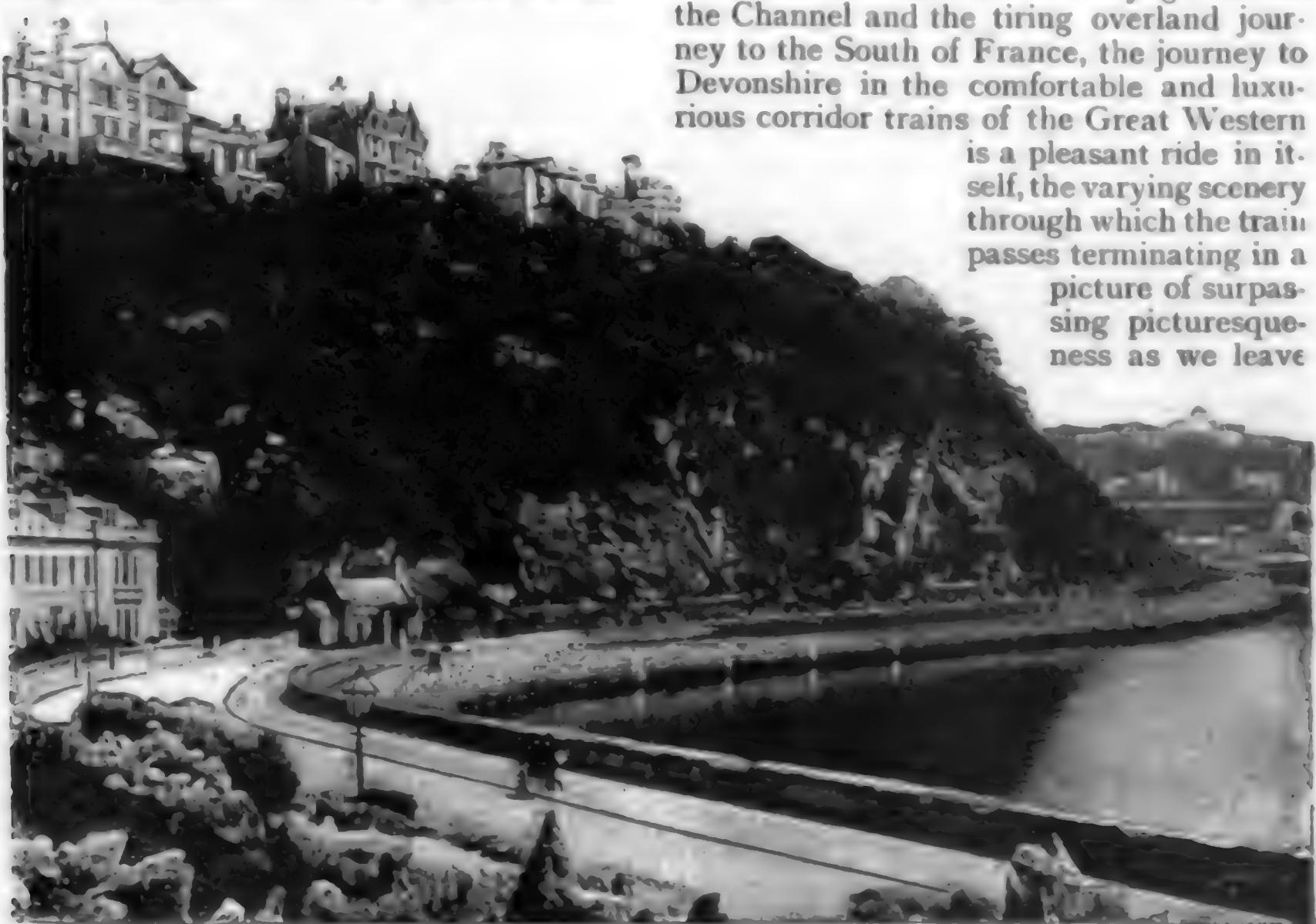
As I am writing these words in my home near London, the hail is rattling against the window-panes of my study, borne on the wings of a nipping north-east wind, whilst the thermometer showed seven degrees of frost during the night; and this is the merry month of May, too. Yesterday, when I reluctantly bade farewell to sunny, balmy Torquay, straw hats and gossamer parasols were the order of the day, and their respective owners were sunning themselves on the flower-decked

parade, surrounded with palms and ferns, camellias and other bright, warmth-loving flowers usually associated by the stranger with hot-houses and the Riviera.

It has often seemed to me curious that when the chills of winter come upon us the butterflies of society should flutter away to Nice and Cannes, there to congregate with their kind until the icy breath of rude Boreas has departed from their native land, when almost at their door lies a country equally if not more beautiful, quite as equable in temperature, and un-equalled in its pure air and health-restoring breezes.

Instead of the dreaded voyage across the Channel and the tiring overland journey to the South of France, the journey to Devonshire in the comfortable and luxurious corridor trains of the Great Western

is a pleasant ride in itself, the varying scenery through which the train passes terminating in a picture of surpassing picturesqueness as we leave



TORBAY ROAD, TORQUAY.

the station at Torquay, and the bay of Tor spreads its silvery sheet before us, framed in the distance to the left by tree-covered hills, through which peep countless residences perched eyrie-like amongst the foliage.

Torquay owes its mild and equable climate to its geographical position, as it lies on a promontory, having Babbacombe Bay on the east and Tor Bay on the west, the high, wooded cliffs of Babbacombe Downs sheltering the town from the east and northerly winds; whilst the southern aspect is open to the breezes of the Atlantic, which moderate the cold of winter and the heat of summer alike.

It is herein that this lovely spot excels most of the neighbouring seaports and towns, for there always appears to be a gentle breeze, even in the hottest months, wafted in from the sea, which tempers the summer heats, so that, although of a Mediterranean mildness in winter, yet in summer the temperature is lower than the average temperature of London.

The Torbay Road, which leads from the town past the Great Western Station, is a charming parade of nearly a mile and a half, bounded by a wall on the seaward side, whilst landward the limestone cliffs of Rock Parade and the town shut in the view to the north. The Rock Parade is an invitation to idlers to sit and bask in fairyland, for up and beyond the level of the parade are paths and steps cut in



THE IMPERIAL HOTEL.

the cliff leading some nowhere, others to the dizzy heights above, whilst here and there chairs and rustic seats inveigle the climber to pause and enjoy the view which his perseverance in mountaineering has won.

Down below is a panorama of colours, gyrating like a fairy dance of poppies, bluebells, daisies and buttercups, which, on nearer approach, resolve themselves into sunshades of fair ladies. Out beyond, a tiny sailing-boat is making for the harbour, her snowy canvas as it heels and fills with



TORQUAY, FROM NEAR THE STATION.

the rippling breeze, glittering in the brilliant sun. Away to the west, the cliffs of Brixham, and west of them, again, Start Point juts out to sea like a ribbon of gauze on the distant horizon.

One of the features of Torquay is the hired carriage—flys and midges they are locally termed—and a very necessary and useful feature they are, for, except Torbay Road, the whole environs of Torquay con-



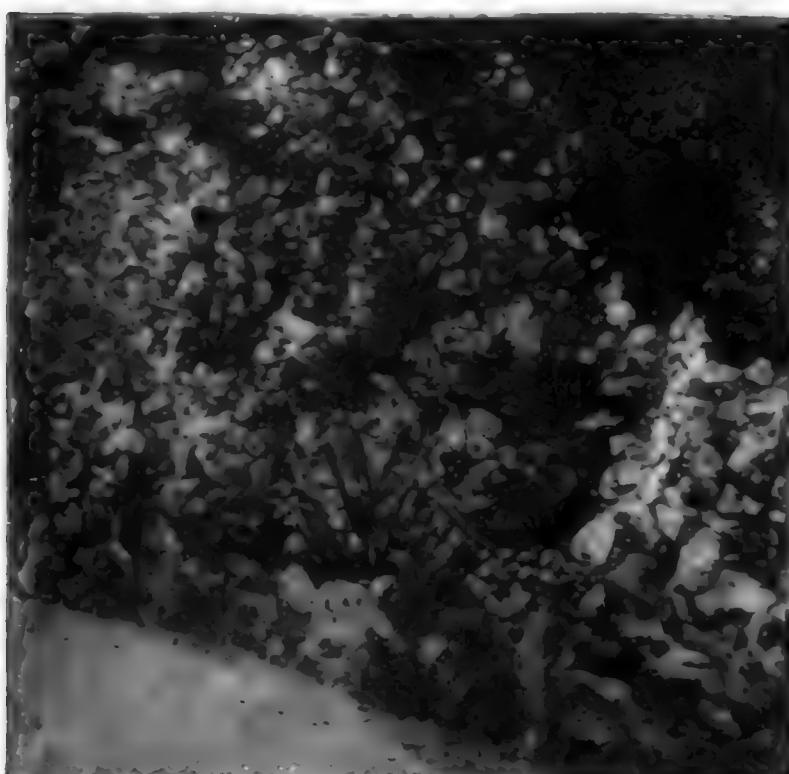
ON THE ROCK WALK.

house, of moderate charges. It faces the harbour, and at its back we see the church of St. John, half way up the hill-side.

A pretty little theatre, at which most of the best touring companies appear, is an added attraction; whilst the town boasts of an excellent weekly paper in the *Torquay Times*.

Of charming landscape and seascapes views in the neighbourhood we cannot give a tithe here.

If we wish for a breezy walk, we make our way up the eastern cliff, from whence we can view the lower part of the town, nestling at the foot of a hill on our right; while away to the left, the coastline zigzags up and down, in and out, towards Babbacombe and its bay. As we stroll along this winding path, Hesketh Crescent comes into view, appearing, from our lofty standpoint, to lie at the foot of a magnificent tree-covered hill, but on nearer



PALMS ON THE PALACE ROCK PARADE.

sist of hills and valleys, up and down which the tireless native nag pursues the uneven tenor of his way from early morn to dewy eve. Torquay has an abundance of first-class hotels and boarding houses, among the former being "The Imperial," "The Crown," "The London" and "The Belgrave."

"The Imperial" occupies a unique position, as, perched on the rocky crag, it affords lovely views of the varying seascapes, and is, perhaps, the finest hotel in the town. "The London" is a very comfortable and convenient



THE LONDON HOTEL AND ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.



"LONDON BRIDGE," NEAR TORQUAY

approach we find the crescent stands well up the hill-side. The position is truly charming, and we envy the fortunate dwellers in this lovely spot. The road here passes along close to high water mark, the sea being kept back by a massive wall of native rock. Still onward, we again mount up the opposite slope, and soon find ourselves alone with Nature in her grand soli

tude. For a while we have the cliff path open to every breeze that blows, then gradually we find ourselves entering a pathway, over which the leafy trees meet and sigh as the gentle breeze plays æolian airs amongst their branches, whilst at our feet murmurs the surf, breaking against the rocks in a bass accompaniment. This leafy pathway abounds in "bits" that would gladden the heart of any artist, and would, if they could be transferred to canvas, make the fortune of the painter. As the winding path takes a bend inland, it presents to our gaze the picturesque and rocky Anstey's Cove, with its bold, jutting headland and dazzling, white, pebbly beach. The spot is a poem of Devonshire coast scenery, and we rest and feast our eyes on the varying tints of



HESKETH CRESCENT.



THE THATCHER ROCK.

emerald foliage, chromes and browns of the limestone rocks, and shimmering blue of the sunlit sea.

With lingering steps, we climb a rustic stile, and gain the road leading to the village of Babbacombe, where Nature draws us to recruit the inner man. The view from Babbacombe across the downs is one of the finest panoramas on the south coast of England, whilst from the pretty promenade along the edge of the cliff the scene spreads out at our feet a perfect wilderness of twining paths,



ANSTHEY'S COVE.

twisting in and around gigantic boulders, ivy-hung and foliage-covered, melting away into the rippling sea hundreds of feet below.

Oddicombe Beach, to our left, is a charming and safe bathing spot, and visitors can here be accommodated with boats. On the downs close by is the racecourse, at which, during the annual steeplechases,

the sport-loving public of Plymouth, Exeter and the adjacent towns foregather, the meeting forming one of the pleasant attractions of the year. The return to Torquay by road is not very attractive, so we engage a smart carriage to convey us back.

The ancient village of Cockington, which now forms a suburb of Torquay, is well

worth a visit. Cockington Court, the residence of Mr. Richard Mallock, M.P. for the Torquay Division, is about a mile from Torquay, and is situated in the midst of charming sylvan scenery. The old manor dates back to before the arrival of William the Conqueror, as we find that worthy bestowed the demesne on one of his followers, presumably for services rendered. It came



ODDICOMBE BAY.

RAMBLES THROUGH ENGLAND.



THE ROAD TO ODDICOMBE.

into the possession of an ancestor of the present owner about the middle of the seventeenth century.

Cockington Smithy, which stands near one of the lodge entrances to the Court, is one of those old-world pictures which unfortunately grow fewer and fewer as the iron horse extends his octopus arms, and the invading builder of modern residences follows in his track. The lanes around are full of that rus-

tic beauty and rich foliage for which Devonshire is renowned.

Paignton is a rising seaside resort on the opposite shore of Torbay. Its natural characteristics are the exact reverse of Torquay, as it lies flat, with a long stretch of sandy foreshore, whereon in the summer legions of barelegged little ones rear their castles of sand.

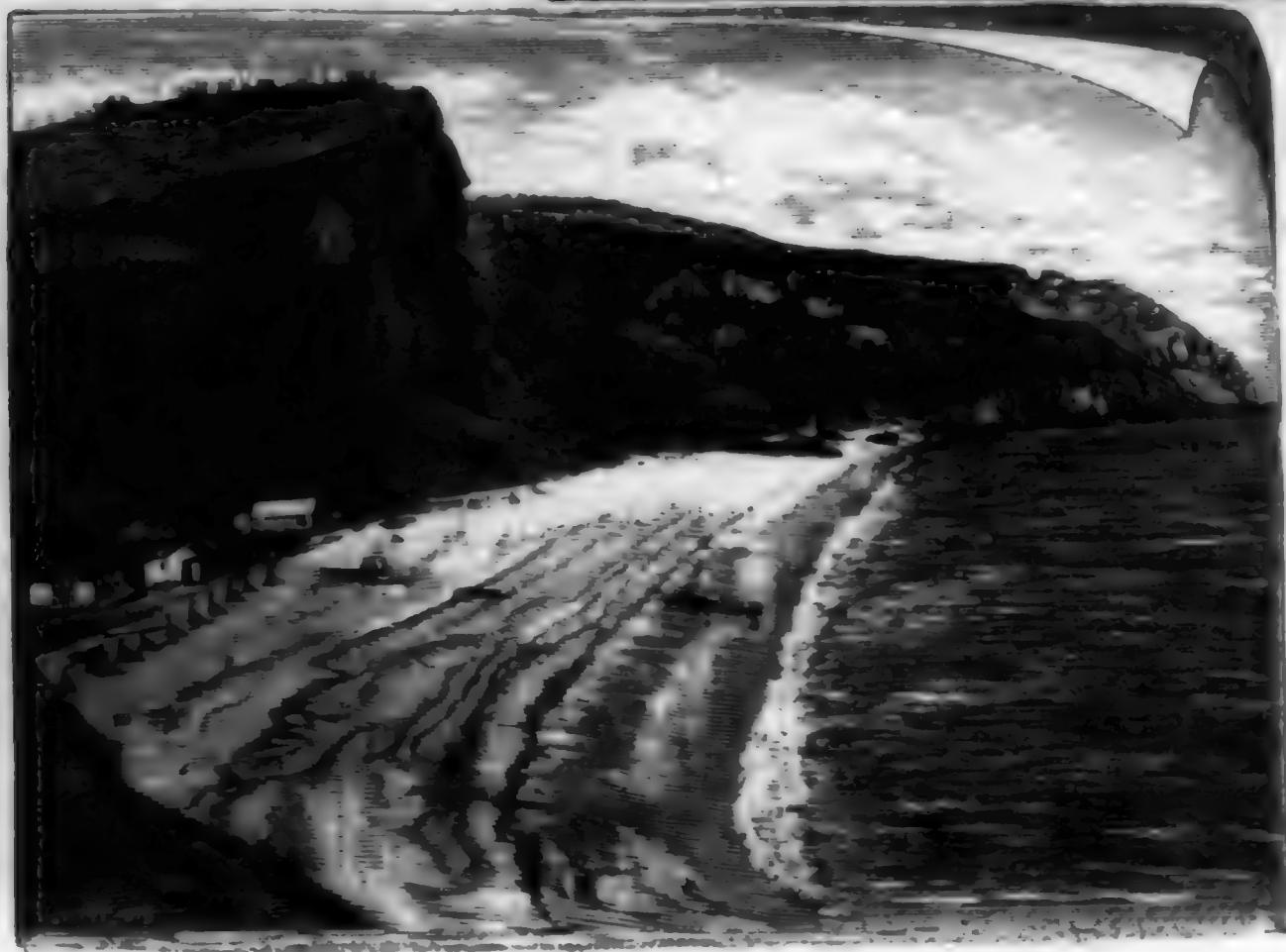
One of the loveliest trips to be enjoyed in this beautiful county is the voyage down the river Dart. There are numerous facilities offered for excursions by the Great Western Railway, the most popular, perhaps, being the circular trip—that is, taking the railway journey from Torquay to Totnes, then embarking on the steamer and sailing down the river to Dartmouth,



THE LADIES' BATHING COVE, TORQUAY.

and back from Kingswear to Torquay by train. This trip permits of a rapid view of one of the most lovely of our English rivers, the scenery on the route varying with every turn and twist of the silvery stream.

The banks of the river mostly consist of bold hills, timbered with massive oaks, silvery beech and



ODDICOMBE BEACH.

feathery pines, round which the stream winds in sweeping curves, revealing here and there amongst their leafy bosoms little villages and stately mansions hanging, starlike, 'twixt earth and heaven.

times of good Queen Bess, as we hear that in the chimney corner Sir Walter Raleigh smoked the first pipe of tobacco ever smoked in England. The round ticket from Torquay costs under six shillings,



COCKINGTON FORGE.

Greenway House, the birthplace of Sir Humphrey Gilbert and, later, the residence of Sir Walter Raleigh, is visible on the bank of the Dart as we pass along, and we allow our imagination to roam back to the

first class, and gives a charming day's outing amongst romantic and beautiful scenes.

At the mouth of the Dart, on a rocky headland, are the ruins of the castle and

the church of St. Saviour, dating from 1372; whilst in the town of Dartmouth are several ancient buildings in the Butter Walk. The old line-of-battle ship, *Britannia*, lies moored off Dartmouth, and is now used as a training vessel for cadets for the navy.

The breezy, heath-covered tracts of Dartmoor are within easy reach of Torquay, and forms a pleasant drive; or the train can be taken to Bovey Tracey, some twelve miles distant, where open wagonettes or char-à-bancs during the summer await the morning trains, and drive to most of the noted places of interest in the neighbourhood. Thus Becky Falls, Haytor Rock, Holme-chase and other picturesque localities, together with the many celebrated Tors of Dartmoor can be visited.

HUBERT GRAYLE.



THE PALACE TOWER, PAIGNTON.



ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, DARTMOUTH.

THE LEGEND OF THE DART.

*"O river of Dart, O river of Dart,
Every year thou claimest a heart"*

STRONG in thy strength glide slowly, stately by,
To mingle with the waters of the bay ;
Roll on with pompous pride, heart swelling high,
And lose thyself for ever. This thy day :
Morn, but some rill, like silver thread, which steals
With gentle voice across the barren waste ;
Noon, on thy breast with proud, full heart that feels
The joys of motherhood, in sleep, in baste,
Thou bearest ships which from thy sides did grow
In beauty like thine own ; even, the end,
As comes the end to all, a heedless flow
Into an unknown sea, with clouds that tend
Like mourners at thy grave. O river Dart
How great a day is thine—how poor a night,
How quick an ebbing of thy strength ; thine heart,
Grown full to overflowing in its might,
Bursts to the sea in one vast flood of tears,
Enriching what was deep in wealth before
With all thy fortune. Hast thou aught of fear,
When past thy wooded banks, aye past the shore
That curbs the restless quest of moving waves,
Out to the night and sea unknown beyond
Thou speedest fast to meet the sea which laves
For one brief space, with gentle touch and fond,
The rocky feet of beetling cliffs, and sings
A gentle, crooning slumber-song that lulls
All nature to a tranquil sleep, then flings
To inky clouds the lying mask, and gulls,

With frighten'd scream, fly shoreward with mad haste,
 And waves dash in with fury, and uprise
 In seething, hissing spray, and all the waste
 Of darken'd waters is at strife and lies
 A vast tumultuous mass at war with earth,
 With God and man ; that madly leaps to drown
 The cliffs it lav'd anon, and with mad mirth
 Screams ribald laughter at the darksome frown
 Of stormclouds, as they ride upon the wind ;
 Then seeks to dash them from their seat on high
 And, tailing, sinks with baffled might, to find
 Fresh madness and fresh strength ? See, see the sky,
 O river, darkens o'er thy tomb ; the light,
 With quiv'ring pulse, is trembling o'er thy grave,
 As though it mourn'd thee. Look, look on the night !
 All shadow'd, cloak'd, and mystic, e'en the brave
 Might turn at such grim warning. Dost not fear ?
 Hast thou no dread of that calm, crafty sea,
 Across whose smiling face frowns may appear
 And chase away its light ? O river, flee,
 Return unto thy springs, where nature young
 Doth sport and gladden o'er the fresh green fields,
 Nor seek the sea, where strife hath flung
 All peace and rest behind it, and but yields
 Grim war and death in their calm stead. Still on !
 O river, change thy course, roll back and shun the sea ;
 Curb thy fierce haste—for thee the sun has shone,
 The birds have sung their songs of praise to thee ;
 The winds have play'd around thee with careas,
 Have woo'd thee gently ; river, let them plead,
 Return to them and let them once more bless,
 As when in youth thou sangst across the mead,
 And, in high glee, beneath the bending trees,
 Leap'st o'er the stones in playful sport ! O Dart,
 Remember all thy joys, consider these,
 And check e'en now thy madden'd quest, nor part
 With all thy life and strength. Still on ? Farewell.
 I shall not see thy face again ; alone,
 Out to the great, grim sea, drawn by a spell
 That lies upon us all, thou glidest ; grown,
 Ay, even thou, fair queen, in all thy might,
 Haggard and wan. Thou canst not change thy way,
 Fain though thou wouldest. Behold, the night
 Claims thee as bride and draws thee from the day.

* * *

Thrown at the foot of steep, stern hills, which rise
 With rugged grandeur from the sleeping Dart,
 Striving in vain to climb towards the skies,
 But, baffled, reaching scarcely to that part,
 Midway betwixt the foot and sun-kiss'd crest,
 Dartmouth lies cluster'd in the setting sun.
 Fair is the even ; from the warm flush'd west
 A gentle breeze mourns o'er the day now done ;
 O'er head, the sky, slow dark'ning in its blue,
 Holds not a cloud to dim its brilliancy ;
 Shoreward the birds, that at the morning flew
 To greet the dawn with passage swift and free,

Are slowly winging on their homeward way.
 Far out at sea, across the golden path
 That leads from earth to heaven, a few ships stray,
 And, as though dipt in some bright mystic bath,
 Are steep'd in liquid gold. A scene so fair,
 So full of rest, so full of praise to God
 For all its blessings, richly, proudly rare,
 Heap'd high on every hand, that God's stern rod
 Seems buried in a wealth of roses ; and its might,
 Grown acquiescent in the rule of love,
 Smiles on the scene ; for Winter, as the light
 Of Summer's last farewell shone from above,
 And, like a message of eternal peace,
 Kiss'd the fair scene it left behind with gold,
 Stood on the threshold, and, as the shades increase,
 Still halting stands, as though he deem'd it bold
 To change the scene and chill the soft west wind
 With some dim knowledge of his dreaded reign ;
 And thus the scene, to his near presence blind,
 Joys on as though his terrors were but vain.

* * *

Down to the river's marge, where fitful lights
 Gleam and grow pale and gleam again, and calls
 Born in the darkness of the shadow'd nights
 That brood upon its bosom like huge palls,
 Swell on the air, and faint, and rise again,
 Whisp'ring in awed, despairing tones which rise
 Upon the silent night as though grim pain
 Had wrung from quiv'ring lips those moaning
 cries,
 Like those of souls that cry aloud for peace
 And find no answer, come, with ling'ring tread
 As though they mark'd the length of way decrease
 With jealous eye, a youth and maid. His head,
 Bent o'er her upturn'd face is in deep shade,
 But on her cold white cheek the moon's soft beams
 Have cast a death-like veil ; her fair hair, stray'd
 In wantonness upon her brow, which gleams
 With marble whiteness 'neath its net of gold,
 Frames the pure oval of her cheek ; her eyes
 Shine like two stars from out her face full cold,
 As though her soul to their fair brink would rise
 And take its flight to mate with his ; her lips,
 Damp with his kisses, parted, half reveal
 The pearly whiteness of her teeth ; fair ships,
 Fashion'd by hands which, full of cunning, steal
 The very motion of the swan, might pale
 With jealous envy at her moving grace.
 "Fear not, sweet Gwen," he says ; "I shall not fail."
 But, as he speaks, roll down her upturn'd face
 Two trembling tears, that hang upon her cheek,
 Then sadly drop upon his unglov'd hand.
 "What, tears ! my Gwen ? Nay, nay, not tears : 'tis
 weak
 To weep o'er unknown dangers when our land,
 Aye, and 'fore God, our good King Charles and Queen
 Have sorrows that a sea of tears might flow,
 And flow in vain to move their weight. Between
 Your shining tears and me set you the blow

With which they murder'd him who lov'd you more
 Than ever man lov'd child before. Shrink not,
 Sweet Gwen ; think not of them with fear ; before
 The living God above, their limbs shall rot
 Beneath God's sky, e'er I will rest content.
 Not, not with fear, my love, but hate, hot hate,
 That in your bosom nurtur'd, warm'd, and pent,
 Shall rise and hurl them headlong to the gate
 Of blackest hell, think you of them. Your sire,
 The gentlest man that God e'er formed in clay,
 Cries from his bloody grave for vengeance dire
 Upon the craven rebels who that day
 Made of God's earth a slaughter house. Ah, Gwen,
 Your father was to me as near my heart
 As ever man to man. Shall I, too, then,
 Forget my wrongs and his, and bear a part
 In this accursed truce with them, like those
 Poor frightened fools who seek to keep their land
 By barter of their honour ; and to blows
 Return good words, and, trembling, shake their hand,
 All wet and reeking with his blood ! Nay, love,
 I were not worthy of thy thought or glance ;
 I were dishonoured 'fore my God above,
 Did I forget his wrongs and let my lance,
 My sword, and dagger rust, whilst my right arm
 Has strength to wield them still. Farewell, sweet
 Gwen,
 May all bright angels shield thee from alarm."

" Oh, must it be," she says, and sighs, and then
 With all her love and fear in tumult fierce,
 One heart-wrung cry escapes her trembling lips,
 And falters out upon the air, to pierce
 The shadows of the Dart, where ghost-like ships
 Loom vaguely large, and then in silence dies.

" My love, my life, you must not. Oh, my heart,
 Speak for me all those words you hold," she sighs ;
 A sigh so full of sorrow that the Dart,
 That flows beneath her feet, moans on its way
 As though in sympathy. " Oh, Claude, my life,
 Why must you go—why turn to night my day ?
 Think of my heart ; my poor, poor heart, this strife
 That rends our land has well nigh broke in twain.
 My father, oh, my God, I see him yet,
 As when I saw him that dark night, dead, slain,
 Nay, murder'd—oh, my Claude, his mantle wet
 With that warm blood that never cours'd too hot
 Within his veins for kindly thought or deed,
 His gentle hand all lifeless, and that blot
 Upon his breast ! I am not brave—a reed
 Has more of strength to battle with the breeze
 Than I to stand against this rebel host ;
 My very blood that should be hot doth freeze
 With fear at ev'ry empty sounding boast.
 My heart, that should be stiffen'd with my woe,
 Has turned to water, and my poor weak lips
 Have lost their art to speak through trembling so.
 I have no strength but that my faint heart sips
 From your brave soul, when I to you am near.
 Oh, Claude, my father dead and you no more,
 I shall be dead with very weight of fear.
 When in the midst of night the tempests roar,

And all the earth doth wage grim sounding war,
 My ear will catch your voice, grown hoarse in
 death,
 Calling aloud for me ; and I, so far
 Forc'd from your side, with every trembling breath,
 Will learn how great an agony is love,
 When love has made dull fear sharp edg'd and
 keen ;
 I shall read death upon the sky above,
 And conjure portents from the earth's fair green.
 The gentlest breeze will fright me with its breath ;
 The tranquil river, gliding to its rest,
 Will wail to me an awesome song of death ;
 And whispers rising in the shadow'd west
 Will haunt me with their mutter'd words ; and trees
 Will bend them down, and in my list'ning ear
 Moan forth dead secrets told them by the breeze,
 Until my very soul is bound in fear."
 Ceasing, she gazes at him with her eyes
 Full of her soul's wild longing and dull dread,
 Her bosom heaving like the fall and rise
 Of troubled waters when the light has fled,
 And night oppresses with its weighted gloom.
 Silent he moves towards the rushing tide,
 Which ever on is gliding to its doom,
 And she with falter'ring footsteps by his side,
 Keeps ever near. Twice does he pause to speak,
 And twice a groan, half strangl'd, cleaves the air.
 " How poor a heart have I, my God ; how wea :
 Doth love grown fearful, sicklied o'er with care,
 Make e'en the strong," wrung from his burning
 heart,
 As though the burden of his thought did force
 His very quiv'ring bloodless lips apart,
 The words fall on her ear—his voice grown hoarse,
 Is strange, unhuman, and his quick-drawn breath
 Comes fitful, like the breath of one in pain.
 " Who is my guide to-night ? It may be death,
 And love, e'en love, may by his hand be slain :
 Love or my honour, this to-night my choice ;
 Love holds me chain'd and yet I fain would go.
 Oh, love, forget thy fears and with thy voice,
 Untr-mbling, point me to my duty ; show
 Even to me, oh, love, that honour fair
 Is but thine other self, that honour's way
 Illumin'd by thy light is robb'd of care,
 And night, dark night, is turn'd to joyous day."
 Low and yet clear, as though her soul did speak
 The words her lips refus'd, her accents steal
 Upon the silence of the night, not weak,
 But weighted with the anguish that they feel.
 " Go," and then she pauses, " and with you God."
 He starts and turns ; her face is drawn and cold,
 Her proud head bow'd, as though beneath a rod,
 But from her eyes a light, nor sad, nor bold,
 Nor like to aught of earth, shines out on him,
 And he, all wond'ring, stands in silence by.
 As though from out the shadow'd night world dim,
 An angel voice had spoken from on high.
 Then falling on his knee, with head all bare,
 Slowly he raises to his lips her hand,

The little hand he loves, so small, so fair,
 That is by him more lov'd than his own land,
 The land for which his heart for ever aches ;
 And she, with holy smile, bends o'er his head,
 Smiles down on him, e'en though her full heart
 breaks.
 A moment thus he kneels, no vain words said,
 No marring of their silent vows by sound,
 And then he springs upon his feet and strides
 Into the clinging night that folds him round,
 And from her straining gaze in silence hides.
 Passive she stands, the holy light died out,
 The rapt, exalted gaze passed from her face,
 A look of fear, the grey, drear dawn of doubt
 Born in her eyes, the saint-like heav'nly grace,
 Dead as the ashes of a burnt-out fire.
 "Oh, Claude, my Claude, the night is dark, so
 dark,
 The wind makes moan upon the trees' sad lyre,
 The waves of fear are heaving round my bark :
 See how they rise ; I am alone, alone.
 No one to guide—I drift, I drift to death,
 The air is loud with cries, the breezes moan,
 I hear a dirge, sung low, with bated breath.
 Hark ! Do you hear ? It is your song they sing ;
 My Claude, my Claude, the river mocks at me,
 I cannot see you, though the night winds ring
 Louder and louder still with dirges. See !
 A still, white face from out the shrouded night,
 And lips that call my name upon the wind ;
 Oh, God, my God, blot out the mystic sight ;
 I dare not look ; oh, let mine eyes be blind !
 'Tis gone ; there is nothing but empty air,
 The river, wrapt in darkness, rushes by,
 My brain all madden'd did the vision bare ;
 The wailing call was but a seagull's cry."

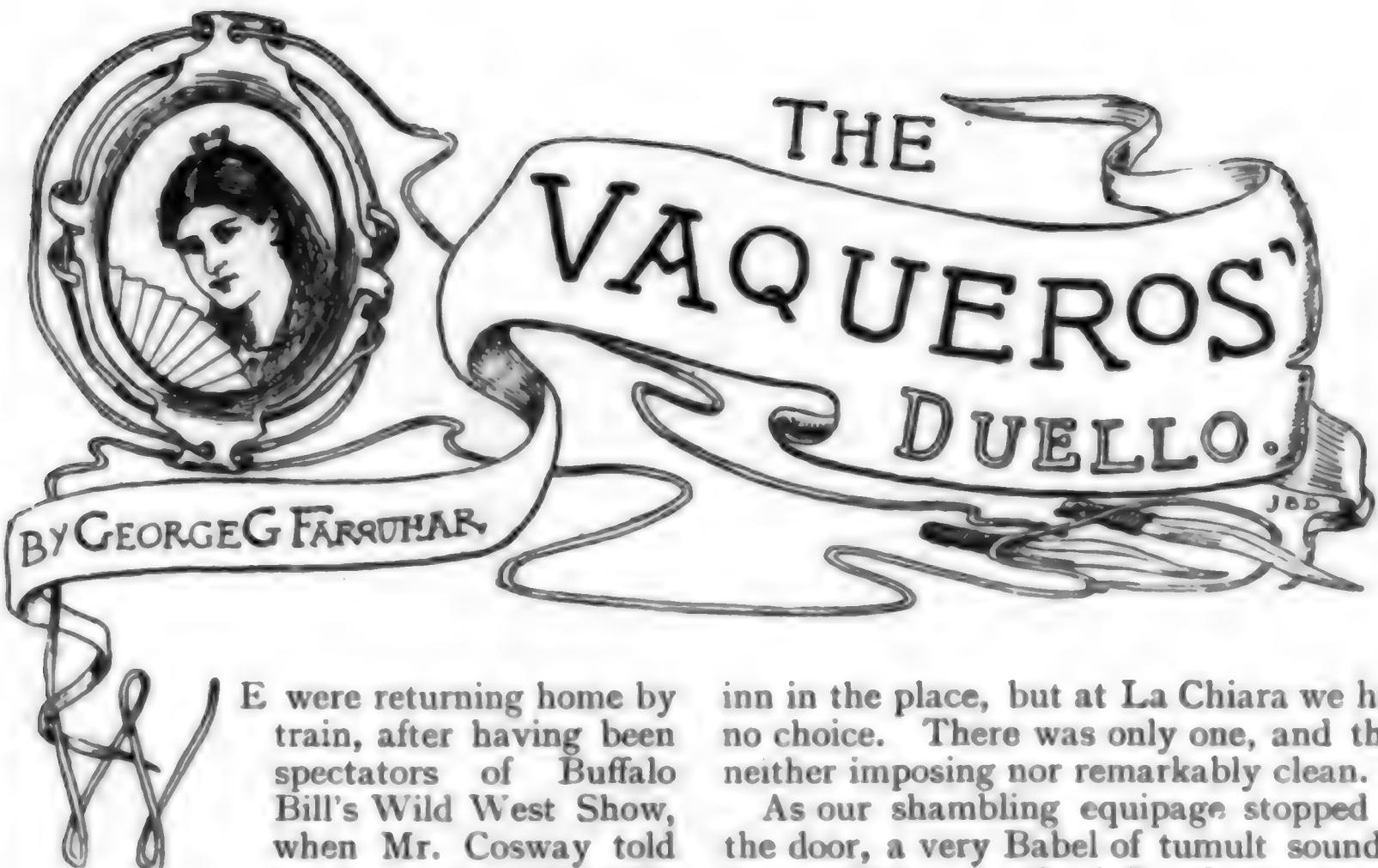
* * *

An angry surf and heavy brooding sky,
 A ceaseless moaning by the sullen sea ;
 A fretful wail from sea-birds winging by,
 A dreary dawning as the night mists flee.
 Out to the silence of the dark'ning waste
 Of brooding waters, drifting, lifeless, still,
 Unmov'd, unwitting ever now, of haste,
 Or love, or hate, of loving sounds or shrill,
 With mantle swelling on the halting tide,
 Or idly wrapping round the cold, dead heart ;
 With lips so still, as though they ne'er had sigh'd,
 Or utter'd vows of love, or borne a part
 In the grim play of life that ends in tears ;
 With heedless quest, a burden slowly glides.
 The cold, white face, upstaring, knows no fears ;
 The lifeless hand that by the body rides
 Upon the heaving waves, with hideous show
 Of action, is for ever dead ; his eyes
 With sad, salt tears of sea-birth, ever flow ;
 In passive peace the calm, still body lies.
 A sudden blow, a strangling of the breath,
 A sharp, swift battle with the icy wave,
 A cry that echo'd into silence—death :
 The last, long slumber of th' eternal grave.

* * *

Love and grim death, and death the stronger call,
 Death knows no love, and yet those staring eyes
 That blindly gaze at Heaven's lurid pall,
 Were soften'd once with love's sweet joys and sighs,
 Love unto death, so swift the passage fleet,
 As passing of a cloud before the sun ;
 Now drifting out where sea and cloudland meet,
 Unwitting of the thronging hours that run.
 Love waiteth still, shall wait, for ever wait,
 And hope grow faint and fainter, yet not die ;
 Wait on for him who never soon nor late,
 Shall, coming, cease her mourning or her sigh.

WALTER E. GROGAN.



E were returning home by train, after having been spectators of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, when Mr. Cosway told me the story. Naturally the stirring events we had just witnessed served as a hinge for our conversation, in the course of which I happened to remark upon the wondrous adroitness shown by the cowboys in the use of the lasso.

"Very skilful," agreed my friend, who, by the way, was a retired railway contractor. "It brought back to my mind a highly exciting incident I saw in Mexico, twenty-three years ago. Never heard it, say you? Well, if you care to listen, I'll tell you the particulars."

I settled myself comfortably in the corner of the carriage, and my companion began.

At the time, I was one of the party engaged in surveying the country for the projected Mihtepec-Tuesca line. We had completed rather more than half the survey when our tired horses, with the jolting, springless bullock-cart that contained our baggage and instruments, crawled into La Chiara, a pretty but vile-smelling little town of adobe brick. Generally, we took up our quarters at the most pretentious

inn in the place, but at La Chiara we had no choice. There was only one, and that neither imposing nor remarkably clean.

As our shambling equipage stopped at the door, a very Babel of tumult sounded from within; in the lulls of cheers and laughter—boisterous and derisive—two voices rose in angry altercation. Our entrance attracted no notice from the agitated crowd inside; even the swart-skinned *posadero* was too engrossed in what was going forward to attend to our wants. In the middle of the group, separated by half a dozen paces, stood two young fellows, dressed in buckskin breeches and short, black jackets, the typical dress of the *vaquero*, their scowling brows shaded by wide silver-corded sombreros. The passionate glances that shot from their black eyes, their flushed faces and clenched fists, at once told us that theirs was the quarrel. Theirs, too, were the stormy voices we had heard.

"Ah, you had him there, Manuel," exclaimed a bystander.

"Not he," cried one of the disputants fiercely. "She never said that—never!"

"I say she did," rejoined Manuel, hotly.

"And I tell you to your teeth, it is false—false!"

"*Por Baccho*, I will not take that from you," returned the other, lugging out his

bowie-knife. "You shall answer for that."

"I'm ready," was the choleric reply, and the speaker also drew his knife.

"No, no," said a burly Mexican, interposing his person between them. "The open is better suited for gentlemen. We must have the duello of the vaqueros."

This proposal met with instant cries of approval.

"Yes, yes. Diego is right. The vaqueros' duello!"

The would-be combatants at once acquiesced in the general wish, and put up their knives. Followed by their turbulent friends, they then left the *posada*.

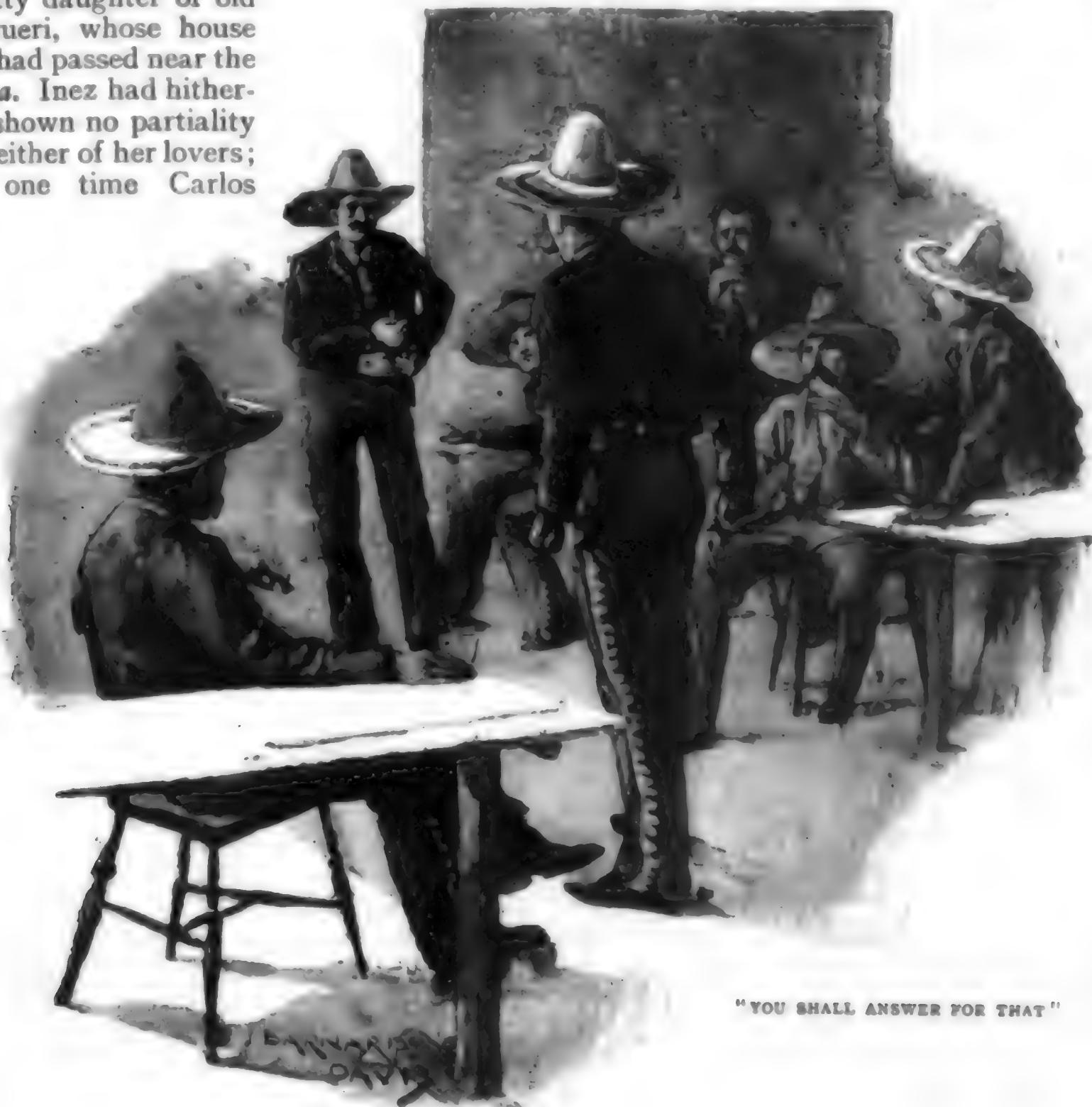
Our arrangements with the *posadero* were soon made; from him we gleaned the nature and cause of the hubbub. It was another case of *cherchez la femme*. Manuel Putura and Carlos Cingeti were both of them candidates for the hand of Inez, the pretty daughter of old Farueri, whose house we had passed near the *plaza*. Inez had hitherto shown no partiality for either of her lovers; at one time Carlos

seemed in favour, and at another, he was ousted to make room for Manuel. The hatred born of rivalry had long been maturing, but till now the two had never openly quarrelled. Whatever the ostensible one, the true cause of the rupture was not open to doubt.

"And now they're about to decide the question by the *duello*," added our informant, with a shrug of his shoulders. "They meet in half-an-hour's time on the Llano del Rio, señors."

I had heard of the characteristic duels of the vaqueros, though I had never been present at one. This was too good an opportunity to let slip, and in this opinion my Yankee friend, Ephraim Y. Gast, agreed with me. Accordingly, we decided to ride out and watch the proceedings.

Directed by our host, we easily found the place appointed for the strange encounter. The llano, a rolling tract of



"YOU SHALL ANSWER FOR THAT"



AT LAST CARLOS THREW.

prairie-like country, stretched northward from La Chiara for miles; the scant herbage, parched by the hot sun, was dotted at intervals by clumps of manzanita and sage-brush. To our left the distant horizon terminated in the jagged peaks of the Sierra Datura.

A score of men were already there, awaiting the appearance of the principals. They had not long to wait, for presently the two young Mexicans, mounted and spurred and accompanied by several caballeros, were seen approaching.

Little time was lost in arranging preliminaries. Diego, the brawny vaquero who had intervened in the hostelry, took upon himself the direction of affairs. Handing a lasso to each of the belligerents, he rode out with them some distance, finally stationing them about fifty yards apart. Returning to the spectators, he wheeled his horse round and raised his hand. That was the signal.

Whirling the lariats aloft, Manuel and Carlos circled round each other on the alert for a favourable moment in which to make the cast. Round and round they went, each keenly noting the other's slightest movement. Now they galloped, now they stopped dead; the horses curvetted, pranced and flung up the dry earth till the red cloud of dust almost hid them from sight. At last Carlos threw. The cast missed its mark, Manuel pulling up his mustang sharp. Immediately Carlos dug his spurs into his horse's flanks and urged it at full speed across the plain, hauling in his lasso as he fled. His foe went helter-skelter after him; but, before Manuel could get within hurling distance, Carlos had effected his end. Again the loop of the riata swung over his head, and the more wary tactics were repeated.

Suddenly Manuel threw. The lasso settled over the neck of the animal Carlos bestrode.

"Hold, hold!" cried the onlookers.
"The man, not the horse."

Bending forward, Carlos released the lariat, and the singular contest began afresh. Once more Manuel made a cast. This time the raw-hide fell over Carlos's shoulders. The *peons* burst into a cheer.

"He's got him!" they yelled exultantly.
"Viva Manuel!"

Their outcry was premature, for Carlos, with a swift motion of his arm, flung the lasso from him before it could be drawn taut. The wild race across the llano was repeated, Manuel hurriedly gathering in the trailing rope.

He had regained possession of it when his horse, unexpectedly swerving, caused him to lower his arm for a moment. That action was fatal to him. The snake-like coil shot from Carlos' hand, straight and swift as a bird's flight, the noose falling over the body of his adversary. Manuel tried to free himself as Carlos had done, but with less success. He had wriggled the rope from his waist up to his elbows, to his shoulders, when Carlos pulled his horse back upon its haunches. The lasso tightened round the neck of his rival who, jerked from the saddle, was pitched heavily to the ground.

With a fierce scream of triumph, Carlos turned his horse, clapped spurs into it, and rode off at headlong speed, dragging the inanimate body behind him over the plain. I shall never forget the thrill of horror that passed through me at the sight.

"Great Powers, Gast," I exclaimed to my companion, "surely he doesn't intend to maim and strangle the fellow in that brutal fashion!"

"He sha'n't, anyhow, I guess," said Gast, "if I can help it."

With that, he galloped out from the group towards the jubilant Carlos. Intercepting him at a turn in the irregular circle he was describing, Gast pulled out his knife and severed the riata as Carlos dashed past. Instantly a cry of mingled rage and dismay burst from the throats of the excited Mexicans; they advanced upon Gast with threatening gestures. I hastened to his side, and we both laid our hands upon our revolvers. Fortunately, there was no occasion to use them.

"*Bueno!*" said Diego, stooping over Manuel's body. "It does not matter. He is dead!"

It was true. The fall from his horse had broken his neck, and Manuel was dead.

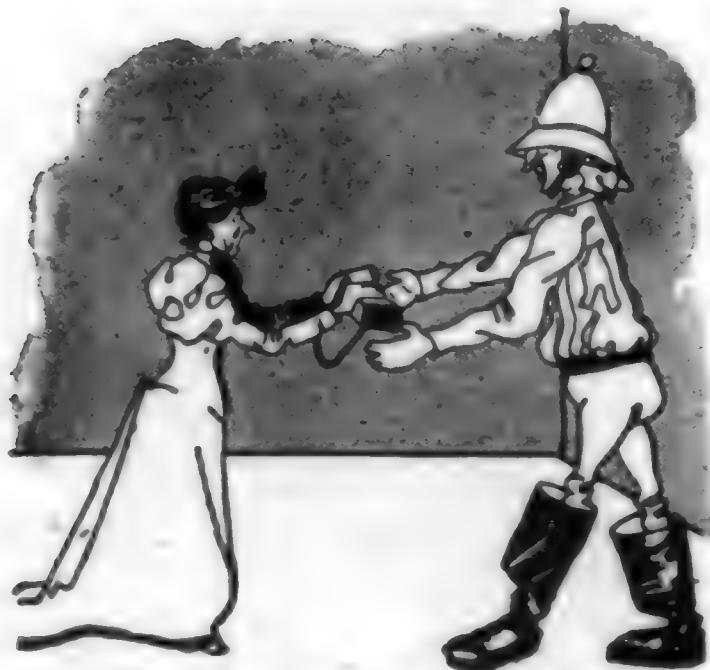
This satisfactory issue seemed to mollify the irate "greasers," who contented themselves with darting black looks after us as we rode off. Our officious interference in this *affaire d'honneur*, however, was never forgotten and never forgiven. I, for one, was glad enough when our business in La Chiara came to an end.

Did the señorita marry the victor, you ask? Well, I never took the trouble to inquire, but I've no doubt she did. On all sides he was reckoned a hero, and I suppose Inez viewed the matter from the general standpoint.



"IT DOES NOT MATTER. HE IS DEAD."

A WIFE'S TENDER THOUGHTFULNESS;
Or, The Explorer's Escape.



1. "Good-bye, my dear ; take these cigars,
and when you smoke them think of me."



2. "Dear, dear, how you startled me."



3. "Excuse me, but I have a particular
appointment to keep."



4. But they would not let him leave them thusly.



5. "Ya, ya ; we will hab a cigar before we scalp the paleface."



6. "I thought those cigars would fix the
I'll take this beggar home for my museum."

Whispers from the Woman's World.

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.



THE EVOLUTION OF FASHION. CURIOS HEAD-GEAR.

PART III.

"Here in her hair
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs."
The Merchant of Venice.

OLY Writ simply teems with allusions to the luxuriant tresses of the fair daughters of the East, and there is little doubt that at an early period in the world's history women awakened to the fact that a well-tired head was a very potent attraction, and had a recognized market value. Jewish women were particularly famed in this respect, and employed female barbers, who, with the aid of crisping pins, horns and towers, prepared their clients for conquest. These jewelled horns were generally made of the precious metals, and the position denoted the condition of the wearer. A married woman had it fixed on the right side of the head, a widow on the left, and she who was still an unappropriated blessing on the very crown. Over the horn the veil was thrown coquettishly, as in the illustration. Assyrian women delighted in long ringlets, confined by a band of metal, and the men were not above the weakness of plaiting gold wire with their beards. Rimmel, in "The Book of Perfumes," relates a curious anecdote of Mausolus, King of Caria, who turned his people's fondness for flowing locks to account when his exchequer required replenishing. "Having first had a quantity of wigs made and stored in the royal warehouses, he published an



EGYPTIAN HEAD-DRESS.



ANCIENT JEWISH HEAD-DRESS.

edict compelling all his subjects to have their heads shaved. A few days after, the monarch's agents went round, offering them the perukes destined to cover their denuded polls, which they were delighted to buy at any price." It is not surprising that Artemisia could not console herself for the loss of such a clever husband, and that, not satisfied with drinking his ashes dissolved in wine, she spent some of her lamented lord's ill-gotten revenue in building such a monument to his memory that it was counted one of the wonders of the world.

The Egyptians were also partial to wigs, some of which are still preserved in the British Museum. Ladies wore a multitude of small plaits and jewelled headpieces resembling peacocks and other animals, which contrasted with their



ANCIENT GRECIAN.

have been discovered combs resembling the modern tooth-comb, and metal mirrors of precisely the same shape as those in use at the present day, as well as numerous other toilet appliances.

Grecian sculpture affords us the opportunity of studying the different modes in favour in that country, and it is astonishing to find what a variety of methods were adopted by the belles of ancient Greece for enhancing their charms. A loose knot, fastened by a clasp in the form of a grasshopper, was a favourite fashion. Cauls of network, metal mitres of different designs, and simple bands, and sometimes chaplets, of flowers, all confined, at different periods, the luxuriant locks of the Helens, Penelopes and Xantippes of ancient times.

It was a common custom among heathen nations to consecrate to their gods the hair when cut off, as well as that growing on the head, and

dark tresses with brilliant effect; or a fillet ornamented with a lotus bud. The coiffure of a princess was remarkable for its size and the abundance of animal, vegetable and mineral treasures with which it was adorned. In Egyptian tombs and elsewhere

small wooden

it was either consumed on the altar, deposited in temples, or hung upon the trees. A famous instance of the consecration of hair is that of Berenice, the wife of Ptolemy Evergetes. It is related that when the king went on his expedition to Syria, she, solicitous for his safety, made a vow to consecrate her hair (which was remarkable for its fineness and beauty) to Venus, if he returned to her. When her husband came back, she kept her word, and offered her hair in the temple of Cyprus. This was afterwards missing, when a report was spread that it had been turned into a constellation in the heavens, which constellation, an old writer tells us, is called *Coma Berenices* (the hair of Berenice) to the present day. Another remarkable instance is that of Nero, who, according to Suetonius, cut off his first beard, put it in a casket of gold set with jewels, and consecrated it to Jupiter Capitolinus.

The hair of the head and beard appears to have been held in great respect by most nations, and perhaps we may trace the use of human hair in spells and incantations to this fact. Orientals especially treat the hair which falls from them with superstitious care, and bury it, so that no one shall use it to their prejudice.

Roman matrons generally preferred blonde hair to their own ebon tresses, and resorted to wigs and dye when Nature, as they considered, had treated them unkindly. Ovid rebukes a lady of his acquaintance in the plainest terms for having destroyed her hair.

"Did I not tell you to leave off dyeing your hair? Now you have no hair left to dye; and yet nothing was handsomer than your locks: they came down to your knees, and were so fine that you were afraid to comb them. Your own hand has been the cause of the loss you deplore: you poured the poison on your own head.



ANCIENT ROMAN.



ENGLISH HEAD-DRESS OF 13TH CENTURY.



HORNED HEAD-DRESS OF 15TH CENTURY.
FROM EFFIGY OF COUNTESS OF ARUNDEL IN ARUNDEL CHURCH.

Now Germany will send you slaves' hair—a vanquished nation will supply your ornament. How many times, when you hear people praising the beauty of your hair, you will blush and say to yourself: 'It is bought ornament to which I owe my beauty, and I know not what Sicambrian virgin they are admiring in me. And yet there was a time when I deserved all these compliments.'"

It would puzzle any *fin de siècle* husband or brother to express his displeasure in more appropriate words than those chosen by the poet.



EARLY TUDOR HEAD-DRESS.

The Britons, before they mixed with other nations, were a fair-haired race, and early writers refer to their washing their auburn tresses in water boiled with lime to increase the reddish colour. Boadicea is described with flowing locks which fell upon her shoulders; but after the Roman Invasion the hair of both men and women followed the fashion of the conquerors.

From Planche's "History of British



STEEPLE HEAD-DRESS OF 15TH CENTURY.



HORNED HEAD-DRESS OF EDWARD IV.'S REIGN.

Costume" we learn that "the female head-dress among all classes of the Anglo-Saxons was a long piece of linen or silk wrapped round the head and neck." It appears to have been called a head-rail, or wimple, but was dispensed with in the house, as the hair was then as cherished an ornament as at the present day. A wife described by Adhelm, Bishop of Sherborne, who wrote in the eighth century, is said to have had "twisted locks, delicately curled by the iron"; and in the poem of "Judith" the heroine is called "the maid of the Creator, with twisted locks." Two long plaits were worn by Norman ladies, and were probably adopted by our own countrywomen after the Conquest.

During the Middle Ages feminine head-gear underwent many changes. Golden nets, and linen bands closely pinned round the hair and chin, were followed by steeple-shaped erections and horned head-dresses in a variety of shapes, of which the accompanying sketches will give a better idea than any written description.

During the sixteenth century matrons adopted either a pointed hood, composed of velvet or other rich fabric, often edged with fur, a close-fitting coif, or the French cap to be seen in the portraits of the unhappy Mary Stuart. Those who were unmarried had their hair simply braided and embellished with knots of ribbon, strings of pearls, or Nature's most beautiful adornment for the maiden—sweet-scented flowers.

AN IDEAL SUMMER-HOUSE.

Only those who are compelled to spend the greater part of their existence sur-

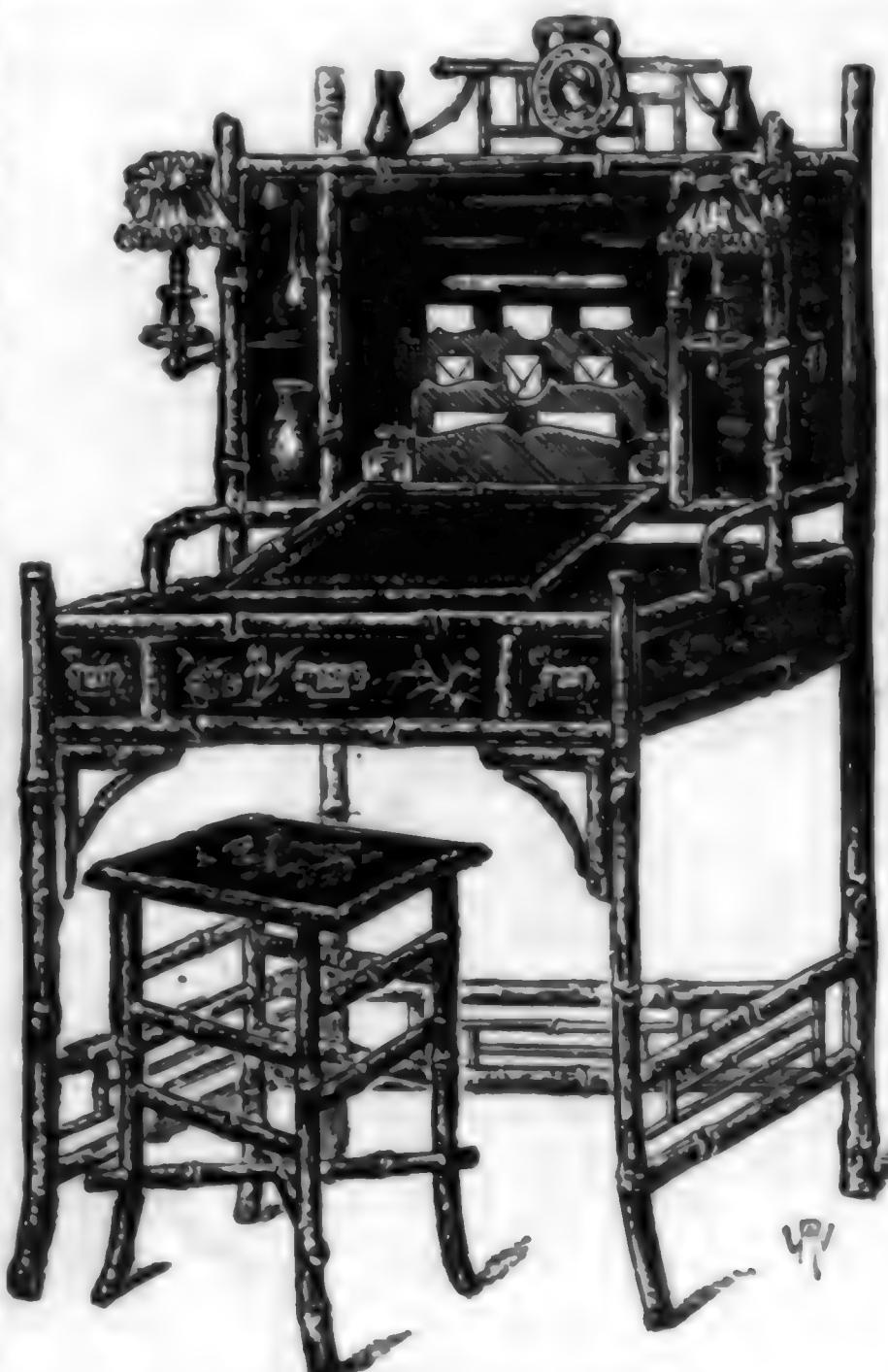


BAMBOO BOOKCASE.

rounded by the bricks and mortar and dust and traffic of a great city can properly appreciate the charms of the country, with

its pure air, luxuriant verdure and that aspect of repose so soothing to the jaded health, weary muscles and over-strung nerves of residents in towns. A few weeks spent in Arcadian simplicity during the warmest days of summer renew one's lease of life, and fit one to return to the daily task and common round which form so large a part of the average woman's existence.

How calmly one sleeps in the dainty dimity-draped bedroom, sweet with the scent of lavender. What abnormal appetites are developed for strawberries and cream, brown bread and butter, poultry and vege-



PRETTY BAMBOO WRITING-TABLE

tables—even for plebeian eggs and bacon, which in town we should pass by with lofty scorn. How delightful the drives through narrow lanes, darkened by meeting branches; to glide down the stream without an effort, or to recline in a hammock in the shadiest corner of the garden. I have such a garden in my mind's eye; not conventionally laid out pleasure grounds, but a real, old-fashioned garden, surrounding a sixteenth-century house in Midlothian. What sheltered walks and mossy turf; what giant trees, bushy shrubs and quaint flowers. Lilies, forget-me-not, mignonette, stocks, lupins, peonies and roses of every sort and kind perfume the air; and on an eminence is perched one of the prettiest summer-houses the heart of woman could desire—a perfect bower of rural creepers, and French windows opening on to a verandah, with hanging flower-baskets, tiled walls and flooring of mosaic. And such a charming interior, capable of accommodating at least a dozen people. The walls are entirely covered with Chinese matting, and the ceiling is of old oak. An Oriental carpet is also surrounded with matting, and the furniture mainly consists of this material combined with bamboo. A few basket chairs and a deck lounge have poppy chintz-covered cushions, and the windows are draped with cream coloured muslin, edged with double frills. A small book-case is supplied with the latest novels, and at a pretty little writing-table one can, if necessary, despatch a hasty note without returning to the house. The tiled hearth is a mass of ferns and marguerites, and these flowers, with poppies, are arranged in curious blue and white ornaments evidently of Eastern origin. Two or three small tables serve for tea or an after-dinner rubber, and one has a cun-

ning contrivance for spirit decanters, glasses, cards, etc.

In one corner there is a piano; another is occupied by a standard lamp attached to a table with a series of small shelves; and a hammered iron and brass kettle, with a spirit lamp, suggests the cup that cheers.

It is needless to say that this charming retreat, half boudoir, half smoking-room, is seldom empty, and is quite as popular with visitors as with the family. Here they come to read the morning papers, to enjoy a quiet siesta or to lounge away the summer hours with some congenial spirit, fanned by balmy breezes, soothed by the song of birds, and surrounded by all that is beautiful in Nature.*

THE SUMMER FASHIONS.

Already there are indications that the season of 1894 is on the wane. Balls, dinners, receptions and countless social functions follow each other with feverish haste, for all are conscious that there is still much to do and little time to do it in. The question, "When did you come to town?" with which we were constantly greeted a month since, now takes the form "Where are you going and when shall we meet again?" Our friends, with one consent, seem determined to go away with the smallest delay possible, some not even waiting for Goodwood. Scotland, Cowes, the Continent, all have their separate contingents, while others wander further afield and have planned delightful American tours, or have even arranged during the next six months to put a girdle round the earth—a simple



A NEW DINNER GOWN.

* For the drawings of the bookcase and writing-table I am indebted to Messrs. Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, London.

matter now so many facilities are offered to the travelling public. Before leaving town, whatever our condition or estate may be, it is absolutely necessary to renew our wardrobes, and from the Duchess to the sempstress who works for her Grace, there is one universal cry of nothing to wear. The dresses chosen for the purpose of illustrating this article have been selected with a view to their capabilities for packing. Nothing is more irritating to the most placid temper than to find at the end of a journey that a gown, in which one wishes to make a first appearance is crushed out of recognition, and absolutely denuded of its pristine freshness. Fabrics with some resisting power, such as brocade, Irish poplin, bengaline and the thicker makes of silk are better adapted for evening gowns when we are away from home than those composed of chiffon, muslin and the finer kinds of lace. Crêpon may be looked upon as the exception which proves the rule. If entirely of wool and a good quality, it will last fresh for a considerable time. The long range of Liberty fabrics are also invaluable, and all who visited the recent silk exhibition at Stafford House must have been convinced that we need not go abroad for dainty dress materials, when English manufacturers, wise in their generation, are doing so much for us in this respect. For morning gowns the thinner makes of cloth and serge are admirably adapted. Homespuns have been brought out in a variety of new colourings, and never were tiny checks and shepherd's plaids in such demand. Our old friend, alpaca, is once more to the fore, and its bright

surface seems to have a singular power of resisting dust—a circumstance which makes it specially suitable for travelling costumes.

The dinner dress is made with an accordion-pleated skirt of Irish poplin, the exact shade of a buttercup. Black silk guipure is used on the bodice and drapery, and the looped bertha, of novel design, is of yellow velvet.

The visiting costume, which would also answer for flower shows, race meetings, or similar functions, is of *eau de Nil* cloth, slightly flecked with silver. The bodice has full puffed sleeves, confined at the elbow by a bow of moiré ribbon, which is used on the yoke in conjunction with silver passementerie. The hat is of *eau de Nil* felt, trimmed with bows of ribbon and plumes of shaded feathers.

The yachting costume is of finest navy serge. The round skirt has three rows of closely-twisted pale blue and navy silk cord. The vest, cuffs and sailor collar are of Cambridge blue corded silk, and the latter is fastened by a bow of ribbon, repeating the two colours. A similar band is also used for the hat.

Millinery this year has not been so pretty as usual. Close-fitting Puritan bonnets are rarely becoming, either to children or adults, and both these and hats have been loaded with flowers of brightest hue, which rarely harmonised, and often presented a garish and bizarre appearance, to which, happily, the wearers appeared quite oblivious. Lace hats, which are pretty enough



A YACHTING COSTUME.



A SMART VISITING COSTUME.

in themselves, have been produced in such cheap qualities that they are absolutely eschewed by those who have a reputation for good dressing to keep up, and who have transferred their allegiance to delicately-tinted straw chapeaux, some of which have crowns of gold or silver tissue delicately wrought with the needle.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It is invidious to draw comparisons, particularly when, as in the case of our own Royal Family, each member is zealous in good works. But if there is one daughter of the Queen more beloved than another, surely it is Princess Christian, who never turns a deaf ear to any appeal which is made to her where the welfare of her own sex is concerned. At the recent bazaar at South Kensington, Her Royal Highness, notwithstanding the many demands upon her time during the London season, devoted three entire afternoons to her stall, and considerably augmented the funds of that admirable institution by the energy she displayed, coupled with her gracious manner and comely presence. Among the largest purchasers was Her Imperial Highness the Duchess of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, who attended the sale on the second day. The extensive suite of rooms were filled with antique furniture, exquisite pottery, quaint copper and brass, and lovely embroideries of every description, which were under the charge of the ladies of the Committee. The tea-room was charmingly decorated with white fluted muslin, and festoons of ivy and smilax. At the upper end of the apartment (where Princess Christian's tea-table was placed), garlands were crossed from side to side and interlaced so as to form a perfect network, and made the prettiest ceiling imaginable. Ivy trails wreathed the muslin walls, and a rich touch of colour was introduced by large bowls of pink and crimson peonies, and banks and pyramids of ferns. The gas brackets were garlanded with ivy, and suspended from them were China baskets filled with marguerites and asparagus fronds. At intervals round the room were Annunciation lilies in art pots, and these beautiful flowers were also used for the table decorations. The effect was so good and might so easily be imitated for a ball-room or for the tent so often used for wedding breakfasts, that I have given the fullest details

for the benefit of our country readers. I should like them also to know that there is a lending library of designs in connection with the school for all kinds of art work, including embroidery, bent iron and repoussé metal, wood-carving, etc., particulars of which may be obtained if enquirers will send a stamped envelope for reply addressed to the secretary of the Artists' Guild, Royal School of Art Needle-work, South Kensington. To those who desire to choose pretty presents at a moderate price, or to add artistic furniture to their houses, I can confidently recommend the School of Needlework, which possesses an unrivalled collection of art treasures, among which will be found specimens of Chippendale, Sheraton and Flemish furniture, curious pottery and antiquities in brass and copper.

* * *

As President, Her Royal Highness Princess Christian recently visited the Writers' Club, which has removed to new and more commodious premises at Hastings House, Norfolk Street, Strand. Nearly all the members were present, and the committee had also invited several distinguished guests to meet Her Royal Highness. These included the Duchess of Buckingham, Lady Barnby, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mrs. Linnaeus Banks, Mrs. Randolph Clay, Madame Sarah Grand, Madame Belloe, Mrs. Fenwick-Miller, Mrs. Haweis, Mrs. Burnett Smith (Annie Swan), Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Zangwill, Mr. Burgin, Mr. Alexander, etc. A tastefully furnished drawing-room, a writing-room and dressing-room have been provided for the members, and luncheons, dinners and afternoon tea can also be obtained from the housekeeper. The Friday afternoons have become a popular institution, affording as they do opportunities for the members to become better acquainted with each other, for exchanging ideas on congenial topics, and for introducing friends to the club. Lady Jeune, Miss Florence Routledge, B.A. (hon. sec.), and the Committee have shown in the most practical manner the interest they feel in this institution, and have spared no efforts to render their work a success. Those who desire to join should write to Miss Routledge at the Writers' Club. The subscription is one guinea per annum, and one guinea entrance fee.

One of the most important functions of the present season was the brilliant banquet and reception by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, in aid of the Royal Eye Hospital, at the Grafton Galleries. A programme of instrumental and vocal music was arranged for the amusement of the guests, who evidently derived considerable pleasure from listening to it and from examining the types of female beauty adorning the walls, with the magnificent collection of lace and other curiosities. The Lady Mayoress, who carried a lovely bouquet of exotics, was becomingly gowned in silver-grey satin, trimmed with white chiffon and small steel sequins. Lady Evans was in white corded silk, with berthe and sleeves of emerald velvet. Mrs. John Fulleylove had a handsome dress of black grosgrain, with a garniture of black lace; and Miss Bird wore a gown of rich brocade. This entertainment and the dramatic matinée given by permission of Mr. Henry Irving at the Lyceum Theatre on June 20th, at which Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Letty Lind, Madame Marian Mackenzie, Miss Maude MacCarthy (the child violinist), Mr. G. Grossmith, Mr. Bishop and others gave their services, will doubtless result in a very considerable increase to the funds of a most deserving charity.

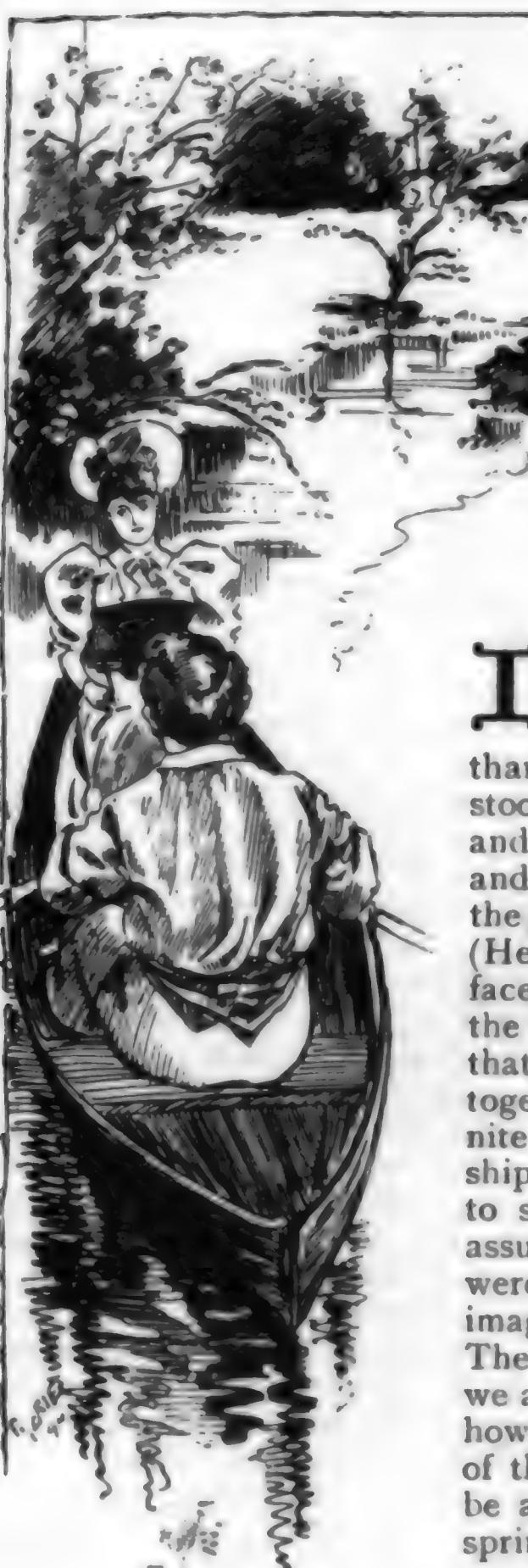
* * *

At the annual meeting of the Children's Country Holiday Fund, held at the Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Metropole (and over which the Duke of Fife presided), a very strong appeal was made for the waifs and strays of the Metropolis, to whom a fortnight in fresh country air is a priceless boon. During 1893 twenty-eight thousand five hundred and eighty-nine children were sent away from London, for not less than a fortnight, to country cottages, where they shared the home life of rustic families, and obtained a closer acquaintance with country objects and pursuits than they could do in institutions. The parents are asked to contribute according to their means, and last year paid £6,393—more than one-third of the cost, which is only just over 12s. 9d. a head, including all expenses of transit and organisation. Sub-

scriptions may be sent to the Treasurer, the Hon. Alfred Lyttleton, 10, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

* * *

I paid a visit recently to Alderman Treloar's carpet warehouse, Ludgate Hill, and in a couple of hours, spent in inspecting floor coverings of every description, I obtained more information respecting the productions of English and foreign looms than I should get in the course of a lifetime from ordinary observation. Persian and Indian carpets, which are so popular, are made by hand on an ordinary weaver's frame, and without the assistance of steam power. Of the coarser kinds a workman can do about six inches, eighteen inches wide, in a day, but for the finer specimens much longer is required. Cotton is generally used for the Hindoos, and wool for the Mahomedans, and the latter, in some parts of the East, introduce silk and gold thread into carpets intended for shrines. The colours formerly employed were imperishable, but the introduction of aniline dyes into Persia a few years since threatened to ruin the textile fabrics of that country. The Government, however, very wisely have strictly forbidden their use. Brussels carpets, which have a looped surface, are too well known to need any description. They are principally made in Glasgow, Kidderminster and Halifax, and the process of manufacture is similar to that used for velvet pile, with the exception that in the latter the loops are cut and damped and passed over steam drums to raise the wool and to give them a soft appearance. Kidderminster carpet, as its name denotes, was first made about one hundred and fifty years ago at a village in Worcestershire, now a flourishing town. Though making carpets is still the staple industry, that particular kind is now only produced there to a small extent, this trade having been removed to Scotland during the present century. It is not, however, with carpets only that Messrs. Treloar and Sons concern themselves. They have immense stocks of linoleum, floorcloth, cocoanut, Chinese and other mattings—in fact, of all sorts of fabrics adapted for floor coverings.



INCIDENTS OF THE MONTH.

SOCIAL, DRAMATIC, MUSICAL & GOSSIP.

NOTIONS FROM AN EASY CHAIR.

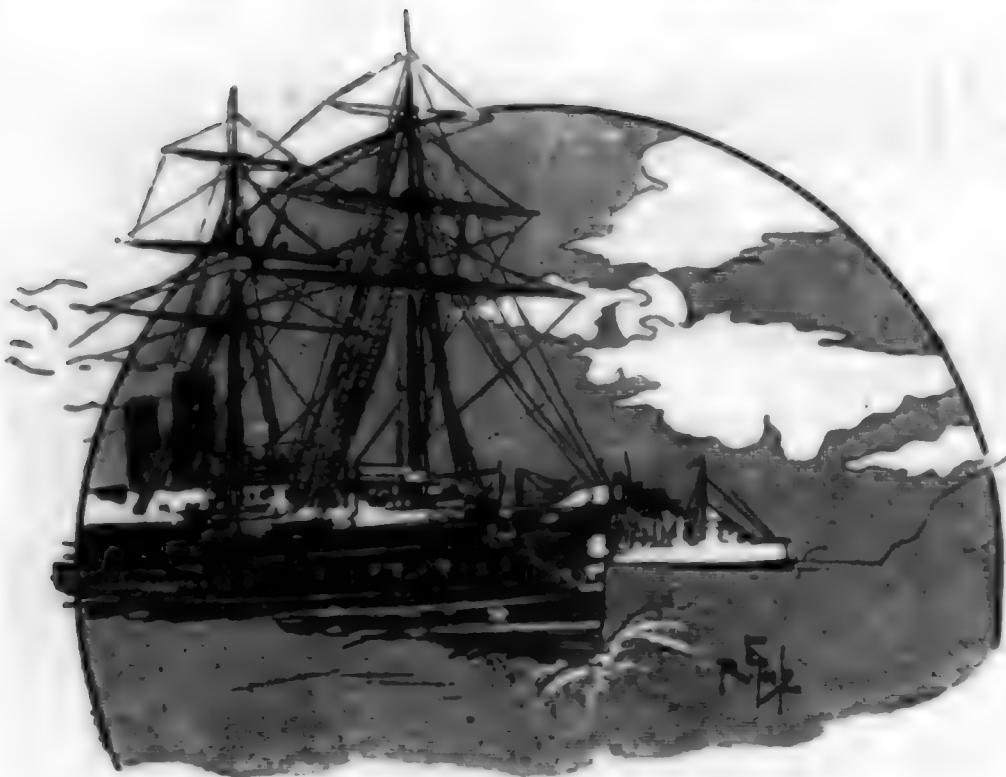
By JOHN A. STEUART.

I AM not, in the elegant language of the turf, a "racey man." I know more of Castor and Pollux than of the favourite, and of the worship of ancient Osiris than of the mysteries of bookmaking, as that term is understood by sporting blades. But I have travelled a little to and fro over the face of this planet, and I take the liveliest and most profound interest in all matters connected with the great question of transportation. As I write, the papers (Heaven bless them) are buzzing themselves black in the face about a neck and neck race between the *Paris* and the *Majestic*, two of our great Atlantic liners. Reports say that the two vessels left New York together, or nearly together, and raced almost from port to port, to the infinite delight of the passengers. It is even said that one ship crossed the bows of the other, so that the hinder had to slacken speed to avoid a collision, and the papers assure us that the greatest excitement prevailed. Bets were doubtless depending, and, in any case, one can imagine that there was much fun of a sensational kind. The companies and officers concerned deny all this, and we are bound to accept their denial. It may be remarked, however, that on landing, several of the passengers spoke of the race, and that it was stated, in what purported to be an interview with one of the captains, that the long sprint added immensely to the interest of the voyage. Of course, we do not accept as gospel all that appears in an interview. Interviewers have an ingenious way of securing "good copy"—a buoyant, untrammeled method,

capable in times of need of rising superior to all considerations of veracity. The reader must not, therefore, allow himself to be guiled by mere force of confident assertion. So we will take the statements of the companies and their officers, and believe implicitly and without question that the *Paris* and the *Majestic* steamed and behaved on the momentous trip precisely as if no rival had been in sight. Let us ignore the talk of the passengers and the babble of the interviewer—in a word, let us refuse to accept any information save that furnished by the owners and commanders.

* * * * *

What then? Well, then it unfortunately remains true that a spirit of extreme rivalry seems to animate the several steamship lines which carry passengers across the Atlantic. We hear of every record-breaking trip, of every special bit of steaming, of every daring feat that is likely to result in a heightening of prestige. This, in itself, might fairly be accepted as evidence of the racing spirit. Every steamer leaving our shores has, so to speak, before its eyes the record and competition of a rival. Number one does its utmost to beat number two, number two to beat number one; and we have



RACED FROM PORT TO PORT.

what is in principle and, I fear, too often in fact, a race. When two ocean greyhounds run cheek by jowl for four days, as the *Majestic* and *Paris* appear to have run, perhaps it would not be in human nature to resist the allurements of a contest. Sea-captains, after all, are human and naturally like to show their paces. When they are aided, abetted and applauded by passengers eager for a little excitement and some gambling, the incitements are irresistible. So the order goes down to the engineer; the stokers shovel like demons; the engines work at highest pressure: everything and everybody on the great ship is at a straining tension, and she shoots on her course in the bursting ecstasy of a race. I believe the passion for racing is inherent in men: the ancients were under its sway; savages have it to-day, and hosts who enjoy the benefits of civilisation —nay, do not our very legislators patronise the Derby, and the Prime Minister of the first nation in the world trains and runs race-horses to the huge delight of multitudes and the vast profit of bookmakers? No dose of philosophy, no amount of preaching will rid us of that taint in the blood. But while it may not be eradicated (at any rate, in our day), it may, by judi-



THE PASSION FOR RACING.

cious treatment, be kept in check. He need boast of no perspicacity who perceives the danger of indulging an unruly passion. Let us suppose (merely for the sake of illustration) that two of our big liners foregather on the high seas, and, for the fun of the thing, decide to run a friendly race. Let us suppose again that, carried away by the excitement and the chances of a record-breaking feat, the captain of one vessel steams across the bows of his competitor; suppose, further, that when this manœuvre is being performed something goes wrong with shaft or rod or steering gear on either ship, and that there is a collision. What then? There are from two thousand five hundred to three thousand people on board both ships, and the life of every one of these is jeopardized for the sake of a piece of pernicious schoolboy vanity; and it is idle to say that rivalry does not lead to the commission of foolhardy acts. When railways were opened they were, in the nature of things, primitively managed, and accidents were frequent. Sydney Smith observed that some day a bishop would be killed, and then there would be an inquiry. One of these days we shall have a frightful catastrophe on the high seas, a big-wig will be sent to the bottom, and the legislature will waken to a sense of its duty. But until something happens, the legislature cannot be expected to interfere. The art of Government lies in letting things alone until an earthquake, or some such upheaval, calls for action. Then much is made of the promptness of dealing with a crash that a little foresight might easily have averted.

* * *

I have never had the good luck to be a spectator in an ocean race. The last time I crossed the Atlantic it was in a lazy old ship that took thirteen and a half days to do the voyage, or about twice as long as a Greyhound would; and, worse still, when we sighted land we did not know where we were. I don't think anyone on board

was acquainted with the now classic ditties of Mr. Gus Elen, otherwise we might have serenaded the captain with that delightful, that chaste and edifying strain, "E dunno w're e are," and done him no more than justice. Yet that voyage was one which I remember with the most pleasurable sensations, and when next I venture forth upon the great deep, may it be in a ship which will take, at the very least, fourteen fine days in making her destination. I am not ambitious to share the giddy rapture of a three thousand mile race for nothing better than the chance of getting drowned. I can get drowned in a less ostentatious way ashore if I should at any time desire to quit the present scene by the method of immersion. But while I do not know, and do not care to know, anything of racing between

Atlantic liners, I did once participate in the delirium of a race between two railway trains. It came about in this wise, as the minor novelist would say. I was travelling from Buffalo to New York. There are two competing lines, the New York Central (which is controlled by Vanderbilt) being one of them. Now, there is a considerable part of the course in which the lines run parallel and quite close. The temptation is too strong to be resisted. Trains starting on both railways at the same hour contrive to reach this portion together, and a race is the consequence. Passengers usually enjoy it immensely; the car-platforms are crowded; the betting is brisk and the shouting uproarious. Of course, the directors of both roads declare that racing is strictly prohibited, and that the direst penalties will overtake those who break the rules. None the less, the racing takes place, and is tacitly understood to be one of the chief attractions of



the journey. One cannot say that it is a legitimate or a safe attraction. Railway trains are scarcely designed for racing purposes; still less are ocean steamers so designed. The commander who deliberately races, no matter what the temptation may be, ought to be summarily dismissed. It is too audacious a game for the best of captains to play with passengers' lives.

* * *

Ouida, I have just learned, thinks that genius makes a huge mistake "when it leaps up to the light of its sunrise." It ought rather to remain shrouded in darkness, seeing that to come into the light is to court misery. "It is not only the fierce light which beats upon a throne," says the indignant Ouida, "which genius has to bear, but the lurid glare of the sulphur fires of envy, making livid what is white, making hideous

what is fair, making distorted and deformed what is straight and smooth and comely. . . . The calm consciousness of power in the great writer, in the great artist, will always appear vanity to the majority, because the majority is incapable of seeing how entirely different to vanity it is." Different to vanity—what is this? Will Ouida, who knows everything, be pleased to tell me how one thing differs, or can differ, to another thing? Different to, I am aware, is a common phrase with the post-prandial orator, the cultured society journalist, and the smart young person who keeps authors right in their English. Yet the fact does not enable me to make sense of it. Will Ouida enlighten me? Meantime, we will assume that she means to say different from, and proceed with business. That business is the brief consideration of a long article which she contributes to a popular magazine in order to prove that



by no possibility whatever can the fool understand the man or woman of genius. The reader may remember a pregnant utterance of Schiller on the same subject. Schiller was wroth with fools, not without reason; and Ouida is also wroth with the same meddling and powerful order. Her particular quarrel with the unfortunate fool is that when he is permitted to approach genius, he abuses his privilege. He generally carries a note-book, in which, with an air of immaculate innocence, he records all the failings and foibles, the hasty speeches, the unconsidered judgments, the petty explosions, the playful remarks of the demigod at whose shrine he pretends to worship. These things he prints as soon as he gets an opportunity—prints in cold blood, and with a sort of gloating triumph, for the delectation of a world much given to laughing and sneering. The fool has not only foolishness, but unsounded depths of malice. For example, what right has any purveyor of tittle-tattle to say that Homer was blind and in the habit of getting drunk? to insinuate that Shakespeare died of the effects of a drinking bout with Ben Jonson and other riotous blades? that Milton was harsh to his wife? that Nelson's notions of morality were neither so severe nor so exalted as an admiring world could wish? that Burns and Byron and Shelley were among the saddest of sad dogs? that Napoleon was rude to ladies and miserly

in money matters? that Carlyle and Tennyson growled when they might more appropriately have smiled? What business has the fool to say such things of his superiors, even though such things may be true? That, to far as I can make out, is the question to which Ouida would like an answer.

* * *

No one will deny that she has a perfect right to ask the question in her shrillest tones, and those who are competent may try to find her a reply. Meanwhile, I hasten on to assure her of my complete concurrence in the statement that genius is entitled to the privilege of praising itself; every man and woman of genius in Europe will say ditto to Mr. Burke there. There is no reason in the world why writers, for example, should not pass panegyrics upon themselves, except, perhaps, the trifling one that it isn't modest. Why should I not publish my opinion that "Notions from an Easy Chair" are positively the best things ever written? Why should I not urge everybody to read them, aye, and to make a point of reading all else that came from the pen which produced them? If it is my foible to do that, who can blame me? Ouida says I have an incon-



HE RECORDS THE FAILINGS AND FOIBLES.

testable right to eulogise myself, and I am ready to believe Ouida. As for your thoughts on the matter, gentle reader, why should they trouble me? You may think me vain, egotistical; but I beg of you to remember how Ouida would answer such charges. Authors, I am sure, will quite agree with her, and only wish that, in addition to praising themselves, they were permitted to review their own books, and dictate the number of copies that must be sold.

* * *

In all that Ouida says about the rights and prerogatives of genius I am entirely with her. Yet I should rather have her writing stories than making herself hoarse with scolding. She cannot mend the fool; he is beyond her, varied as is her power, vast as is her resource. If she does not take care she will soon be as shrill as Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne, to whom all who decline to burn incense on his particular shrines are either maligners or backbiters or both. His frothy rhetoric, his "vitriolic and corrosive" (the gentle phrase is his own) outpourings are getting unspeakably tiresome. I hope Ouida is not running away with the idea that she has a mission. Missions in these latter days are ruinous things, and those who follow them are generally bores. What was Homer's mission, what Shakespeare's, what Scott's? George Eliot alienated the sympathies and affections of thousands of readers by false notions about preaching. Mrs. Humphry Ward is labouring towards the same end. All her admirers will hope that Ouida may be wiser. Scolding is very clever—very piquant, but a little of it goes a long way; and it may be permissible to hint, too, that because she is angry, it is not incumbent upon her to be ungrammatical. Mr. Swinburne never forgets his grammar even when he forgets his manners.

* * *

Nor does he forget his poetry. "Astrophel, and other Poems" (Chatto and Windus), to which I made a brief reference last month, proves that he has still his singing robes about him. The volume, indeed, will not add to his reputation—he is probably too old to make new departures or attempt fresh flights; but it is



much to say that his latest book is worthy of the author of "Songs Before Sunrise." There are pieces in it which I do not profess to understand—pieces in which the poet seems to give rein to all the errant fancies, all the motley images that ever made turmoil in a singer's head. Let it be said quite frankly that Mr. Swinburne frequently flies into the dim inane, and comports himself there in the most amazing manner. If poetry be, as Matthew Arnold so often declared it is, a criticism of life, then much of Mr. Swinburne's matter is not poetry at all, but mere shimmering moonshine. On the other hand, the least comprehensible sound which issues from his lyre bears with it distinct suggestions of music; and at his best, he rouses, elevates and stimulates like the wind in a forest of pines. Among living writers he is unapproached in sweep, and power of diction; and, were he able to

exercise some measure of self-restraint and to distinguish as sharply in his own work as in the works of others between vague, tumultuous imaginations and the pure ore of the imaginative and creative crucible, he would be not merely a great critic and descriptive writer, but a great poet as well. As it is, he is affected too much by the vague, flamboyant etherealism of Shelley. "Words, words," one feels inclined to call out with Hamlet. Yet there is much in his latest volume that is enchanting, much that the severest critic, the Sainte-Beuve or the Arnold (dare I say the Carlyle?) would pronounce poetry of a high and rare kind. I advise all the patrons of the LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED to procure the book and read it carefully. Another book which I heartily commend to their attention is "Walton and Some Earlier Writers on Fish and Fishing," by Mr. R. B. Marston (Elliot Stock). Mr. Marston is editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, an enthusiastic angler, a reverent student of honest Izaak, and an authority on all matters piscatorial, whether literary or practical. He is also, it may be added, a director of the firm of Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., though, oddly enough, his book is issued by another house. That fact may be taken as an instance of the good feeling which prevails among publishers. In the beautifully produced volume before me Mr. Marston has collected a vast amount of information relating to angling. This may sound ominous, seeing in what fashion information is so often presented by those who possess it. But Mr. Marston is not one of the ponderous or slipshod writers who imagine they have done their duty when they have provided the raw materials of a book. He knows the fastidiousness of the public taste too well to be satisfied with that easy achievement, and his book throbs with life and interest from the bright and humorous introduction to the final line, which very appropriately is a quotation from Charles Lamb. There is a wonderful open-air heartiness, a beauty as of laughing waters and clear skies about the older writers on the gentle art, and Mr. Marston has succeeded admirably in retaining the charm which makes Walton, for example, one of our English classics in the worthiest sense of the term. Let all anglers, all readers, indeed, who like to be taken out of doors and brought into wholesome contact with Nature, make haste to procure this delight-

ful book. Yet another book that will well repay reading is "Under the Red Robe" (Methuen and Co.), by Stanley J. Weyman. It is not, perhaps, quite so good as "A Gentleman of France," but it is imbued with the spirit of romantic adventure, and is most attractively written.

J. A. S.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

By FITZGERALD ARTHUR.

THE incident since I last wrote has been the "little difference" between one of our best-known dramatic critics and an author of some note. Some short time ago Mrs. Langtry determined to tempt fortune once more, and having got her syndicate and company together, accepted a play by Mr. Murray and Mr. Robert Buchanan. In due course, after many preliminary paragraphs and puffs—which is the correct thing nowadays—"The Society Butterfly" was produced. The criticisms were varied, and, undoubtedly, some were very harsh. Mr. Clement Scott, in the *Daily Telegraph*, commented very severely on the production. Now, any remark in the way of dramatic criticism coming from the pen of Mr. Clement Scott should be accepted with a certain amount of respect. I, for one, though I do not always agree with him, still regard his criticisms as the thoughtful ideas of a ripe and experienced master, and about his slashing and sarcastic notice in the *Daily Telegraph* I have nothing to say; but I do protest most strongly against the flippant remarks and so-called criticisms of some of the younger school. Mr. Buchanan is acknowledged to be a clever man, and he has in his time done some most excellent work, yet, forsooth, one of these up-to-date critics devotes a few lines to the piece, and in these very few lines he informs the public that there is no plot; no play—nothing. What I want to know is, What dependence can be placed on the remarks of such a paper? To return, however, to the "little difference." Mr. Buchanan, greatly nettled at Mr. Scott's remarks, burned for revenge; so on the following night he came before the curtain, holding in his hand the copy of the paper containing the obnoxious notice, and soundly rated dramatic critics in general, and Mr. Clement Scott in particular. Now, here Mr. Buchanan made two very grave mistakes. First, the

critics do not care one iota what authors say of them or to them, so long as they write their honest convictions; and secondly, if they did, yet Mr. Buchanan's eloquence was wasted, as the critics, having been present on the first night, naturally did not revisit "The Society Butterfly" the next evening. Mr. Buchanan has not done himself any good by his ebullition of temper, and has only still more advertised his enemy.

Two nights afterwards was the first night of "The Two Orphans" at the Adelphi, and Mr. Clement Scott's entrance into a box was a signal for the public to give him a perfect ovation. The moral of all this is: "Don't row with the Press, for, be it ever so humble, there's nought like the Press."

* * *

Talking of the impartiality of the Press, there is a good story told of the late Mr. Edmund Yates, whose sad death we all so recently deplored. He once wrote a play, which in due course was produced. Naturally the author thought a great deal of his work. The night of production came, and Mr. Edmund Yates sat in the stalls, as dramatic critic of the *Daily News*, to criticise the play of Mr. Edmund Yates, the author; and to everyone's surprise next day he roundly slated his own play in the paper. On being asked for an explanation, he said: "He thought it a good play until he saw it acted; when he came to the conclusion that it was a very bad one indeed."

* * *

I have seen the "Society Butterfly," and, to be candid, I do not think much of it; yet in its way it is passable, the cast is good and the plot is amusing. The most disappointing person in the play is Mrs. Langtry herself. Some years ago



MRS. LANGTRY.

Mrs. Langtry was quite the rage; but when she took to the stage, she was not the success she anticipated. Nothing daunted, however, she persevered, and met with more encouragement. It will be remembered she took "As You Like It" and "Antony and Cleopatra" through the provinces, and did exceedingly well. Mr. Frank Worthing, now well known at the Criterion, being her leading man. I cannot compliment Mrs. Langtry on her new venture; she has surrounded herself with good artistes, and this only tends to show up her own lack of stage craft the

more. One thing I can honestly say, she wears most beautiful frocks; but here it ends: she has lost that subtle charm with which she was wont in days gone by to



MR. EDWARD TERRY.



MISS KATE VAUGHAN

fascinate her audiences; having lost this, but little remains for her with which to bid for public favour. Notwithstanding all this, when I looked in some little time back at the Opera Comique, the house was well filled with an appreciative audience, and that being so, it is not for me to say more.

* * *

"King Kodak," at Terry's, seems now to have caught on; the blue pencil has been freely used, and those two sterling artistes, Miss Kate Vaughan and Mr. Edward Terry have elaborated their parts until they have made them their own. How delightful it is to see Miss Kate Vaughan once more in burlesque! How graceful is the rhythm of her motions—how artistic her whole performance. Again, what memories does it call forth to see Mr. Edward Terry once more in good old genuine burlesque! Time was when Mr. Terry's name was one to conjure with when burlesque was in question, and from

the arduous way he works now to make "King Kodak" a success, it would seem as if he had lost but little of his fun and humour. Mr. Terry, off the stage, is the most modest of mortals; he lives quietly in a beautiful country house down at Barnes, and rumour has it that he is churchwarden at the parish church. This, by the way, may account for his having some time back produced a little piece called "The Churchwarden." Miss Mabel Love, too, does a great deal to make the burlesque the success it is, by her graceful and pretty dancing. Truly this little maiden works hard, and merits the applause she nightly receives. Would that some of our better known artistes would follow Miss Love's example, and work as disinterestedly as she does to make a success of their parts.

* * *

"The Masqueraders," at the St. James's, and "The Bunch of Violets," at the Haymarket, may be classed as the two successes of the season. Both pieces are



MISS MABEL LOVE.

drawing enormous houses, and both deserve to do so, for not only are they good pieces, cleverly written, but they are well acted throughout. Mrs. Patrick Campbell seems to have got inside her part more than she did at first, which is greatly to the advantage of the success of the piece. The gambling scene between Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Herbert Waring has lost none of its force and dramatic interest, and now goes, if anything, more powerfully than ever.

The Independents, led on under the management of Mr. Grein, have finished their season, and Mr. Grein, nothing daunted, promises, if the support offered him is generous enough, another season. They produce pieces some good, some bad, some indifferent. Now and then, we get a most excellent performance as, for instance, "The Goldfish." Now Mr. Grein has given us Ibsen's "Wild Duck." I don't know what to say about it. I was discussing it afterwards with a friend of mine from Bergen, and he said to me: "Ah, you Englishmen can't appreciate; you do not understand the great master," and I am inclined to agree with him. Well, to get to the play. Mr. Werle, after having loved Gina Hanson not wisely but too well, passes her on to Hjalmar Ekdal, who, after living in happiness for fifteen years, is enlightened to his wife's previous misdemeanours. His daughter shoots herself, and that's the piece.

The burden of the play fell on the shoulders of Mr. W. L. Abingdon, who gave a most conscientious and praiseworthy rendering of the part of Hjalmar Ekdal. Hjalmar Ekdal is an ass—there are many asses like him in the world, however. Well, Mr. Abingdon in the first four acts did all he could with the part, but in the fifth, I fancy he was in the same boat as my Norwegian friend put all Englishmen—he didn't understand the great master. Anyway, this act, which is supposed to be deep tragedy, played in parts like farcical comedy. The actor was not to blame; it was the author's lines; and if Mr. Abingdon erred, he did it unintentionally, and no one can blame him. For my part, I'm rather pleased; I would be sorry to see such a really talented artist blossoming forth as a good exponent of Ibsenitic drama. By-the-by, I feel tempted to ask, as Dr. Relling does in "The Wild Duck," about the charm of the ideal, what is Ibsenitic drama? Mr.

George Warde was the Werle senior, and did what he could with the part; the same remark applies to Mr. Charles Fulton with Gregers Werle, a most unsympathetic part and a character which, if he construed the part aright, is out of tune with the present day. However, he deserves commendation for his performance. With all due deference to my worthy brother critics, whom I readily admit are far better versed in the culture of Ibsenite drama than myself, what struck me most forcibly with regard to Mr. Laurence Irving's exposition of the part of Dr. Relling was his fulness of gesture, his staginess and, I am sorry to say, his over-dramatic rendering, which seemed to me to be wasted on the part. Mr. Harding Cox played old Ekdal to the best of his power, but here, again, he had an almost incomprehensible part to grasp; he, however, was certainly "a shipwrecked old man." Mrs. Herbert Waring as Gina Ekdal (*née* Hanson), and Miss Winifred Fraser, as the daughter Heding, made the two hits of the piece, and certainly deserve all the praise I can give them. Ibsen is undoubtedly a great man—far too great for most of us—and I can only write him down as a wonderful enigma.

* * *

One of the most successful managers this season has been Mr. Comyns Carr. Mr. Carr, it will be remembered, opened the Comedy last autumn with "Sowing the Wind," which was an unqualified success, and in which Miss Winifred Emery scored so magnificently. This he followed with "Dick Sheridan," which, after a lengthy run, he replaced with "Frou Frou." Here, again, Miss Emery was seen to great advantage, and delighted everybody with her touching and pathetic rendering of the part.

Mr. Comyns Carr now brings his season to a close; and, for a few weeks, we are to have Mr. Willard, freshly returned from America, in his latest successes. Mr. Willard also promises us "The Professor's Love Story." This has been played in all the principal cities of America by Mr. Willard, and has proved a success throughout the country. It has yet to be seen whether the English tastes will coincide with those of America. Mr. Carr promises us as good productions when he resumes his management again in the autumn.

INCIDENTS OF THE MONTH.

"Don Juan," too, is drawing to a close, and "Little Jack Sheppard" is to be the next piece. This, of course, will be a revival, and many of us will be anxious to see Seymour Hicks in the part originally played by poor Fred Leslie, that prince of burlesque actors. Many will, of course, run down and abuse Mr. Hicks for his presumption in daring to play a part once enacted by Fred Leslie—at least, many spoke thus when "Caste" was reproduced. There are some, however, who believe that Mr. Hicks will be a decided success in it. Time will tell.

* * *

"An Aristocratic Alliance," at the Criterion, will have made room for a revival of "The Candidate" long before these lines are in print. In the former Mr. Wyndham, as the Earl of Forres, was seen to great advantage, ably supported, as he was, by Miss Mary Moore. Latterly, however, Mr. Wyndham has been out of the bill, and the Earl of Forres has been played by Mr. Frank Worthing, and most excellently it has been played. Miss Annie Hughes has also been in the bill here, playing young and modest maidenly parts. Truly, Mr. Wyndham manages to surround himself with very brilliant actors and actresses, and the result is that one can always rely on witnessing a good performance at the Criterion.

* * *

"The Two Orphans," at the Adelphi, has not proved the success that was expected, and it is not to be wondered at. We are promised a wonderful cast for the next new production, Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry both being in it. Later on Mr. William Terriss and Miss Jessie Millward return to the Adelphi boards; and it would not sur-



MISS MARY MOORE.

prise me if Mr. W. L. Abingdon also returned and resumed his villainies at the same house. Why have the Fratelli Gatti lost their genial manager, Mr. G. M. Polini? He seemed the right man in the right place; but suddenly Mr. Polini leaves, and Mr. Fred Latham takes his place. Time will prove whether the exchange is a satisfactory one.

* * *

MISS ANNIE HUGHES AND MR. FRANK WORTHING.
("An Aristocratic Alliance.")

I may add that the new piece at the Adelphi is by Mr. Frank Harvey, a playwright well known in the provinces. The production is due a day or two before these lines are published, and is at present called "Shall we Forgive Her?" The scenes are laid in Hampstead and

Queensland, which will give plenty of scope for the scenic artist of the Fratelli Gatti.

* * *

I hear that the son of one of our best-known and most popular actors has written a play, Ibsenitic in idea, full of dramatic force and powerful situations, and that it will be produced shortly at one of our West-end theatres with a very strong cast. There is, I am told, a very fine part for Mrs. Theodore Wright.

* * *

We are being surfeited with talent just now. The charming Ada Rehan having gone off to America for a few weeks, Miss Eleonora Duse has delighted her audiences with her marvellous art. Shortly we are promised Sarah Bernhardt in three new plays, "Izeyl," Dumas' "Femme de Claude," and a dramatic romance by Musset, "On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour."

And as if this is not sufficient of foreign talent, the Gaiety, finishing up with the burlesque of "Don Juan," will produce, before the season closes, Sardou's famous "Madame Sans Gêne," with that brilliant artiste Réjane in the cast.

* * *

At last, it appears, something is about to be done with the performing of sketches and playlets at music halls. It is, I believe, absolutely illegal to perform such, yet they have been winked at by the powers that be for some time. Gradually the sketch has grown, until now we see good plays boiled down, and some of our best artistes engaged in the interpretation of them. I do not believe that the theatrical managers, as a body, are particularly averse to them. Now that Mr. Pigott has put his foot down, it is to be hoped the matter will be arranged on a broad and satisfactory basis, agreeable to all parties.

MELLIN'S FOOD

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.



"88, Moncrieff Street, Peckham, S.E.

"Jan. 11, 1894.

"Dear Sir,—The enclosed photo of my two-year-old son, Sidney McGavin Reid, is simply a packet of your valuable Food. We have used it constantly since it was recommended by our doctor, and the benefits derived have been marvellous. From a sickly child of six months old, it has transformed him into one of the finest children in the neighbourhood. I am sure its value must assure it a world-wide reputation.

"Yours truly,

"WM. McGAVIN REID."

MELLIN'S FOOD BISCUITS

(Manufactured by Carr & Co., Carlisle, specially for G. Mellin).

Digestive. Nourishing. Sustaining.

For Children after Weaning, the Aged, Dyspeptic, and for all who require a Simple, Nutritious and Sustaining Food.
Price 2s. and 3s. 6d. per tin.

AN ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET ON THE FEEDING AND REARING OF INFANTS: A Practical and Simple Treatise for Mothers, containing a large number of Portraits of Healthy and Beautiful Children, together with Facsimiles of Original Testimonials, which are of the greatest interest to all Mothers, to be had with Samples, free by post, on application to

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, Stafford Street, PECKHAM, S.E.

Puzzledom

127 An Enigma.

I am just two and two, I am warm, I am cold,
And the parent of numbers that cannot be told ;
I'm lawfully unlawful, a duty, a fault,
Exceedingly dear, good for nothing when bought,
An extraordinary boon, and a matter of course,
And yielded with pleasure when taken by force.

128. A Square.

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. An animal. | 2. A vast body of water. |
| 3. To oppose by argument. | 4. To treat with pert language. |
| 5. To penetrate. | |

129. A Charade.

My first denotes a brilliant place
Where belles and jewels shine ;
My next transports the merchant's stores,
Or produce of the mine ;
Sweet pleasures in my whole abound,
Apart from worldly strife ;
By nymphs and swains it's always found
The happiest part of life.

Conundrums.

130. What is the difference between a baby and a pair of gloves ?
131. Why is a plum cake like the ocean ?
132. Why is it easy to break into an old man's house ?
133. What is that which has a mouth but never eats ?

Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th July. Competitions should be addressed "July Puzzles," THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, 53, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Post cards only, please.

ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLES.

120. *Eiffel Tower.*

121. *Pagan.*

Alive.

Gibes.

Avert.

Nests.

122. *Carpet.*

123. *Dirty fingers.*

124. *A woman's.*

125. *Coal.*

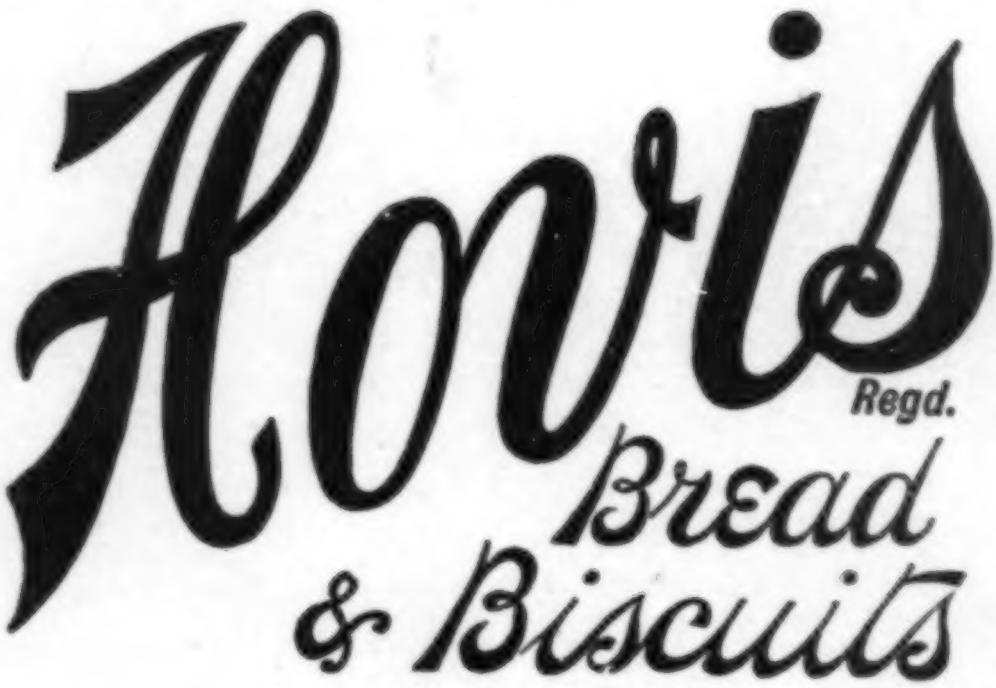
126. *Because each day begins by breaking.*

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our May Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent :— Miss F. G. Brown, Briarwood, Springfield Road, Leicester; J. E. Dobson, 103, Beeston Hill, Leeds; Miss Harwood, 8, Amor Road, Hammersmith; Miss C. Morley, 3, Parliament Street, Harrogate; W. H. Perry, 26, Dorset Place, Weymouth.

CURE FOR INDIGESTION

Supplied to
the
QUEEN AND
ROYAL FAMILY.

Recommended
Strongly by the
Medical
Profession.



Wholesale Agents
in England for the
Biscuits:—

THE
NATIONAL
BAKERY CO.,
LTD.,
Brewery Rd.,
Islington, N.

Further particu-
lars in descriptive
pamphlet.

If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining "HOVIS," or if what is supplied as "HOVIS" is not satisfactory, please write, sending sample, (the cost of which will be defrayed) to

**S. FITTON & SON, Millers,
MACCLESFIELD.**

LADIES, write for
Patterns of the

WONDERFUL

FAST PILE, FAST DYED

VELVETEEN AT 2/- A YARD.

PATTERNS
POST
FREE.

Every Inch is Guaranteed.

Weldon's Ladies' Journal says:—"Lewis's Wonderful Velveteen is the Finest Imitation of Real Silk Velvet ever shown. It is thoroughly durable."

If a Dress should wear badly, or be in any respect faulty, LEWIS'S will give a NEW DRESS for NOTHING at all, and pay the FULL COST for Making and Trimming.

The price of this Beautiful Velveteen in black and all the most beautiful colours now worn is 2s. a yard. This quality is sold by the best Drapers at 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. a yard.

LEWIS'S manufacture this Velveteen themselves, and sell it direct (or it might almost be said give it) to the public for 2s. a yard.

LEWIS'S ask Ladies to WRITE for PATTERNS; they will then be able to judge of the wonderful quality.

All Genuine "Wonderful" Velveteen bears the Trade Mark containing fac-simile of Lewis's signature on the back of every yard. Lewis's pay carriage on all Orders.

DRESS MATERIALS WONDERFUL IN VALUE, STYLE, BEAUTY and VARIETY. Ladies should write for the new Patterns.

Please mention "The Ludgate Magazine" and Address—

LEWIS'S, IN MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

"There is no beverage which can so confidently be recommended."—*Medical Annual.*
"Strongest and Best."—*Health.*

Highest Honours, Chicago, 1893.

Fry's

PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

76 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

BE CAREFUL TO ASK FOR FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

NEEDHAM'S

POLISHING

For Cleaning and Polishing Brass, Copper, Tin, Britannia Metal, &c.

Pickering's Furniture Polish, Plate Powder, Knife Powder, Brunswick Black, Razor Paste, Harness Blacking, Polishing Pomade (red) for Metals, Pioneer Polishing Pomade, Kid Reviver, Hair Pomade and Blanco.

Gold Medal, Adelaide, 1881.
Order of Merit, Melbourne, 1880.
Diploma of Merit, Vienna, 1883.

ESTABLISHED OVER HALF A CENTURY



PASTE.

MANUFACTURED BY

JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, Sheffield.

FRAZER'S SOAP

{ The only Combination Soap.

FRAZER'S SOAP

{ For the Toilet and Shaving.

FRAZER'S SOAP

{ The Purest Soap in the World.

I Z M L

Non Poisonous
DISINFECTANT.

While the Diphtheria and Scarlet Fever Epidemics prevail, a daily system of disinfection should be carried out in every Household with Izal. Harmless to all but Disease Germs. Stronger than Carbolic Acid.

A Sanitary necessity and protector for the Sick-room, Nursery, Household, Hospital, and for Public Use. Sold by Chemists, 1s., 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. Gallon Tins, 10s.

The 2s. 6d. bottle makes Thirty Gallons of Germ and Stench Destroyer, which should be used daily for flushing Sinks, Traps, Pans, W.C.'s, Drains, Gutters, &c.

The IZAL Rules for Disinfection can be had free on application to the Sole Manufacturers:—

NEWTON, CHAMBERS & CO., Ltd., Thorncliffe, Sheffield.